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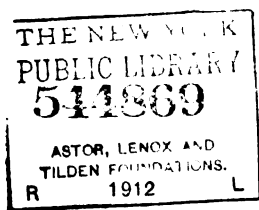
THE

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VOLUME II.

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THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1855.

No. 1.

CIVILIZATION AND WAR.

FIVE years ago, it was an opinion entertained by many, that a great war between European nations, such as took place in the early part of this century, would never again arise. The progress of civilization, it was said, had been so great, that the peace, which since the fall of Napoleon had been unbroken by other contests than those originating in revolts, which could hardly be called national wars, would not only be preserved, but would continually strengthen the bonds which held nation and nation together. The question of the possibility of establishing a secure basis for a general peace, was discussed more than at any previous period of history. Proposals were made for the constituting a tribunal among nations, which was to decide all disputes which might occur between them. And, in short, although it was not generally expected that these efforts would prove immediately successful, — although the belief still prevailed that war is a necessary evil, — it is certain, that at no time was the hope more general or more earnest, that, if war could not wholly be abolished, it might at least be in future restrained by the influence of civilization. But this hope has been suddenly and unexpectedly frustrated. Another

great European war has commenced. Not merely the nations of the East, where civilized manners and principles, if known at all, are but an imperfect copy of others, but England and France, the very representatives of European enlightenment, have been drawn into it; and, as yet, no man can foresee its termination. This war is as merciless and bloody as any which have preceded it. It is carried on with as inveterate hostility, and with as few of the mitigating circumstances of modern warfare, as any war of recent date. Indeed, it is, if anything, waged in a more barbarous manner than the wars which marked the opening years of this century. Nothing has been improved, except the cannon and rifles.

Has, then, civilization no influence in diminishing the frequency or the barbarity of wars? Or have the nations of Europe made little or no progress in civilization in this nineteenth century?—the century of inventions, to use the phrase in a somewhat different way from the Marquis of Worcester. This latter supposition is not likely to be favorably received. Nor will the first be generally admitted, for it is commonly supposed that this advance of civilization tends to the removal of all evils; and as war is one of these, to the abolition of that. But there is a class of philosophers at the present day, who have mostly sprung up since the beginning of the present war, who gravely assure us, that war is no evil at all; nay, a most excellent practice, and one in which we ought by all means to rejoice, seeing that it liberates the nation that engages in it from various calamities which are in themselves inseparable from a civilized community, and, moreover, that it improves the characters of those who enter upon it, strengthens their minds, and is on the whole an excellent specific for the complaints which, we are told, spring from peace. According to these philosophers, then, war is not at present to be considered an evil at all, and we ought not to wish to get rid of it now, whatever may be the case at some distant period. They cannot be perplexed by the want of influence of civilization on war,

for they do not think it ought to seek to abolish such a beneficent institution.

This is not the precise language of the men who advocate these principles. But what they say either has no meaning at all, or it leads to precisely the above-mentioned conclusions. They have not been very explicit in their statements, possibly from a vague sense of there being something in them bordering on the absurd. However, scarcely any one can have read the magazines and newspapers of the day, or have perused the last new novel or poem, without meeting with assertions and arguments having a direct tendency to this result. Such being the case, it may not be amiss to examine briefly some of these new theories, for fear that we may have been all along mistaken in supposing that war ought and is destined to be suppressed by the influence of civilization. We must, however, first know what sort of civilization we are speaking of; for we can certainly not expect to find any very recent writer who would go so far as to say that war is a blessing which we can never obtain any substitute for.

When we speak of civilization, then, we do not mean progress in Christianity, or even in the principles of morality. It is to be hoped that nations do make some progress in both; and it cannot very well be doubted, that one result of such progress must finally be the abolition of war, because it will evidently remove all the causes of war in time. But it is clear that, if this sort of progress is the only check upon war, we must postpone any hopes of a diminution of the number of contests between nations to an indefinite period. But what the word *civilization* usually means is intellectual, not moral, progress; or, at all events, such moral progress alone as seems practically to be necessitated by the advance of knowledge,—that is to say, what is called an “enlightened self-love.” This is the civilization which is vulgarly supposed to have a restraining influence upon war, by rendering it unnecessary in one way or another, but which, according to our present bellicose school of philoso-

phy, is incompetent to lessen the necessity of battles and sieges in any degree.

The arguments employed by this school, as we meet with them in print, consist in a somewhat overdrawn picture of the evils which, we are told, are sure to be found in all peaceful communities. The principal of these evils, according to these philosophers, and that which they chiefly love to declaim against, is the vice of *meanness*; a rather comprehensive expression, but which forms an admirable theme on which to "squirt" (this word, so familiar to our readers, and so admirably expressive, may perhaps be here admitted), with capital effect.

This vice is exemplified, it appears, in peace, in a very great variety of ways. Almost every one is a victim to it in both senses,—he is at once subject to it and the object of it. The lord, the laborer, the merchant, and the clergyman are all mean in some way, each after his own fashion. To this gloomy description we may be compelled to assent. But it has recently been discovered, that this great vice prevails only among men in time of peace. In time of peace, however, it is perpetually augmenting itself, and can be got rid of only by a good, wholesome war once in a while, the stimulus of which acts at once as a cure for and a preventive of meanness in all its forms. The cure is not permanent, however, and so the dose must be repeated at intervals.

War too, besides curing meanness, sharpens the intellect to a surprising extent. This is said to be especially observable in the men who are converted in time of war from clodhoppers into members of the military profession. They become sensible, intelligent, and active, having been stupid and slow previously. But this improvement, it seems to be implied, extends to other classes of men besides soldiers, and helps to make every citizen of a free country more prompt and sharp-witted, and a more useful member of the community. In peace, men degenerate. They become sluggish and dull and narrow-minded. This evil, also, is

remedied, more or less perfectly, by war. The effects of war in exciting several of the nobler feelings of our natures are also dwelt upon with pride and satisfaction by the writers whose views we are considering. Patriotism, one of the most excellent of qualities, must of course be wonderfully increased by a declaration of war. By the way, we may here infer that the "spirit of '76" would have died out altogether among us before now, if it had not been for the recent war with Mexico, which fanned so powerfully the expiring embers of love for America within the bosoms of Americans. Perhaps (fearful thought) others than Americans might now rule Massachusetts, if patriotism had not been revived by our contest with the "Greasers." But we must return from this digression, although it would be highly interesting to attempt to trace with accuracy the connection between these great historical events.

The reader may easily imagine how various other noble sentiments, as generosity, honor, and the like, are called into extensive action by the influences which war exerts. Or if he cannot,—which would manifest an intellectual deficiency that might perhaps be cured by enlisting in the Crimean army,—he has only to read the English periodicals with attention, as has been said, and he will be instructed on this point.

The conclusion to which we are brought by modern views is, then, that as war affords such a variety of advantages to the nation which engages in it, these advantages may serve to overbalance the undoubted evils which it brings, so as to make war, in fact, not unfrequently a real blessing, always provided your quarrel be a just one. As it is probable, however, that no nation ever began a war considering themselves in the wrong, this proviso is not quite so important as it would seem.

No doubt, these views are not carried so far as we have pushed them here, by any very large number of persons; but that they are quite prevalent among the more zealous supporters of the justice and necessity of the present war, if

nowhere else, can hardly be denied. If they are to be accepted, we shall be obliged to admit, that no mere intellectual civilization will ever have much tendency to suppress war; for it would seem that war is really necessary to correct the evils inseparable from the condition of man, unless he becomes so perfectly rational as to learn to do perfectly right for the sake of his interest, which is as little to be looked for as that he should learn to do so for the sake of the right itself, and even less. It is necessary, according to the theory under consideration, that morality, in one way or another, must be brought to great perfection, before men can dispense with the occasional stimulant of war.

Now there are some points in the question that those who maintain this ground seem to forget. They look upon war as an evil, it is true, but only a material evil. They will admit that it occasions a great waste of human life, that it is ruinous to useful industry, and that, in short, it is a decidedly destructive process. They seem, however, to think that this is the extent of its evil. In peace, they tell us, a crop of moral evils spring up which war puts an end to. The first clause, and perhaps the second, of this statement may be true; but still there is a possibility that war may occasion evils of a very similar kind, and perhaps as serious as those which display themselves in time of peace.

Let us see, then, if the patriotism which war is said so greatly to enhance is in reality as much increased as is asserted. It is certain that we hear a larger number of so-called patriotic sentiments in time of war than on other occasions. We find, however, that these expressions of love to one country are pretty generally associated with even more earnest denunciations of another. Now there is, at least, room to doubt whether the men who are affected by such sentiments are truly as much improved by the process as is supposed. The patriotism which they experience is somewhat different from that noble and sublime emotion which is also known by that name. The reader may decide for himself whether narrow-minded men are, on the

whole, made much less so by the fact that their country has become involved in a war.

Is intelligence improved by war? There is some reason to fear yet that this is not altogether certain. If discipline improves men, familiarity with scenes of slaughter brutalizes them. The stimulus which war affords to a nation, it should be remembered, may be productive of bad, as well as good, results.

The most important point to be considered is, however, whether war is so destructive to *meanness* of all kinds as we are told it is. This term, which at best is rather a vague one, seems to be intended to signify all exclusive concentration of the mind on private interests. Of course, all sorts of selfish vices must spring from a habit of such a kind. These are said to be, and doubtless are, in some measure corrected by war, which must draw the attention of the individual away from his private good or ill, to the public weal. This argument seems at first really to have some weight. It is certainly much insisted on by the men who employ it. They overlook the fact, unfortunately, that there are some peculiarly mean vices, which are never so prevalent as in time of war. One example is enough to show this. The vice of slander, unquestionably one of the meanest supposable, is most assuredly fostered by war as no virtue whatever is. Slander, not only of the public enemy as a nation, but of the rulers of that nation, or of any member of it who is sufficiently well known to render it possible to slander him; slander of neutral nations, where those nations are not too much feared to make flattery used instead; and finally, the basest slander of countrymen who refuse their assent to the measures most in favor at the time,—abound in time of war to an extent which no man would imagine who had never had an opportunity of observing it. We have, unhappily, at the present time only too many occasions to notice the increase of this evil in England since the commencement of the war with Russia. In countries which are under a more despotic government, this

is not so much to be noticed, from the want of freedom of speech; but it is easy to see that it must be equally, if not much more, prevalent there, and that all its miserable consequences will follow as surely in one case as in the other. These consequences are felt long after their direct cause is removed; they are transmitted from generation to generation, and are scarcely ever entirely eradicated. Witness the long hostility between France and England, removed only by the appearance of a common enemy, and yet perhaps not entirely extinct. It may be doubted whether this single evil, the increase and virulence of slander in time of war, is not by itself of greater importance than all the ruin and bloodshed which the advocates of peace commonly describe at such length.

But it is time to quit this part of our subject. Some, indeed, of our readers may be disposed to think that all that has been done has been only to refute assertions which are too absurd to require any refutation. It is certain, nevertheless, that such statements have been made recently with much apparent confidence; and there is a certain air of plausibility about them, when skilfully disguised, that makes the task of endeavoring to point out their fallacies not wholly unprofitable.

We may conclude, then, that war is a real evil, and that the condition of the world would be improved by its removal. Let us now seek to discover whether it can be partially or completely suppressed by the progress of civilization, and, as far as possible, in what manner this will probably be accomplished.

It is a fact, of which frequent use has been made by numerous writers, that we have no instance of any nation or community, which has, by its own unassisted efforts, raised itself from barbarism to civilization. It is true, that barbarous nations, after having conquered others more civilized, have acquired the civilization of their subjects to a greater or less degree, and have progressed from this point to a higher state of enlightenment; but we have no histori-

cal account, nor has in our own times any instance been observed, of the advance of any people from the barbarous to the civilized state, merely through internal development. Whether man is really capable of civilizing himself or not, we can easily imagine a case where a number of savages should unite themselves into a community, although we must always suppose, in such an instance, these savages endowed with mental capacities far superior to those of actual savages. By supposing an example of this kind, however, we may assist ourselves in forming a conception of what may in future time take place among civilized nations.

It would seem to be the general opinion, that, if a number of reasonable though entirely uncivilized men were to be thrown together so as to be often in each other's company, they would at first look upon each other with distrust, if not with dislike; and that frequent disputes and combats would take place among them; but that in time they would observe the common disadvantages which by this course they incurred for the sake of slight temporary advantages to individuals; that they would therefore form some sort of compact or agreement together, binding every one to give up some individual benefits for the common good; and that this first rude attempt at government would be gradually improved by experience and the increase of intelligence which would result from it.

Nations, or at least all those which are considered civilized, bear in many, if not all, important points, a close resemblance to a number of such men as we have just mentioned. They are governed by bodies of men of intelligence (whether always reasonable or not), but among whom there is as yet no bond of union, with the exception of a few general principles, which, although almost universally avowed, men are nearly always ready to violate or evade when their temporary interest seems to demand it. The natural consequence of this is, that disputes are constantly arising between nations, which are not unfrequently adjusted by

compromise, just as, in the case we have supposed, two men might agree, before any compact had been established, to give up mutually a part of their claims, each being made willing to do so from a fear of the strength of the other. It has been concluded, therefore, by some philosophers, that civilized nations will, at some future time, enter into some agreement for the prevention of wars. This expectation seems not unfounded, if war is generally acknowledged to be an evil which it is desirable to dispense with as soon as practicable.

Accordingly, during the recent long peace, it was proposed in various quarters to take measures to induce the different civilized nations to unite under a species of general government; or at least to constitute a tribunal, composed of representatives from the different countries, by whom disputes between nations might be adjusted. Such an arrangement, it was hoped by the more sanguine, might be effected ere-long, and might serve to regulate international affairs in an amicable way, and thus for ever obviate the necessity of appeals to arms. But these hopes have never been participated in by any very great number of thinking men. Several great practical objections exist to their fulfilment, which it is probable are nearly or quite insurmountable. We need only allude to one or two. In the first place, it is quite evident, that such a plan, if adopted, would not speedily put an end to war. No government, of any sort whatever, can exist without the power of punishment, nor without the occasional exercise of that power. It would often happen, that a nation which was dissatisfied with some decree of the general tribunal would seek redress as previously, by force; trusting to the inevitable want of perfect union in the councils of the others to make resistance to their decisions safe. At all events, then, war would not be entirely suppressed. But another equally serious objection to the proposed plan is, that nations do not always retain the same forms of government; and the harmonious action of the confederation would be interfered with by changes of any important

nature in the government of particular confederates. This would especially be the case in the event of a revolution, when a new state might claim to be considered independent, and might have its claim supported by some members of the confederation, and opposed by others. Difficulties of these and other kinds would almost certainly prevent any permanent and satisfactory settlement of international disputes.

Another mode in which it has been proposed to obviate the necessity of war, is by the mediation of neutral governments. This is undoubtedly practicable, and has in fact frequently been attempted, as for example in the present war. But although practicable, it is rarely very effectual. Neutral nations are apt rather to look to their own advantages, than to aim simply at the prevention of an injurious conflict between their neighbors. Austria has been furnishing us with admirable proofs of this for a considerable time. Nor is such interference very likely to be cared for by either of the contending states, unless they have reason to consider it highly dangerous for themselves wholly to disregard the proposals of a neutral power. The mediation of single neutral powers is by no means likely to accomplish any marked result in any moderate time.

Let us now recur for a moment to our comparison of nations to individuals, and see whether an important step may not have been omitted, in the description of the transition from entire separation to the first attempts at government, which our company of savages have been supposed to make. It certainly seems that, before such men could have begun to reason clearly on the evils of disunion and the advantages of government, each of them must have had some perception that he was placed in a state of perpetual insecurity by the practice of deciding all disputes by combat, and must have come on this account to wish to put a bar to all contests in which he did not himself partake, to lessen the danger arising to himself from the unchecked strength and practice of some others. He would therefore

naturally endeavor, when he saw one of his fellows attacking another, to cause the aggressor to desist, and this he would do, without considering the right of the case at all until afterwards. If all of the others acted on the same principle, as it seems probable they would, all combats would evidently be put an end to by the by-standers, who would protect the assaulted party, without regard to the justice of his cause. But if the combatants mutually agreed to leave their dispute to the decision of their companions, the question of right would be taken into consideration, and settled by a sort of arbitration. This plan, or a similar one, reasoning by analogy, is likely to be adopted in the adjustment of controversies between nations. The neutral nations, it is probable, will endeavor to put an end to the war from a regard to their own interest, in some such way, long before it will be possible to establish any general congress, of the kind which has been proposed. By uniformly giving support to the nation which is attacked, they will secure themselves from the risk of sudden and ruinous assaults upon themselves by another.

We will here dismiss the analogy which we have followed up to this point, and inquire what a neutral nation ought, according to the laws of justice, to do, in case of a war between two other nations, on whom it may exert some influence.

It will generally be admitted, that, if either of two contending states can be clearly shown, to the satisfaction of all impartial judges, to be in the right in the quarrel, that state deserves the sympathy of all neutral nations. These latter are, of course, not bound to manifest their sympathy by engaging in the war themselves, when no great advantage would result from it to them, although some have maintained the opposite. But they may exert their influence upon the nation whom they consider in the wrong, in order to cause that nation to retract its unreasonable demands. They may also, in various ways, give some indirect assistance to the state with whom they sympathize,

and, as far as this can be done without injury to themselves, they should do so. But we have here imagined an impossible case. Probably no war ever occurred in which all the provocation had so plainly been given by one of the belligerents, as to engage the sympathies of all impartial men in favor of the other. What then is the course to be adopted? We answer, that the sympathy and influence of neutral nations should invariably be on that side which is *at the moment* acting on the defensive. This may seem strange to some, because either party may, from no merit at all of theirs, be in turn the assailant and the assailed. But there is evidently, where no other argument from principles of abstract justice can be employed, a presumption in favor of the nation which is on the defensive. Now if the parties change places, the nation with whom neutral states should sympathize, it may be said, is the same; if it deserved sympathy before, why not also now? But we should remember, that although the attack which has been made on that nation is a provocation, doubtless, which, considered by itself, deserves punishment, yet it only forms one of a number of provocations given and received, which make it impossible to say whether the original attack was justifiable or not. Under these circumstances, a regard for justice requires that both of the hostile nations should hold their hands, and submit the case to the arbitration of neutral governments, and it is consequently the duty of these governments to enforce this rule, so far as possible, without their own detriment. This can evidently be done only by siding with that nation which is at the time upon the defensive, and giving to that state such encouragement, sympathy, and assistance as would be properly given to one which was indisputably in the right.

All secondary considerations, such as what will be the immediate result if one or the other nation succeeds in overpowering its antagonist, are of little value, compared with the criterion which has just been given, in deciding what course a neutral nation should adopt in case of a contest

between two others. For first, considerations of what is right should always precede questions as to what is merely expedient; secondly, no great harm can be done by always taking the part of the attacked party, because such a course will not only discountenance unjust aggression, but all aggression; and last, such action would tend to put an end to war itself, which is, on the whole, an undoubted evil to neutral states as well as to the belligerents, although some of their citizens may occasionally profit by it. Hence, such states are urged to adopt the course which has been treated of, as well by considerations of utility as of justice.

We therefore conclude, that, long before the different nations which are called civilized have arrived at such a unity of interests that they will make any attempt at a general government, they will have learned to check, if not wholly to suppress, the evil of war by the above-mentioned very obvious means. No one can doubt that a very great influence can be exerted, by the combined action of several governments, upon nations who are at war with one another. It seems probable, then, that the progress of civilization, which unquestionably leads nations to take more and more interest in each other's affairs, will in the course of time put an end to war; and that this will be accomplished, not by any attempt at uniting discordant members into one whole, but by the adoption by civilized people of principles of action dictated alike by justice and by common sense.

FÉNELON AND THE QUIETISTS.

OF all the distinguished men who surrounded the court of Louis XIV., Fénelon, at the time of his elevation to the archbishopric of Cambray, held perhaps the most eneviable situation. While he was well worthy of his station, he was fitted by nature and education to shine in any rank he might

occupy. Affable in his deportment, noble and commanding in his personal appearance, his conversation was enlivened by a vivid imagination, which, never prominently thrust forward, threw an undefinable charm over all his words. His eloquence was mild rather than vehement. He never sought disputes, but when the occasion called for it, he discussed the greatest subjects with the utmost facility; the most trifling received dignity and importance from his treatment; the driest and most uninteresting were relieved by the flowers of his rhetoric. Always original, imitating no master, he was himself inimitable.

Yet from the time when he first undertook the education of the Duke of Bourgogne, adversity seemed to be preparing to put so much virtue to the proof. The clouds which appeared thus early were but precursors of that tempest which was soon to deprive him of the bounty, if not of the esteem, of his royal master. This seemingly unfortunate but important event in the life of Fénelon, which brought out in strong light his own virtues and the talent of his great opponent, is the subject to which we propose to direct our attention.

The person from whom Fénelon first learned the doctrine which caused him so much trouble and anxiety in after life, and who was looked upon in France as the revivor, if not the originator, of Quietism, was Madame de la Mothe Guyon. Born of very respectable parents, she was, at an early age, married to a M. Guyon, — a man of great wealth, but whose few pleasing traits of character were perverted by the influence of his mother, a woman of little natural good feeling or liberality of heart. This was not the proper position for a person like Madame Guyon. She was a woman of great intellect and great sensibility, refined in her manners, and possessed of remarkable powers of conversation. Her countenance, cast upon the Grecian model, inspired respect without repelling confidence. Her inward disposition answered to her outward appearance. Imbued with a certain natural pride and consciousness of superiority, tenacious of her opinions when she felt that she was in the right, and

ready to yield when in the wrong, her gentle disposition and amicable temper won friends for her even among her enemies. Her unfortunate marriage, by withdrawing her to a certain extent from the world, served to strengthen the religious feeling which her early education, acting on a sensitive nature, had excited. Several years were spent in religious meditations and charitable works in the South of France and on the shore of the Lake of Geneva, — on the spot now immortalized by the memories of Gibbon and Voltaire, of Rousseau and Byron. About the year 1688 she returned to Paris, where she soon gathered round her a circle of devoted friends, among whom may be noticed as most prominent the Dukes of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, and after a time Madame de Maintenon herself. It was at this period that she first met Fénelon, on whom afterwards she exercised so important an influence, — an influence which may be traced in the truth, the purity, and the love which pervade all the writings of that distinguished divine. Before proceeding further it would seem to be proper to give some account of the nature of the doctrines which caused such excitement among the French theologians at this period.

Quietism has been called the doctrine of pure or unselfish love. It declares first of all, that we should be guided in all our thoughts and actions by a love of God; that we should not think of the happiness nor of the advantages which result from obeying God, but that we should so love him for himself as to make it positively disagreeable for us even to think of disobeying him; that in obeying him we should at least not be *sensible* of any selfish or interested motives, or of a desire to obtain any personal advantage. Moreover, we should resign ourselves entirely to his direction, and, not anxious about the future, should receive as coming from him whatever happens to us. And yet we are not to lose our moral agency or accountability; for although, when in the state of perfect love, we have, strictly speaking, no will of our own, yet some exercise of the will is necessary in order to remain in that state; so that we are at liberty to

choose whether or no we will continue to co-operate with God.

These principal and fundamental doctrines of the Quietists, thus briefly stated, were by no means new. Michel de Molinos, a Spanish priest, had some years before advanced similar opinions, which had been declared heretical by the Pope. Fénelon in his *Maxims of the Saints* showed that many of the Fathers had held the same doctrines. St. Paul himself seems to have embraced a similar faith. It was from his writings chiefly that the Quietists adduced evidence in support of their theories. Their explanations of the obscure passages of Paul's Epistles, although they give to many of them a meaning different from that commonly ascribed to them, cannot fail to commend themselves to every one by their complete and satisfactory character. And what is quite a curious coincidence, Madame Guyon, making proper allowance of course for the difference of sex, seems more closely to resemble St. Paul than any person of whom mention is made in sacred or profane history. Born of good family, brought up near the court, and fitted by her education to take a brilliant rank in society, she was led by a series of remarkable occurrences to embrace religion with all the ardor of her generous nature. Conscious of her own powers, she was not ashamed to receive advice from others; but when once she had firmly made up her opinions, nothing could induce her to swerve from them. Remarkable for her talent in suiting her conversation to the exigencies of her situation, she never advanced her peculiar opinions where she saw they could have no good effect. Yet when the occasion called for it, (and none knew better than she when the proper time did come,) she was ready to undergo any suffering, or any trial, in behalf of her faith. Losing sight of everything else, her only ambition was to be faithful to the duty which she felt called upon to perform. And while, in her discussions with the ablest theologians of her time, she displayed a power of intellect which astonished her opponents, she never lost her excessive sensibility and

her kindness for those with whom she came in contact, or who were united with her by the ties of friendship and affection.

It must have been a startling novelty to the court of Louis the Great, in spite of the religious turn which Madame de Maintenon had given to it, to hear that all the forms of religion so much in vogue were entirely worthless. Naturally the new doctrine was received with some alarm, and there were not wanting those who would represent to the king its possible pernicious effects. Louis was ready to receive any such suggestions. He had been for many years endeavoring to establish a religious unity in the kingdom. He had but a few years before revoked the Edict of Nantes, and the memory of the troubles occasioned by the Huguenots was still fresh in his mind. And he knew that all his attempts to stifle new heresies would be regarded with favor by the public. The Protestants, by their industrious and frugal habits, had, before their expulsion from France, taken possession of all the more valuable fields of labor. Though they were held inferior in the eye of the law, their superior wealth and knowledge were envied by the Catholics. These latter, rejoiced at being freed from a class whom they had always regarded with hatred and fear, would be ready to nip in the bud any new heresy which might revive their former troubles. It was with a full knowledge of Louis's opinions on this subject that Bossuet undertook to crush the rising doctrine.

The influence which Bossuet could bring to bear would have been sufficient to overwhelm any doctrine which had not truth at its foundation. He was the first orator in France; perhaps the first in the world at that time. Whatever he wrote, he wrote as a master. And writing as a master of his art, he wrote also as a leader of the public mind. His opinions, when deliberately uttered, carried with them all the weight and authority of a council. If he met with opposition, he expected to overcome it; but he had long since ceased even to expect it. "What you write," said to

him one of his friends, "is decisive." And this was the feeling throughout France. He was looked upon as the Great Defender of Catholicism, as the Great Expounder of its dogmas. After nearly a year of careful study, Bossuet produced his famous work, perhaps the ablest he ever wrote, entitled *Instruction on the States of Prayer*. He intended that this should at once put a stop to the controversy, and with this end in view determined to submit it for examination to the best theologians of the time. After it had been seen and approved by the Archbishop of Paris and the Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, it was sent to Fénelon. He read the manuscript, and expressed his admiration at the ability and care which it displayed. Yet, while he agreed with all the fundamental doctrines there expressed, he could not approve of the attacks made on the character of Madame Guyon, and the misrepresentations of her doctrines which it contained. He therefore felt obliged to refuse his approval, and in reply to it he published his famous *Maxims of the Saints*, in which he supported the doctrine of Quietism by showing that all its truths were to be found in full in the writings of the most approved Catholic Fathers.

The importance of its subject, the men engaged, and the ability displayed in it, render this controversy one of the most important on record. The age and repeated victories of one of the combatants might well have excused him from further service; but his mind, vigorous in spite of the weight of years, still retained the fire of his youth. The other, as yet comparatively unknown by his writings, but distinguished for his eloquence and for his genius, had long been familiar with the subject: it offered nothing too deep for his searching investigation, nor too obscure for his logical explanations. Bossuet had the experience of age, Fénelon the fire of manhood. One had his great renown to support, the other his reputation to gain. The one spoke with the authority of a teacher, the other persuaded with the eloquence of a friend. The one had the support of

the king and court, the other that of a circle of devoted friends.

Bossuet, astonished at the effect of Fénelon's book, determined to put forth one more effort, which he meant should be his last. With this view he published his *History of Quietism*, in which he made use of letters and papers intrusted to him by Fénelon and Madame Guyon, on the express condition that he should keep them strictly private. This book, the last which was published during the controversy, was followed by a host of memoirs and letters. In all these we can readily discern the different lines of argument adopted by the two opponents. Bossuet, aware that he could not find any direct evidence of heresy in any of the work on Quietism, contented himself for the most part with insinuations of the basest kind against the character of Madame Guyon; Fénelon, on the other hand, replied to these by the testimonials of well-known religious persons, and by evidence drawn from the very acts of Bossuet himself.

At length, tired of a dispute in which he saw that he could gain but little credit, Bossuet determined to settle the controversy by referring the question to the supreme authority at Rome, well knowing that the Pope would not dare to pronounce a decision contrary to the expressed wishes of the king of France. The Holy Father was in a trying situation. He could not refuse to turn his attention to the subject, and he was puzzled how to decide. He feared to offend Louis. He hesitated to condemn a book of such an excellent religious character. In his dilemma, he referred it to the College of *Consultores*. After twelve sittings, they were unable to come to any decision. The Cardinals, to whom the book was next sent, were equally unable to agree in their opinions. Finally, after the repeated solicitations and almost the threats of Louis, Innocent issued a bull which declared that the book as explained by Fénelon was in the highest degree praiseworthy, but that it *might* give rise to heretical opinions, and therefore was condemned. Fénelon, on receiving this news, although he did not alter his own opinions, neverthe-

less from his pulpit forbade his people to read the book, and, having collected all the copies that could be found in his diocese, had them burnt in the court-yard of his episcopal palace.

We must be careful not to blame Bossuet too much for the part he took in this dispute. To one who does not *feel* the force of its doctrines, or who is not willing to take them on the authority of another, Quietism seems to contradict many of the received dogmas of the Catholic Church. Bossuet, who, although he was a man of excellent religious character, had not reached the exalted state of mind in which Fénelon lived, would naturally, from his position as the acknowledged Defender of Catholicism, oppose every innovation of which he could not clearly see the advantage. And we must not be astonished at the readiness with which Fénelon submitted to a decision which he knew to be unjust. Love was the basis of his religion, and he had always declared, that to use force in matters of religious opinion was to act contrary to the laws of the mind, as well as to the claims of morals. Though others might adopt violent measures, he would not lend even a show of justice to their course by forcible resistance.

Fénelon died in 1715, at the age of sixty-five, leaving behind him the memory of a character which has been the admiration of all creeds and parties. In the first fury of the French Revolution, when men seemed to be governed only by their own bad passions, they ravaged the tombs of the illustrious dead, and scattered to the winds of heaven the ashes of the great and good of former times. But they respected and wept over the dust of Fénelon. In the list of the world's reformers, among those who have fought for perfect civil and religious liberty, he deserves a high and honorable place.

The great commotion produced by the small and comparatively feeble band of the Quietists certainly shows that they touched the sore spot in society. All religious feeling in France was fast being undermined. Something was

needed to give a vital spirit to the inert mass. This same condition of religious affairs in England had called forth the Puritans, whose stern energy, by hastening the inevitable catastrophe, had mitigated its violence. In France the indefatigable exertions of Bossuet repressed the rising reformation. Thus, amelioration forcibly prevented, matters went on from bad to worse, till finally society and government, having lost their most reliable support, the religious and moral sentiment of the community, were obliterated for a time amidst the excesses of the Revolution.

During all this controversy, Madame Guyon had not been wanting to her duty. Confined first for eight months, and afterwards for four years, in the Bastille, she encouraged her friends by her patient and firm example while in prison, and by her letters and counsels while at liberty. From the time of her liberation in 1702 until her death, her life offers little that is remarkable. Her character still remained the same, but severe trials and unusual sufferings had effectually broken her constitution, so that she was unable to engage in those active works of benevolence which had formerly engaged her attention. Still her mind retained its original vigor, and many persons of high rank came even from England and Germany to be near her, and to profit by her instructions. She died at Blois in 1717. Not much is to be added to what has already been said of her character. Her writings indicate in some places the superficiality of her early education; a misfortune which she shared with other distinguished women of her time. But these very faults show her great intellectual power, without which she would hardly have been able to attract to such an extent the attention of those about her. What seems to have been most remarkable were her wonderful powers of conversation. In whatever company she found herself, such was her quickness of perception and natural flow of language, such her depth and originality of thought, that she could not fail at once to take a high position. Her imagination was fully equal to her other powers, but was always held under com-

plete control. And so beautiful was her moral character, that we hardly know which to admire most, her mind or her heart, her intellectual powers or her native goodness. But the peculiar tenets she embraced had doubtless much influence in harmonizing and softening the various traits of her natural disposition. If Quietism had done nothing more, it is enough that it has formed, as examples for the world, two such characters as those of Fénelon and Madame Guyon.

E.

THE HOLY PLACES.

THIS article is not designed for those readers of the "Harvard" who are already well "posted" on the Holy Shrines. They are affectionately invited to skip it, and to pass on to the following.

Again, if there are any who have an innate horror of all facts, they are recommended to ignore this essay, and to avail themselves of the opportunity for absconding which I will shortly furnish them by coming to a full stop after the word *am*. Where are the Holy Places? What are they?—are questions that many persons have asked within the last two years without obtaining any satisfactory answer. The desire of displaying all the knowledge I possess on the subject, and of benefiting by said display some of the human family, are the only apologies I can offer for presuming to reply to these questions,—no! not the only apologies; there is another,—a wish to be able to pass through the College grounds among my fellow-students, without being waylaid and harassed by one of the editorial corps of this Magazine for a "paper." I silenced this disturber of my customary peace of mind for some time by many valid arguments, but now logic is powerless, and here I am.

Revenons à nos questions. The Holy Places, which for

us have no interest except in so far as they are connected with the present European war, are sites which the Greek and Latin Churches, separately or together, have selected as objects of religious pilgrimage in Palestine or the Holy Land. Twelve of these places I shall enumerate as the most important, though some of them, rendered famous only by the traditions of the Church, are comparatively unknown to all who do not worship at them, while others, which we regard with the greatest reverence, are neglected by the larger portion of the devotees. These are as follows:—

1. Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem (common to all sects).
2. Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth (Latin).
3. Church of Jacob's Well at Shechem (destroyed).
4. Church at Cana (Greek).
5. Church of St. Peter at Tiberias (Latin).
6. Church of the Presentation at Jerusalem (Mussulman).
7. Church of the Flagellation (Latin).
8. Grotto (not the garden) of Gethsemane (Latin).
9. Tomb of the Virgin (common).
10. Church of the Ascension (Mussulman).
11. Church of the Apostles (Mussulman).
12. Church of the Holy Sepulchre (common).

This dispute of the Holy Places, which has lately been brought to the notice of the world by the comparatively recent demand of the French, that exclusive possession of the eight most remarkable localities in the Holy Land should be given to the Latin Christians, is nothing new; it is but the renewal of the "world's debate," the rupture of that "mournful and solitary silence," which, after the fall of Acre in 1291, "prevailed along the shore of Palestine." The history of this dispute is the history of the rise and progress of the Greek Church. It commenced with the quarrel of a few Greek and Latin monks for the key of the Convent of Bethlehem, and has never altogether ceased; for although the angry words of the Catholic and Greek pilgrims do not reach our ears, still none the less now, as of old, does the Greek jostle the Latin, and the Latin the Mussulman, by the Tomb of the Virgin, or at the birthplace of her Son. But it has not always been thus. The time was when the

Jews had exclusive control over the Holy Places, at least over the sites of the present temples, and each one regarded all the shrines as peculiarly his, and kindly welcomed to them every brother pilgrim. But this control was of short duration, for the destruction of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus in 70 A. D. deprived the Jews of all authority, razed their temples to the ground, and dispersed their nation to all parts of the globe, and half a century later, Hadrian erected a statue or temple in honor of Venus upon the site now occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to pollute the spot in which the early Christians of his day believed the body of their Lord to have been laid. However this may be, and whatever buildings the Jews and Pagans may have erected upon these hallowed localities, it is certain that the Holy Places have passed from the power of the Jew to the Gentile, and thence to that of the Christian, and that all the buildings and ruins now existing have been the work of Christians and Mohammedans since the third century of the present era. Probably the most ancient of them all is the nave of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, which was built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, towards the close of the third century. Many of the other churches also are of great antiquity, since they were erected in the time of Constantine; still, the subsequent repairs have almost completely changed the form and structure of the buildings from those which were reared by this Emperor. Admitting then, as we must, that the Holy Places once belonged to all Christians, Latin as well as Greek, we are naturally led to ask, what has ever given to the one or the other sect the right of exclusive control, and what gives them this right now. We have said that the history of this dispute of the Holy Places is the history of the rise and progress of the Greek Church, because, before the rise of this Church, all Christians worshipped together at these shrines in harmony; because, with the exception of the struggles with the Saracens and Turks, the only quarrel for dominion there has been between Greek and Latin; and

because the violence of the dispute has been proportionate to the growth and power of the Greek Church. The first schism in the Christian Church arose, it is but natural to infer, as all schisms arise in party or state, from the belief of some one or more of its members, that they were examples of unappreciated talent, and that their claims to preferment were not duly recognized, joined to a desire for ecclesiastical promotion; — very rare is it that these ruptures spring originally from a radical difference of principles. The Christian religion first preached by the Apostles gradually spread from Asia to Europe, from Antioch to Rome, during the three hundred years immediately succeeding the death of Jesus. "The blood of the martyrs" really became "the seed of the Church." Persecution could not stay its growth, and the Pagan Emperors yielded to its power when Constantine the Great, at the head of the Roman Empire, became a convert to the teachings of Christ, and extended to them his patronage. In his time the direction of matters pertaining to the Church was given to five bishops, who inhabited the five citadels of the Christian religion, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria in the East, Rome in the West, and Constantinople, properly neither Western nor Eastern in geographical position, but Eastern in sympathies, because, when, forgetting the Saviour's teachings of unity, these five cities contended for the precedency, the primacy of the East was wrested from Alexandria and given to Constantinople. At a subsequent period this city, then second to Rome, was placed upon an equality with her in ecclesiastical power, and equality here, as often elsewhere, generated jealousy. The original grounds of difference between the Eastern and Western Churches, we see, were rivalry and vainglory. These once established, it remained for the patriarchs to find specious reasons for a separation, that should satisfy those who took no interest in their private jealousies. When the breach was in this way once made between the Greeks and Latins, quarrels among the pilgrims who assembled at the shrines of the East naturally followed.

Although, for a century and a half from Constantine's conversion, the limits of the separate jurisdictions of the two Churches were the grounds of continual disputes, still during this time there appear to have been only temporary suspensions of all communion between them, as, for example, when they would not hold intercommunion for a period of sixty-eight years, because they differed as to the contested succession to the patriarchate of Antioch. At the expiration of this hundred and fifty years, however, came the Council at Chalcedon, which, though it caused another temporary separation, finally put an end to all the dissensions of the Churches, and again, as in earlier times, the Greek and Latin pilgrims worshipped in harmony amid the scenes hallowed by the Saviour's life and sufferings. But the invasions of the Eastern patriarchates by the Persians under Chozroes, and the subsequent ravages of the Saracens and Turks, were more effectual in preserving the friendship which had just arisen anew between the Oriental and Occidental Churches, than were the canons of the Council at Chalcedon, although these for a time allayed all internal discord. There was no longer a question as to which of the two Christian Churches should have the custody of the shrines; the preservation and existence of these shrines were the subject in dispute. The infidels were at the gates of the Holy City; six-and-twenty thousand Jews, remembering their expulsion from Jerusalem in years gone by, were clamoring for vengeance; the pilgrims within the walls were like lambs before their shearers; Jerusalem was taken; the Holy Sepulchre and the churches of Helena and Constantine were destroyed; the Patriarch was carried away prisoner to Persia; the true cross became a trophy of the victors, and Jews and Arabs joined in a merciless massacre of all the Christian pilgrims. Nothing, however, can long restrain nations or sects which are determined to quarrel; with peace came discord. The worship of images, which was condemned by the Greeks while it was approved by the Latins, next revived the violence of their ecclesiastical

disputations; and even before this knotty question was settled, a second was agitated relative to the procession of the Holy Spirit, and to the insertion or omission in the creed of 'Constantinople of the words "Filio que." The Church of Spain in the fifth or sixth century had amended the formula of their creed, which before had read, "The Holy Ghost, which proceedeth from the Father," so that it stood, "which proceedeth from the Father and the Son." For a time this emendation, which was directed against Arianism, was disregarded by the Greeks, but when in the eighth century the French and German Churches received it, then the Easterns accused their opponents of heresy. For a hundred years "Filio que" involved the Christian world in a strife of words, and though the dispute was finally settled for the time by Pope Nicholas the First, yet to the present day it is a barrier to Papal and Oriental communion. If space would admit it, it would be profitless to enter into a detail of all the controversies (of which the foregoing is a fair specimen) which increased the breach between the two Churches from this time (800 A. D.) up to their final and lasting separation about the middle of the eleventh century. We cannot, however, pass by the Crusades, which, following soon after this separation, have direct reference to the subject in discussion, the Holy Places, since they gave to the Latins for the first time, by reason of their victories, exclusive possession of the shrines, which up to this period had been held by the Greeks. This possession, however, was destined to be of short duration, for when the tide of war changed, and the Crusaders were driven back to the West by the Mussulmans, then the Greeks regained their supremacy in the sanctuaries of the East. From that date to the present time the contest has been between the descendants of the Crusaders and those of the first Greek occupants, supported respectively by France and Russia. The custody of the Holy Shrines would now undoubtedly belong by right of conquest to the Turks, if they had never disposed of it by treaty to either of the great representatives of

the two religions. As it is, this custody belongs to France, for, being herself indifferent as to the dispute, excepting so far as it was conducive to her welfare to be on good terms with these two powerful nations, and seeing, as she thought, an opportunity of increasing that welfare, she gave up her right of control some three hundred years ago, when the Sultan Soliman placed, by treaty, the Holy Places and the Christians of Palestine under the protection of Francis the First of France; and this protection was reaffirmed in all treaties made by the two nations up to the first French Revolution. At this period France, forsaking the true God, forsook also his Eastern temples; and the Greek Church, by its proximity to the shrines, and the political power derived from Russia, regained their former custody of these places; but unjustly, for, if France relinquished her claims, they reverted as a matter of course to their original owners. The Eastern Question stood in this relation to Turkey, France, and Russia, when Louis Napoleon, for political, and not religious motives, demanded a complete recognition of his country's claims. What has transpired since this demand is too well known by every one, as a matter of history, to need to be mentioned here. However the present European war may affect, in its ultimate results, the question of the Holy Places, whether we be excluded from the Church of the Nativity or of the Holy Sepulchre, there will still remain to us "the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee, — the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the Parables, — the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast for ever."

B. M. C.

THE MYSTIC.*

THE present reviewer got through with "The Mystic" by dint of perseverance and success in conquering all obstinate questionings of reason and impertinences of common sense. What it is all about is more than he can say. During the perusal he could only give a friend who put Polonius's question, "What do you read, my lord?" Hamlet's reply, "Words, words, words." Should you ask the plot or plan of the poem, or rhapsody, or whatever else it may be, the needy Knife-grinder must furnish the answer: "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." Really, P. J. ought to be ashamed of himself. "Festus" is a great poem, and in spite of the apparently irreverent character of some passages in it, reminding of the scathing remark, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," has passed safely through the ordeal of adverse criticism, and now ranks among the poems which every collector of books desires to put earliest upon his shelves. And after this comes "The Mystic," — O what a fall was there!

A great deal of bitter language has been used about mysticism and obscurity in style, and often by those whose brains were the source of the defect rather than the writings they complained of. Accordingly, those who counted it no great excellence to write down to the meanest intellects, thinking such a course the best in the world for keeping their own intellects at a dead-lock, and for encouraging meanness of intellect to think itself judge and sovereign arbiter of all intellectual worth, have continued none the less to say what they had to say after their own fashion, without ransacking their brains for enigmatic expressions for low thoughts, and, on the other hand, without hammering out great thoughts and their new applications into the

* *The Mystic and Other Poems.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

amplified form with which the populace are gratified and instructed. This frittering away of great thoughts, and the kindred decomposition of bright beams of fancy into the separate rays which only give beauty by synthesis, even Wordsworth, the great apostle of simplicity, did not stoop to deaden his pages with.

So much by way of protest against the propriety and necessity which many critics urge upon authors, of taking the shop-boy and the cook-maid into their counsels, as competent judges of conception and of language. The recitation-room is a better tribunal than the kitchen, and one would rather draw upon Freund, or Liddell and Scott, than upon Bridget and Buttons. There are, besides, many shades of thought and prettinesses of fancy which are utterly without value, even without meaning, to any but cultivated minds. What imbecility is it to throw dirt at a writer for expressing such thoughts and fancies in a style agreeable to the culture which takes pleasure in them!

But when a man really has nothing to say to any minds at all, cultivated or vulgar, and yet writes sixty pages of the most splendid and hardest words in and out of his language, and swells and puffs and labors, seemingly under a pressure of tremendous spiritual and mental opulence, out of which he will not give you so much as a brass farthing, — why, let everybody pick up critical stones and pelt the impostor until he confess the real value of his pretended treasure.

This appears to be the case with Mr. Bailey, as he reveals himself in "The Mystic," to persons whom the modest reviewer in his great perturbation called upon to help clear him a way through its worse than London fog, — to literary persons, great bores to librarians, ex-editors of the Institute, and conversant with the works of potent geniuses with whom not even Mr. Gilfillan would venture to compare the author of "Festus." Perhaps other and brighter minds may find good sense and true poetry in the poem. But these happy creatures must be very far apart from each other, and too few to take up enough of the printed copies

to pay for the unfortunate paper used in the impression. A profound work on metaphysics, studded with the necessary, but formidable, technical terms which the higher philosophy employs, may well find acceptance and the bookseller's price at the hands of only a small class; it is meant for no others. It is different with verse-men, and especially with such as have a reputation which sells their later wares faster than the puffing of a Brandreth could do it for them. The multitudinous public is their market, — a confiding one and ready of pocket-book, but not ready at making light out of darkness. The money is paid, the leaves cut, a stony gaze of perplexity is fixed in the eyes, and the reader slowly moons along, becoming more and more sure that he is a victim, the author a pedant, and both of them noodles. The miserable man finds inflicted upon him something in comparison with which Lord Byron's wildest fustian is Christian and commonplace, and even Mr. Martin Farquahar Tupper's maudlin simplicity endurable.

It were hardly decorous to say that this sort of thing is a shameful swindling of the common run of readers. But the blindest and most respectable of candid critics are appealed to, whether an author whose position implies that any work of his, unless special notice is given to the contrary, is meant to regale the public at large, has a right to throw dust in the general eye to such an extent that even sincere admirers of his former works are forced to ease their conscience by proclaiming the offender a rebel against common sense, our common language, and the common standard of taste adopted by lovers of books. Before publishing, it is true, he had a right to express to his own delighted ear and the elongated corresponding organs of partial friends, any sort of "bosh" he pleased, in any chosen style of language. But was it just, was it generous, to publish the same stuff in such a way that all his ideas are effectually kept to himself, and such favored beings as he may graciously translate them to? Has he any ideas? Upon the word of students of "Hamilton in the notes," such as can be dug out from

deep and dark verbiage have no truth in them that is not old, no decoration that is not meretricious.

Obfuscated enthusiasm may indignantly raise the objection, that the title of this book ought to secure for Mr. Bailey some indulgence. Certainly it should. Let him have some. Let him have a great deal. Still there ought to be moderation in all things, as Horace says; a writer for whom, on the whole, the world will have more respect than any mere weaver of verses is likely to receive. Madame de Stael says of somebody she knew, — was n't it Mirabeau, "the tiger who had the small-pox"? — that it was permitted to men to be ugly, but that this gentleman, her friend, had abused the privilege. It is permitted to mystics to be obscure, — to Boehmen, for instance, and others, whose unworldly nature would n't for the life of them let ordinary reasonableness have anything to do with their dreams. Mr. Bailey, too, may be allowed considerable obscurity while really under a divine afflatus of uncommon turbulence. But no spiritual impetus can be strong enough, and so sustained, as to carry a gentleman through a pretty long and very labored poem with such a rush, that he can't stop to think of the right name of a single thing, or to hunt up intelligible words for expressing poor things, that are simply made as ridiculous as newly commissioned generals of militia, by being dressed up in the pomp and tinsel of unknown tongues and uncared-for mythologies. The real and tolerable mystics were under a certain wild, spiritual lashing, and in their ecstasies and visions always aimed at the familiarizing of spiritual things among men. Genuine spiritualism must agree with truth and reason, — and accordingly they brought down a great deal of truth and reason from their crazy flights. That is spurious mysticism — hardly worthy of even that name — which long and roughly pumps up its ecstasy, and never gets wild enough to forget Lemprière and Smith.

To bear out these strictures with passages would require more than a number of Maga, and more than the patience

of numberless Jobs. The opening paragraph is recommended to sceptics. A few hours of speculation upon this, followed by several days' severe study of pages 40 to 47, will doubtless bring conviction of the poem's impenetrable cloudiness to the acutest mind. A (marked) copy of the work will be placed with the Editors, so that no candid votary of belles-lettres need ruinously impair his revenue in order to do "The Mystic" justice.

A few words more will suffice. Mr. De Quincey ought, in a fresh chapter on "Orthographic Mutineers," and treason to our mother tongue, to take in hand such monstrosities as preview, pre-æternal, consphærate, psychopompous function, reboant, dæmons, marmoreal heaven, æternal, re-existent, skyey wherin, untempled, affied, writhen frond, præpotent, consumed, impregnated, surviue, cœlestial, draconian, endogenous truth, creanced, caducean, pleni-solar and præ-astral, pyrameidal, tidal swamp, penumbral pinions,—and a hundred equally disgraceful affectations, out of place even in classical mock-heroics.

Here is a little piece of verbal juggling, meant to picture something sublime you would think :

"Time's arid rivulet through its glassy gorge
Lapsed ceaseless."

This is one of the most elegant and perspicuous passages in the poem. It is an enigmatic way of representing an — hour-glass. It takes some valuable time, however, to solve the puzzle. The man could not have more mysteriously hinted at the sacredest of the esoteric doctrines of the priests of Isis. Lavishing his treasures in this prodigal way upon mean things, what wealth of verbiage, what magic of fantastic bombast will be left at his command when he wants to describe the sun and moon, lakes and stars, courtships, baby-rockers, and the like great subjects, with a corresponding splendor and imbecility?

Between the same lids with the unconquerable "Mystic" are a "Spiritual Legend" and "A Fairy Tale." Perhaps they are lovelier and more intelligible. But what stretch

of candor could induce one to go any farther when fairly through the first poem. A glance at the "Legend" shows it to be crammed with Oriental geography,—which is no doubt very interesting and poetical.

"There is a moral." When you want to read poetry or exalt yourself with philosophy, go to the long accredited masters of both, and give no countenance to the pestilent versifiers and philosophers of this afflicted generation. For it is distressing, how verse-given milk-sops and irrational dabblers in speculation pile their leaden absurdities upon the public donkey, and immortal works of genius and of truth rest under lock and key in the book-case, while these products of vanity, surcharged education or no education, sham enthusiasm, bad taste, and good wind are paraded on the centre-table.

W. S. J.

HIAWATHA.*

No book has, of late, attracted so much attention as this new poem by Mr. Longfellow. Indeed, considering the short period that has elapsed since its publication, it has probably been more generally criticised than any poem that ever was written. While many look upon it as the best production of its author, as exhibiting everywhere on its pages the truest and the finest elements of poetry, as an important contribution to our national literature, and a successful embodiment of the beautiful Indian legends of the land, there are many who satirize and ridicule it. They denounce it as a mere stringing together of outlandish words and meaningless expressions, as an ingenious arrangement of jingling baby-talk, and facetiously say that they are under great obligations to the publishers for announcing Hia-

* *The Song of Hiawatha. A Poem.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

watha, a *Poem*. We propose to consider a few of its more prominent characteristics.

Before the existence of any established knowledge on the subject, savage nations have always entertained implicit belief in some overruling power. They have given to it such attributes as among them were considered the most honorable and exalted, and they have always revered it and obeyed it. The Indians entertained this belief. They looked to the Great Spirit as the source from which all their blessings descended. They were told by tradition, that he had sent to them a messenger "to clear their rivers, forests, and hunting-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace." This personage was known to many of the tribes by the name of Hiawatha. In delineating his character, Mr. Longfellow has invested him with a proper mixture of human and divine qualities.

Appearing as an Indian, yet of mysterious and supernatural parentage, he mingles among the tribes and conducts himself as a mortal. Yet he silently guides their counsels by superior intelligence, fastens stronger and stronger the bonds of friendship between them, buries the remembrance of old enmities, and leads them to peaceful occupations and to a cultivation of the gentler virtues. Gratifying the inclinations of his heart and reconciling the differences of two tribes, he leads to his wigwam, as his wife, Minnehaha, the beautiful heroine of the story. The happy life they were leading is brought to a close by the death of Minnehaha, which had been foretold by the appearance of ghosts and the dusky figures of Fever and Famine. She dies while Hiawatha, in the cold of the winter, is hunting for the means of prolonging her existence. Hardly recovered from the shock of this calamity, news is brought of the approach of the pale-faces. Two of them enter his humble abode, and are hospitably received. But in their advance he sees the necessity of the Red Man's departure, and, bidding adieu to the cabin which had sheltered him and the friends who gathered round him, and the old chiefs who looked to him

for guidance, he turns his canoe westward, and passes away.
He leaves his guests behind him, bidding the tribes

“Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truths they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning.”

The sun, setting, throws its brilliant colors over the scene, numbers of the race for whose advancement and happiness he had lived and toiled and suffered crowd around him, the forests and the waves and the birds bid him “Farewell,” and the poem closes.

“Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter !”

The metre of the poem has hitherto been employed by no English or American poet. It is the trochaic, and is borrowed from Spanish writers. Mr. Longfellow is distinguished for the oddities and quaintness of his subjects, and style, and metre. Very frequently, in a desire to introduce what is new and striking, he makes serious mistakes. Many critics think he has made a mistake in the “Song of Hiawatha,” inasmuch as he has selected a light, ringing metre in which to tell a story of sadness. It may be that, had he chosen some other metre, we should have liked it better ; but being as it is, we confess that it is exceedingly pleasing. The Indian names are so beautifully interwoven in it, the simple talk and fine imaginings of the savage race, the delicious descriptions of forest and lake, of beast and bird and fish, the glorious sentiments, far above the capacity of the Indian to conceive, appear to us so picturesquely, so naturally, so easily, that we cannot imagine how anything could be better and all the while be true to the peculiarities of the In-

dians. We entirely disagree with those who call the metre childish, and unworthy the story and sentiments of the poem, as well as the taste and reputation of the author. Take, for example, the following passage. Minnehaha is dying in the wigwam, and Hiawatha, hunting in the forest, calls on "Gitche Manito, the Mighty," for food to save her from death.

"Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'

"All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thicket,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thicket,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said, with voice that did not tremble,
'I will follow you, my husband!'

There is exquisite beauty and pathos about these lines. Yet they are exceedingly simple. It would seem as though they might be written by any one with very little difficulty. But this simplicity is their greatest charm, and is not to be attained by ordinary writers. Would the sentiments of this passage clothed in any other metre be half so touching and beautiful? We must beg the reader to allow us one more quotation, sustaining our vindication of Mr. Longfellow's choice of metre. It is from the concluding canto, if we may so speak of the poem, and describes the incidents of Hiawatha's departure.

"On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;

On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, ' Westward ! Westward !'
And with speed it darted forward.

" And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening."

Is not this a fine description ? Is it not natural and suggestive and truly poetical ? The frequent repetitions of words and phrases, which have been severely censured by some, appear to us to be managed with such perfect art as to conduce, to a very great degree, to the general finish and beauty of the poem. But, after all, we must make our final question this : Is the metre of the " Song of Hiawatha " the one which the best expresses the style of Indian conversation, the easy and musical flow of their language, and the best describes the peculiarities of their manners and customs, and the scenes where their lives were spent ? To this question we answer, Yes.

Mr. Longfellow has been much blamed for want of originality in the *thoughts* of his poems. A late critic in Putnam has shown that his Psalm of Life is made up from German, Roman, English, Latin, and Teuton authors. Yet he argues that he is not for that reason to be called a plagiarist, nor to be esteemed unworthy of the praises due him for having written a beautiful and *original* poem. But we will not concede that Mr. Longfellow's poetry is deficient in fine and suggestive thoughts. He is not a Shakespeare, nor a Milton, nor a Byron, but a man of great learning and experience, of a highly poetical imagination, and pure and delicate tastes, who introduces into his writings a

transcript of his nature. With reference to the particular poem under consideration, he has carefully studied the Indian legends, and selected such as, in his opinion, would be of the most general interest. He has not attempted to weave them into the more elaborate styles of poetry, but has clothed them in such a garb as would seem the most natural. He has not given the song he heard "from the lips of Nawadaha," as the finished poem of a great poet, but the sweet and touching tale of an Indian maiden. Yet there are many fine thoughts in the Song of Hiawatha. In the introduction, where he invokes the attention of his reader, occurs the following:—

"Ye who love a nation's legends,
*Love the ballads of a people
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—*
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
*There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—*
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !"

A few days preceding the publication of Hiawatha appeared a new poem from the Poet Laureate. We intend to enter into no disquisition upon the merits of Maud, nor to institute any comparison between that poem and Hiawatha, save in one particular. Mr. Tennyson takes for his *dramatis personæ* ladies and gentlemen, that is to say, persons supposed to be refined in their tastes and manners. Yet the

whole tendency of his poem is to depreciate the benefits and real happiness of peaceful occupations, and to consider the spirit of war as the one which should be encouraged. Out of civilized life he draws uncivilized teachings. His poem, magnificent though it be in many respects, is but the advocate of unchristian thoughts. Mr. Longfellow finds his heroes and heroines in the woods, existing long before the dawn of civilization had lit up their savage and ignorant natures. Yet from their wild lives he draws lessons inculcating love towards one another and the exercise of the gentler virtues. He takes the rudest materials and he fashions a story which breathes a moral.

Mr. Longfellow has not attempted to portray the entire nature of the Indian. He has left to other pens, or rather, let us hope, to his own at some other time, the description of the rude portion of their character, — their thirst for revenge, their cruel and inhuman tortures, their treachery, their cunning, their love of the chase and of war. He has contented himself with telling us much of their more interesting qualities. He has taken us into their wigwams and seated us by the fireside. He has told us of their love of the Great Spirit in whom they reposed all the confidence of their hearts, “the author and the finisher of their faith,” of the gentleness of the maidens, and the bravery and fine looks of the young men, and the sage counsels of the chiefs. He has furnished us with much new and interesting knowledge. He has appealed to our more delicate sensibilities and awakened our warmest sympathies. He has told us the delightful legends of the Indians in the warm and truthful language of his heart.

IN CAIRO.

THE flaming sun is sinking to his couch
Of radiant clouds, and his long, level rays
Stream through the open casement, lending to
The crimson draperies a deeper dye,
Lighting the apartment with a ruddy glare,
And giving omen of a sultry morrow.
I lie on my divan, fanned by the slave
Obsequious, and languidly I gaze
Upon the city wrapped in purple haze.
And as my eye rests on the crowding mosques
And towers, while the Moslem crier from
The neighboring minaret loud summons to
Their evening prayer the Faithful, my sad thoughts
Steal dreamily away from Orient skies,
To the far West, and in my reverie
I wander from the weary, burning clime.

I do remember a clear autumn eve,
When o'er the land the Indian summer reigned,
And a new grace its tender influence gave
To the calm aspect of the tranquil landscape,
That seemed to sleep while gentle winds kept watch.
Along the rivulet's marge I wandered slow :
The sun had set, and o'er the western verge
Of the horizon hung the evening star ;
Against the lucid yellow sky each tree
Upon the summit of the distant range
Of hills stood boldly out, and every spray
Seemed to embrace a planet in its robe
Of variegated leaves. The silver light
Quivered a moment on the placid stream,
Then sped reflected back to its far source.
Through the still chambers of the sombre woods
The breezes sobbed monotonous. Above
In leafy homes the fall birds twittered, and
The cricket's chirp rose shrilly echoing up
In air. Beside me moved a slender form ;
A soft hand lay in mine confidingly ;
Dark, lustrous eyes were bent upon my face,
Through whose transparency a pure soul looked,
And each bore sparkling up a diamond, with
Whose glistening the brightest stars of heaven
Might vie, only to yield the palm of brilliancy.
With blushes that the dusk could scarce conceal,

In a low voice, distinct though tremulous,
She frankly owned her love, and bade me take
Her to my heart, and live and love her. All
That she could ask I promised; and I vowed —
Clasping her to my wildly beating breast,
And kissing from her cheek the happy tears —
That I would sacrifice my life, — yea, soul, —
To save a hair of her dear head from harm.

A year has fled, and she lies beneath
The grass and flowers. I sojourn here in Cairo.

T.

NEW BOOKS.

History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain. By W. H. PRESCOTT. Vols. I. and II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1855.

MR. PRESCOTT has already, in his former History, shown us how, under Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain emerged from the obscurity in which it had long been hidden and took a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. He has told us the interesting and romantic story of Spanish chivalry seeking wealth and honor in the New World. It remained for him to explain the fall of Spain, to show us how the kingdom of Charles V., from being the recognized head of Catholic Europe, has sunk to the condition of a third-rate power. This forms the subject of his present work. It displays to us the policy of Philip II., — a policy which, injurious even to Philip, became ruinous when attempted by less vigorous hands. The fatal mistake, that uniformity of government requires uniformity of religion, deprived Spain, in the sixteenth century, of the Netherlands, and forced her in the nineteenth to look to foreign armies for the protection of her own soil.

This excellent History is in every way worthy of its subject. Mr. Prescott shows such a knowledge of everything relating to his subject, and such an interest in the occurrences he is describing, that he can hardly fail to succeed. He has, moreover, the rare merit of saying all that is to be said, of saying it in the right place, and in the

best and most agreeable way. One is not obliged to read a sentence over twice in order to understand it. The author's meaning stands out, as it were, so clearly, that one never considers whether the book be well written or not, — the most important quality of a good style.

We hope at some future time to be able to examine this book and its subject more at length; and we anticipate great pleasure in so doing. When we finished reading it the first time, we envied those who had yet that enjoyment in store for them. Soon, however, we found that we could enjoy a second reading even more. Nor is that all. We venture to say that no one can peruse Philip II. without wishing to refresh their memory by again turning over the pages of Ferdinand and Isabella.

T.

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- ♦ *Caste, a Story of Republican Equality.* By SYDNEY A. STORY, JR.
Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1856.

THIS is the title of a very interesting work of fiction designed to show some of the social evils of our peculiar institution. And yet this purpose never obtrudes itself upon the reader, for the moral is closely interwoven with the story, and comes to the mind gradually, and almost imperceptibly. No characters are introduced, as in many modern books, expressly to make antislavery speeches, but whatever is said on that subject flows naturally from the mouths of the speakers, and is closely connected with the rest. The plot is ingeniously contrived, and the interest is kept up throughout. The reader is never allowed to go to sleep over stupid conversations or tedious details. Perhaps the whole is a little too highly-wrought; but then nobody will complain of that in our high-pressure age.

The book is certainly one of the best of its kind, and we recommend it to those of our readers who have time and taste for light reading. The style in which it is published is exceedingly neat and attractive.

Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late AMOS LAWRENCE. Edited by his Son, WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE, M. D.
Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855.

At the present time, when the market is flooded with books, a

volume of true value should, and invariably does, meet with due appreciation from the public. Such a one, most assuredly, is the work before us,—the Diary and Correspondence of that good man and Christian philanthropist, Amos Lawrence. Every member of the community must feel grateful to his family for giving it publicity, though at a sacrifice of personal feelings. The editor (whose delicate task has been performed in a skilful as well as careful and conscientious manner) states in the Preface, that a few copies of the work were originally printed for private distribution. At the request of many who were anxious to obtain the book, and more especially at the urgent solicitation of various associations in which Mr. Lawrence took an interest, the editor has been induced to give an edition to the public. Were it a work intended to *sell*, we might speak of its great success, but its actual value is far above that which can be reckoned by dollars and cents. It is a book to afford excellent advice and precepts, and to hold up a striking example to those entering upon every profession, especially the mercantile. It points out the only sure road to wealth, honor, and distinction; it conveys interest and instruction to persons of all ages, and of all classes of society; and it is most eminently calculated to inspire and cheer the wayfarer, exposed to the trials and vicissitudes of a stormy life.

Mr. Lawrence was one of five brothers, of whom only the youngest survives. He came to Boston at the age of twenty-one years, and it was here that his long life of usefulness and benevolence was spent. There are few who were not familiar with his kind face; for during the last part of his life he was constantly seen riding about the city on his errands of charity,—often with his carriage crowded with children, for whom he had a great partiality. He was much tried by sickness and suffering, and for twenty years lived on the most meagre fare, never once in the course of that period dining with his family. His disease was of such a character that he was accustomed to call himself a “minute-man.” And at length, only about fifteen minutes after the bells had announced the advent of the year 1853, the summons came, and he rested from his earthly labors, passing calmly and peacefully away.

“The Thracians wisely gave
Tears to the birth-couch, triumph to the grave.
Weep not for him; go, mark his high career:
He knew no shame, no folly, and no fear.”

ALPHA.

OBITUARY.

DIED on Monday evening, December 17, William Gibbons of New York. One who lately walked among us in the flush of youth and health, full of high hopes and "noble longings for the strife," has been suddenly called away; and the loss of one so widely known and loved has filled many hearts with sorrow. His short stay here sufficed to call round him a large circle of friends, who admired and respected him for the noble manliness of his character, his zeal and energy in every duty; and who loved him for his generous, kind, and affectionate nature. Those who were intimate with him best knew the purity and uprightness of his life, his entire freedom from all selfish feelings, and his fidelity and devotion as a friend. They know, too, the tender filial love which animated him, and while they are mourning that he no longer comes among us, they will call to mind the desolate home,—the heart-broken parents, who were fondly anticipating the time, now so near, that would return their only son to them,—and sorrow will yield to earnest sympathy for those who feel his loss more keenly than we can ever do. But the same noble qualities which endeared him to them were those which made us love him here, and his memory will long be cherished among us with mingled pleasure and regret.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class at Harvard College, called on Tuesday, the 18th instant, in consequence of the death of their classmate, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"Resolved, That, since it has pleased God to take from us a classmate,—one whom we loved and respected as a noble and upright man,—we cannot but join in expressing our deep sorrow at so mournful an occurrence.

"Resolved, That during the short time he was with us, we learned to look up to him as the most promising of our number, and that by his death the University has lost one of its most faithful students, our class its most brilliant ornament, and we, his associates, a sincere friend.

"Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his family in their great affliction, and we trust that our merciful Father may strengthen them with the consolation which they so much need."

At the same meeting it was resolved that the class wear crape upon the left arm during the remainder of the term.

EDITORS' TABLE.

COLLEGE magazines, so far as we are informed, were not numerous in Greece during the heroic ages. The mere fact, indeed, of no copies of such periodicals having come down to our times, does not, we admit, prove their non-existence. We have, however, a much stronger reason for this conclusion. Suppose the crafty Eurystheus had been aware of the existence of a College magazine, which had just completed its first volume, anywhere in Greece ; can any one doubt that he would have eagerly seized upon the opportunity to "use up" Hercules completely, by ordering him to give that magazine the requisite *lift* at the commencement of its second volume ? Strangling lions, and cleaning out old stables, are mere trifles in comparison.

What the strength of Hercules could not have accomplished, is manifestly beyond the unaided efforts of six editors of these degenerate days. The co-operation of a large number of benevolent subscribers becomes, in such cases, absolutely indispensable. Under these circumstances, we feel no hesitation in respectfully, but firmly, demanding the attention of our readers to the facts set forth above, and in requesting their assistance. We would also entreat them to bear in mind, that, although a hungry man is sometimes injured by having too much food given him at once, a magazine has rarely, if ever, been hurt by the most sudden and numerous additions to its subscription list.

Seriously, we hope that no one who thinks a magazine like ours deserving of support will withhold his subscription from any idea that we can do well enough without it, or that there are others whose subscriptions would be sufficient, and who ought to take enough interest in the prosperity of the Magazine to furnish them. Perhaps we may venture to hint to those who have subscribed, but who have not thought as yet of doing anything further, that they may render us important assistance by exerting themselves to induce their friends to follow their excellent example.

We have a word to say, at the commencement of our second volume, to those who cling perversely to the opinion that a College magazine never, by any chance, contains any article capable of instructing or amusing them. We have occasionally heard the insulting query, "Who ever reads a College magazine?" and really,

it seems to us high time to reply to it. We should like to ask such grumblers, "Who ever reads any magazine through?" which question we conceive to be rather more difficult to answer. We do not mean to assert, that the Harvard Magazine never contains articles in which the majority of its subscribers cannot be expected to take any very deep interest. In saying this, however, we say no more than might be asserted with truth of any periodical in the country. The difference, it seems to us, is only in degree. If it is really impossible for college students ever to write anything worth any reader's attention, we agree most fully with those who consider such periodicals as ours mere useless pieces of humbug. A magazine, to be a magazine at all, ought to be worth reading; not that every one who takes it up must find himself interested in the whole of its contents, but that every article should find some readers. A magazine, like a library, (every magazine is in fact a small library,) should, if possible, contain some writings of general interest; but it is hardly fair to call it unreadable, as long as its pages attract some readers, if only a few at a time, — provided that those few are not always the same. This latter fault we have done our best to avoid, and we hope our exertions in this respect have not proved in vain. Experience will enable us to do better still hereafter; at least, such a result may not unreasonably be expected.

The mournful badges of the Sophomores remind us that this year is not to pass away without exacting its tribute of the College. Our ranks have been rudely broken by the hand of Death; and one of the most promising of our number has been called away. We can only here express our heartfelt sorrow at the loss we have sustained, and our sympathy with the distressed family.

The lovers of dates will observe that our new volume is ushered in with the January, and not with the December number, as was the first. The causes of this change are set forth in another place. We are very far from regretting it, for it enables us to salute our readers with the customary compliments of the season, and, — what we most heartily wish them, —

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

EXTRA WORDS.

IN the Table we have remarked upon the difficulties we have had to contend with in commencing our new volume ; we have been reduced to classical allusions, to appeal, and to argument. Happy may the result be, and long the subscription-list. — During our preparatory labors the anniversary month of our publication has slipped by, and this fact will speak for the earnestness with which we entreat our friends to be up and doing, to stimulate the careless and revile the sordid.

It was suggested at the outset of Maga's career, that she should date from January, 1855. But the event has shown how sagacious were our predecessors in hitting upon December ; for — melancholy confession — had they begun in January, we should have been driven forward to March. And now, we trust, the difficulties of the editorial position are over. Kindly Alumni will be found to take interest in the Magazine, and to take it in ; undergraduates will blush to be accused of non-subscription ; and no future editors need postpone, and lift up the voice of solicitation.

THE

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No. 2.

THE COLLEGE PUMP.

" ruit profundo
 ore."

Hor. Od. IV. 2. 7, 8.

I HAD proposed to myself, before taking up the loftier branches of my subject, to offer to the attention of the reader some most curious facts which I have collected from others, and some very ingenious speculations of my own, in relation to the history, science, etymology, and so forth, of the Pump. It is with regret that I deny myself the pleasure, and rob him of the advantage, to be derived from the discussion of these topics; but I have much to say of that which is more important, and withal so much more interesting, that my impatient pen forbids me to delay, — rushing eagerly, like the charger snuffing the battle afar off, to plunge itself into its profounder duties. Ah, Pen! Hi-hi, earnest fellow-laborer, prithee, not too fast! Thine is no errand of a day; e'en stouter nibs than thine might tremble and turn pale beneath the task thou hastenest to perform! I relinquish, therefore, this my former purpose, and turn at once to some more metaphysical speculations, which I urge, in friendship, upon the attention of all.

The Pump is, in my opinion, the great moral agent in the College. We may regard the Recitation-Room, which is the scene, as also the symbol, of our literary training; the Bell, which is the arbiter, as also the symbol, of our religious culture; the Boarding-House as the symbol of our domestic, the societies' boards of our social, education; but a fatal vacancy remains! For where are those *moral lessons inculcated* which add weight to scholarship, worth to piety, grace and dignity to deportment, and purity to good-fellowship? Aye, by what agent are those *moral* qualities fostered which the recitation ignores, which boarding-house and evening jollity fail to nurture, which the senseless jangle of the prayer-bell stifles in the quiescence of dead routine? Aye, you guess me rightly: 't is the Pump! No, not alone does this many-sided benefactor pour forth its healthful stream of material water,—the mere HO; it gushes, if we will but receive them, with invaluable moral instructions, as pure, as unexhausted, as its own fountain! And to us peculiarly are these lessons sent,—to timid Freshman, to braggart Sophomore, to self-complacent Junior, to worn-out Senior. Let us appreciate them, and show forth their value in our lives!

Of its teachings, for one there is Prudence. By stern experience you learn it, when you press the Pump's frozen lips in winter, whilst December's blasts are howling around its sturdy head. For another, Moderation: take care, my thirsty friend, when once the spout is stopped, and the tube is filled; it soon drenches your eagerness at the handle. And Patience: you *must* be content to wait for the water to come. And Perseverance: even when the stream has risen, you *must* keep on your pumping in order to fill your pail. Incidentally, too, it teaches Politeness. Volumes might be written on Pump etiquette; quires wasted on the vital question, "Who shall drink first?" The quiet example of the Pump teaches ten thousand things;—Humility; for not puffed up by the grand office it sustains, not arrogant from the consciousness

of its indispensability to us all, still it raises its unpretending head as humbly as the meanest horse-post in the town. By what or whom is the truth more pointedly inculcated, that true merit is rather grateful for its ability to do good, than vainglorious of its performance of those offices which are but duties after all? The Pump carved not itself, vain man, and thy powers are but trusts. Another lesson is Sobriety. See the Pump's modest garb of quiet, Quaker hue; no gilt or tinsel, no tawdry daubs of vari-colored paint, bedeck its tidy form: it frowns unqualified reproof on the flaunting vest and gaudy breeches of the Sophomore.

The Pump teaches Modesty. It never hawks its wares; it does not, like its noisy partner in the belfry, fidget itself in an obtrusive proclamation of its functions a dozen times a day; but it quietly takes its post, and says to all, "Seek me, and you shall never find me wanting; pump, and the water shall come!" Dear Pump! so always among ourselves is real worth content to bide its time, till the proper season shall bring it into notice.

The Pump teaches Vigilance. It is ever at its post; never did you find it asleep or astray. It teaches Providence. The Pump belches not at all hours an unprofitable flood; it weakens not itself by untimely and unnecessary exertion; but, freely affording it when called on, it cherishes its wealth; for it knows that August's heat shall try its fountains sorely, and the thirsty months of summer make large demands upon them. For him is this lesson designed who is wasting time and strength in idle pleasures. Does the Pump pump to see its spray glitter in the sunlight, to hear the joyous splash of its waters, playing in the trough?

The Pump teaches Independence. It is no respecter of persons; it stands on its own ground, and stands there firm, with its own trough, its own nose, and its own platform. It cares no more for the lordly Senior than for the humble Freshman; each must wag the handle in the one legitimate way, and upon no other condition does the water moisten

his lips. You may rage, you may vilify the Pump with words, you may hack it, aye, cleave it down in its footsteps; but it will never yield one drop of its glassy treasures until the handle goes up and down, up and down, *prisco more*, in the good old way. And thus it teaches us Firmness, and Fidelity to trust.

But it teaches, too, Generosity, Universal Charity, and Love. There is something cordial in its very look. Like the practical philanthropist, it does not shut itself up and sigh over the wants of men, but stations itself in the most public, accessible place, at the very point where the walks meet, as if eager to administer to our comfort. It is equitable, we have seen; but it is bounteous, alike to the humblest and the loftiest. The little boys, tripping through the College Yard on their way to school, like tiny fishes gliding through the meshes of the stout old net, that will not fail to catch them one day at last, clap their chubby features on the generous spout, and only half stopping, with little hand, the great butt at the end, suck life and health through the spigot at the top. And the water spirts out, and down their sleeve and down their neck, all over the clean ruffle and apron, as if the old Pump were getting young again with its gleeful comrades, one hanging on the handle, the other paddling in the trough. A sad enemy to mothers, the College Pump! Yet from no ill-will, — O no! but like the benignant grandpa, that “loves to see the children happy,” and *will* give them molasses-candy. Let them paddle, ancient Pump! I applaud thee, mothers to the contrary notwithstanding.

But while thus generous to all, the Pump at the same time teaches us to do our good deeds with kindness; for the manner, it knows, is half the matter, often. How affably its stalwart arm hangs always ready to grasp your hand, and give you access to its precious stores! How warmly it greets one of a morning, as he drops his pail in the trough, and rushes along to prayers! “Gung!” says the Pump, as the pail falls into its echoing arms; “safe till you come for it,

my friend." And how pleasant is its reception when you do come back, to purge your mouth from the foul malaria of the recitation-room! "Gurgle-geoick, gurgle-geoick," it says, as you shake its honest hand. "Ki'klunck, ki'klunck, ki'klunck," — and you hear in its rude dialect, "Good morning. Physics hard? and you deaded? Never mind; hang parallax, I never understood it myself!" And as you withdraw your hand, hear its "Schsplee!" of kindly exultation. Or if at night, when your puzzled pen has subsided over your "final squirt," and you put aside your finished theme with that feeling of unmitigated disgust which reaches its climax as the clock's single stroke warns you that all honest people have been long abed, and then you just run down to the Pump, and drink and wet your forehead, how consolingly it receives you, with its chiding, yet sympathetic note, — "One o'clock! why did n't you begin sooner? Jones was abed an hour ago!"

And this reminds me what a glorious ally the Pump is to the sentimentalist. Indeed, it is everything he could ask, always, of course, excepting the indispensable moon. It stands exactly where it should, to enable him to enjoy all the advantages of that beauteous luminary; it is precisely the convenient height for him to lean upon, and "gaze" at the "silvered" leaves, to see the "distant housetops" in the neighborhood, "resplendent," and so forth; to hear the "gentle whisper" of the "wind," "sighing amid the" elms (it is n't the Pump's fault that it is not perfectly "shrouded" with "pines"). When I consider all these unsurpassed accommodations the Pump affords to sentiment, I am filled with amazement that it has so long escaped the inflictions of collegiate poesy. Suppose it happens to be moonlight when you go down, after your theme. You lean your elbow on the Pump's top, or rest against its side, or stand with your fingers lightly grasping the handle. The first thing, probably, you do, is to look round the windows, to see who of "our fellows" have their themes done; and a smile of

tranquil self-gratulation spreads over your features, as you see the light of A's wasting midnight-oil still gleaming from his window. And there is B's light, and C's; and some one else has gone into his closet, — through, as well as yourself; and, having put up his Carlyle, is washing from his hands the last traces of a stunning theme judiciously adapted from that favorite author. How gloomy the buildings look! like some huge giant, gradually dropping off to sleep, his lids falling closer and closer, as the lights one by one go out! Can you believe there are so many scores of sleeping youths within those walls? The bell is at last asleep. You have a single faint idea how jolly you would make those many sleeping men, if you could but pluck it from the belfry; but, unless you're a Sophomore, you spurn the suggestion, as beneath you. You acknowledge, though, that the belfry itself is tasteful; but on the whole you think that, bell and all, the affair much resembles a peacock, — very fair to look on, but with a very disagreeable voice. Little, matronly Christ Church affords like pleasure to the eye, its golden ball shining at its summit like a second moon. Beyond, the Observatory looks very pale and wan in the moonlight, as if worn out with watching. It seems rather ridiculous, the thought of the parcel of fellows that are under its old night-cap there peeping through their great long tubes at the spots on the sky! And is n't it a little impertinent? Is it any of *their* business how many rings Saturn, celestial fop! chooses to wear? And, between you and the Pump, would n't it be rather more polite for them to be a little less forward in studying the unsheltered charms of Venus and Vesta? Daring men, these astronomers! Is it possible they've forgotten Actæon? But all this suggests to you that you have n't your astronomy for the morning; so you dismiss the subject which interrupts your meditations, and turn away. The poor Delta, kicked and trampled on by day, is getting its peace by night; but just composed from its anxiety, probably, lest the bright moon should even have called out the foot-

ball in the evening. The paths look very white, and so does University: a very solid, substantial building, University, evidently intended, like your Latin lexicon, for use, and not for ornament. The Library, though, as the moon falls upon it, was very clearly designed, you see, for ornament; and you see, quite as clearly, that the attempt was a failure. The moon lights up the tall pinnacles at the ends, and their tops gleam brightly enough to be flames, for which the gawky columns make noble candlesticks. And so they stand there, like four great beacons on the road to learning. You are not in a carping mood, and so don't stop to bicker about architectural details; yet you cannot help thinking, that, on the whole, with the four greater posts at the ends and the lesser ones at the sides, it looks as if Alma Mater had built her bed there, and ranged her children's trundle-beds around her.

After the Library, the Law School looks comparatively handsome, for, besides, it's in the shadow. One takes but little interest in it, — turns a cold shoulder to it, as an intruder on the College domain. Graduates', which keeps its distance, you regard with more complacence, and the steady light, gleaming through the ruddy curtains of some law-student's window, testifies to you the superior advantages of the voluntary system of education. And so you come to the Post-Office, to which you are strongly attached, and which you visit regularly every day, notwithstanding it disappoints you six times a week, and is "not at home" on Sunday. That's only toying with your affections, you consider, and keep up your most assiduous addresses. "Faint heart never won fair lady," you have heard; and you know you'll never get your letter, if you don't go to the Post. The Office looks very honest, and more tasteful than much of the architecture in the neighborhood, perhaps from association. But notwithstanding its fair exterior, you know very well that it's one to ten your letters reach home; and you half believe the General P. O. got the benefit of your last remittance, — at least

you never received it. And so, what with P. O. and letters, your thoughts get round the College circle, and run back to home. It seems odd to think that very same old moon is shining on your own piazza, hundreds of miles away, and perhaps, with your mind running on your morning's astronomy, you calculate how far their parallax would throw it from where you see it yourself. Then you wonder if any one's up, at home (making the proper allowance, of course, for difference of longitude). And so you gradually roll away from plain, matter-of-fact Cambridge, into a sentimental land of speculation, — just as I said you would at the outset. You keep on standing at the Pump, your attention pretty closely fixed now on the moon. But your mind is parading around your own distant town. You are swelling along its familiar streets, cutting the store-clerks, your old associates, and whom you perfectly well remember, and wondering if the girls took notice of your Society badge, conspicuous on your vest. No doubt of it; they saw that, and every other ridiculous particular of your costume and demeanor. And now we come to the point, — blush not, gentle reader, — you are stony and obdurate at home, but now you're alone and weak, for the old Pump's subtle influence unmans you; and among that giggling group you remember one, — you can't get away from it, — one "bright particular"; and now the Bell, and the Church, and the Library, and the Post-Office, have faded unnoticed, and, dreamily, 't is that *one's* form and features you are conjuring up! The girl you left behind you! And the Pump, which is about her height and size (but with a comely integrity of figure which she probably does n't possess), is looming into her shape as you lean upon it fondly, and see her face radiant in the placid physiognomy of the Man in the Moon!

I wander far, yet I come to a point which illustrates, as my own enthusiasm would wish, some of the very finest characteristics of the Pump. Your meditations are brought to a ruthless close. A man had gone by to his room, already,

whistling, — anvil chorus, perhaps (it sounded prettily in the yard, but you knew how he'd disturb his neighbors as he went to bed), — and now a whole troop are coming along, clamorously chanting snatches of Cider or Umberello. So you snatch your pail hastily, as if taken in a weak place, and retire. Now is it that the character of the Pump comes out in its very noblest light!

Well may I say the Pump teaches us long-suffering, forgiveness, compassion. Not only is it oft neglected, its nicer qualities overlooked: alas! how often are its generous offers spurned, its life-giving draughts rejected, for the dirty condiments of the saloon! And yet how meekly these insults, heaped on injury, are sustained! See now in the moonlight your disturbers. They stop; one of them “wa's d'ink”; they approach the Pump, — could they see themselves, think you they must not shrink from its pure presence? that they must not see in its gentle pallor a glance of just indignation and earnest reproof? Does it not seem as though, in justice, it must raise its sturdy arm, and chastise, in righteous ire, the ungrateful wretch who now entreats its kindly charity? Can one but expect that its healthy stomach should be nauseated by the hot and fetid breath that is breathed into its nostrils, and that it should choke and gurgle, and vomit forth a mighty flood of exasperated waves, to overwhelm the muddled visitant, and chill him into sobriety? Or will it not, at least, with well-deserved anger at his ingratitude, withhold disdainfully its stores, and bid the prodigal, having followed the harlots, to satisfy his belly with the husks? Ah, no! Such would be the conduct, indeed, of erring man, swayed unresistingly by the coarse and vulgar passions of his corrupt heart. So would *you* behave, mistaken reader, and so should *I*. “You spurned me in your strength and pride,” we should say; “ask not my aid in your weakness and debasement!” Mark, then, unforgiving man! mark now the conduct, drink in the lesson, of the Pump! Mark! and learn charity, long-suffering, forgiveness. See the

strengthening, sobering flood gush forth! Hear the busy bucket, backward and forward, down and up, plunge and rise, again and again, to restore to his senses, with tender, pitying love, this wanderer from the fold! See the fond arm hang compassionately over the truant shoulder! See those iron lips, unshrinkingly, with such compassion, meet the trembling lips of this youthful debauchee! See the cool, swelling cheeks rest forgivingly against his! Aye, see a tear glitter in the moonlight, and trickle stealthily down the side! Mark! and say if your heart is not made better for the spectacle! Ah! no father of prodigal son ever brought forth more generously his fatted calf! No human mother ever received more tenderly with embraces of never-failing, oblivious love the midnight return of dissolute, darling boy! Drink deep, imbruted youth! seldom a friend thou 'lt find so gentle or forgiving! "Tha's goo', le's g' long," and he smiles an idiot smile, that shows that the poor, dear Pump has won his witless thanks. And a murmured gurgle, and a dropping tear, as they stagger off, testify with its sorrow for the manliness that is lost, its joy for the strength that is regained!

My earnest, loving admiration of the Pump is carrying me too far. Would I could follow out my intention of exhibiting its great utility in cultivating the social and domestic virtues. The task would be as easy as it would be grateful to me, and valuable to the eye that falls upon these pages. But long since, I ween, the patient reader has tired of my enthusiasm; and even my weary pen, which anon exulted like the war-horse prancing to the morning battle, now, like the same charger at nightfall, when the fierce fray is finished, droops languidly, and the black lifeblood oozes slowly from its breast. Ah, vain, foolish, hasty Pen! did I not tell thee so? With regret, then, I pause. Would that I might by these humble lines have waked in some conscientious breast the same love and estimation of the Pump which fills my own! For I *do* love it; as a companion, as a pro-

tector, as a counsellor. It is our greatest benefactor; it is the Family Altar, it is the Hearth-Stone, of the College. It is a chair endowed by Heaven; it is the very impersonation of the faithful student, that always squirts! There it stands, our constant exemplar, our unchanging friend; there, visited with no cheers at Class-Day, with no eulogiums at Commencement, unhonored and unsung, aye! neglected, yet toilsome, unpraised, yet never unfaithful, there it stands, morning and noon and night, week in, week out, through the bustle of the Term, through the desert of Vacation; through Winter's snows, through April's showers, through Summer's heats, and through the dropping of October's leaves. There, as classes are gathered together; there, when they are scattered again abroad; there, at the Freshman's seedtime; there, at the Senior's harvest; there, for the sick and for the well, for the rich and for the poor, for the idle and for the industrious; there, pouring its waters, as the rain of heaven descends, on the just and on the unjust, on the evil and on the good, on the thankful and the unthankful; there, lenient towards the offending, sympathetic towards the disappointed, congratulating the successful, — there at its post it stands, fond, generous, true, like a watchful father guarding his beloved sons; like a loving sister, to soothe and to caress; like a stalwart brother, to succor and defend; like, aye, most of all, like a tender mother, unvarying in her love, baring her iron breast to all!—GOD BLESS THE COLLEGE PUMP!

PHILIP THE SECOND.*

SPAIN, even at the time of her greatest literary activity, has scarcely produced any historian worthy of the name. No country which has taken so prominent a part in European politics has been so much indebted to foreign writers for the record of her own domestic history,—a record at the present day more important to Spain than to almost any other country, since she can only pride herself upon the memory of her former greatness. The reasons for this paucity of Spanish historical literature are readily found. History, more than any other department of literature, requires perfect freedom in all political inquiries. It cannot be successfully written in any country where the government is afraid of free discussions on political science. In Spain the King and the Inquisition united in repressing all independence of inquiry in everything relating to the theory of government. Consequently, the scanty writings of Spanish historians, though generally rich and dignified, abound rather in feeling than in philosophy.

But the very causes which have closed the field of Spanish history against native writers have rendered it all the more attractive to foreigners. The Spanish archives are peculiarly rich in the correspondence of the principal actors in their history. As these sources of information have from time to time been open to the public, a new impulse has been given to the interest already excited by the policy of a government which affords almost the only instance of complete success in the attempt to stop moral and intellectual progress. That this interest has not been excited in vain is abundantly proved, in Europe, by the works of Watson, Robertson, Stirling, Amédée Pichot, Mignet, and

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Vols. I. and II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

Gachard, and, in our own country, by those of Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Prescott.

The two volumes of the History of Philip the Second recently published by this latter gentleman cover forty-three years of that monarch's life and fifteen of his reign, leaving twenty-eight years yet untouched. These volumes are divided into four Books. Of these, the first comprises the abdication and last days of Charles V., Philip's early days, the English alliance, and the wars with the Pope and with France. The second, beginning with a general review of the state of the Netherlands, is occupied with the regency of Margaret of Parma, down to the arrival of Alva in 1567. The third extends to the execution of Montigny in 1570. The fourth embraces the contest with the Algerines, the siege of Malta, and the stories of Don Carlos and Isabella.

Charles V. never showed more judgment or more care than in the attention he bestowed on the education of the son who was to succeed him. Though Philip was early intrusted to the care of the best instructors that could be found in Castile, yet his father, with a solicitude quite unusual in royal families, anxiously watched over his education. Some of the best letters we have from the hand of Charles are those written to his son, giving him good advice about the character of the courtiers who surrounded him: they display a soundness of judgment and depth of penetration seldom met with.

The sketch Mr. Prescott gives of the young Philip is far more agreeable than the portrait afterwards drawn of the same prince, when the cares of state had rendered his air gloomy and sombre, and a dreary fanaticism had made him lift his hand against the lives of nearly half his subjects. He seems really to have loved his first wife, the Infanta Mary, mother of the unfortunate Don Carlos. Her death, which occurred in 1545, cast the first shadow over his life. But even after this, when excited by a momentary desire to please, no one could be more agreeable. His whole journey from Rosas, through Genoa, Milan, and Munich, to Brussels,

was a complete ovation. All the states near which he passed sent envoys to congratulate him. At every town where he stopped, the magistrates came to welcome him outside the walls. Nor was he wanting in the return of these courtesies. His agreeable manners, his gracious address, his skill in all martial and courtly exercises, won for him the good-will of every one he met.

But he could not long be popular among the Netherlanders. He was pre-eminently a Spanish prince. He disliked the pompous ceremonial of the Burgundian court, to which Charles obliged him to conform, and to which the Flemings had always been accustomed. He gave banquets to the great lords, and endeavored to ingratiate himself with them, by drinking deeply after the fashion of the country. It was of no avail. He never could bring himself to cordially address the Flemish nobles. In entering his palace, he would pass through the groups which thronged the entrance without even noticing their proffered salutations. He could not entirely free himself from the cold, measured, and exclusive stateliness of the Spanish court. These northern lords, on the other hand, could no better understand the Castilian character. The reserve which was natural to Philip they interpreted as a token of dislike. His cautious and guarded demeanor they thought a mark of hypocrisy. When he went to England to celebrate his marriage with Mary, he was unpopular for similar reasons. In vain, with his suite of Spanish nobles, he followed the chase and drank the strong ale of the country. The English lords could not be on good terms with the Spaniards. Frank and open themselves, they distrusted the cautious demeanor of Philip. The people complained, that, since the arrival of the foreign consort, the palace gates, which formerly stood open at all hours, were now always closed. Many who had subsisted on the royal bounty found themselves suddenly deprived of all support. Nor was Philip any quicker to comprehend the nature of the people among whom he had come. Their bluff and boisterous

manners he considered disrespectful and insulting. The freedom which the Commons used in their remonstrances with the Crown proceeded, he thought, from a rebellious spirit. It would have been better for him could he have stayed long enough in England to become thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of his royal bride. He would then have been able to understand the character of the people with whom he afterwards had to deal in the Netherlands. As it was, he only remained long enough to increase the dislike which he naturally felt for a national character so different from that to which he had been accustomed among his own subjects in Castile.

Like the true Spaniard, Philip, though slow in forming his opinions, was determined in carrying them out. His plans, deliberately laid, were diligently and perseveringly executed. Careful to preserve what he had acquired, his prudence made him willing to wait, rather than, by precipitate action, hazard what he had already obtained. He used to say that "Philip and Time were a match for anything." But his perseverance sometimes became obstinacy; his sluggish judgment, timorous hesitation; his fear of losing what he already possessed, an unwise desire to temporize.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Netherlands were by far the most flourishing country in Europe. Their navy disputed with England for precedence on the "Narrow Seas," while it enjoyed an almost uncontested superiority upon the ocean. The enterprising and liberal spirit of its merchants had extended its commerce to the furthest quarters of the globe. Its territory, wrested in part from the dominion of the sea, was better cultivated and more thickly peopled than any other part of the Continent. The wealth and industry of its inhabitants had made Antwerp the banking-house of Europe, while, at the same time, their recognition of the importance of general instruction procured for every peasant at least the rudiments of a good education. They were divided into a large number of separate provinces,

governed each by its own duke or lord, who recognized the Duke of Burgundy only as his suzerain. Nevertheless, under Charles V. there was some approach to consolidation in the government. The Emperor was deservedly a favorite with the Netherlanders. Flemish rather than Spanish by birth and education, he was too keenly alive to his own interests not to foster the industry of the richest of his subjects. His vast possessions helped to extend their commerce, while he everywhere gave the preference to the Flemings, to the no small disgust of the Spanish nobles. With Philip all this was changed. He continued indeed to protect their industry, for it was to the Low Countries that he chiefly looked for supplies of money. But, after a fashion which finds favor in our own day, on his accession to the throne he removed the Flemings from office to give their places to his own countrymen.

From the moment in which Philip established his court at Madrid, his authority in the Netherlands rapidly diminished. The empire over which Charles V. had ruled embraced every variety of national character, — the wary and patient, but bigoted Spaniard, the vivacious and restless Neapolitan, the sturdy, free-spirited, and intelligent Netherlander. To keep these different races subordinate to one authority, it was necessary to have some bond to bind them together. It was necessary that they should have some one national trait in common, some point on which all could unite. This was far from being the case at the time of the accession of Charles. He knew that it would be impossible for him to be regarded with equal affection by so many different races. He knew that a policy which would be liked by one portion of his subjects might perhaps be an object of the deepest detestation to another. And yet he could not maintain his authority at home and abroad without continual supplies of men and money. For these he must rely in a great measure on the disposition of the different assemblies, which, under the name of States-General in the Netherlands, and Cortes

in Spain, alone possessed the power to impose regular taxes on the people. It was necessary for him to gain the goodwill either of the Netherlanders or of the Spaniards, and, trusting to the voluntary support of the one people, uphold his authority by force, if need be, among the other. With this end in view, he established his court at Brussels, filled all his more important offices with Flemings, and encouraged the Flemish merchants to extend their commerce throughout his dominions. In the assistance he gave to commerce he had two ends in view. He knew that so long as their extensive trade prospered, and so long as he appeared anxious to afford every aid to their industry, they would be willing to submit to almost any exaction in the form of taxes or imposts. He hoped, moreover, by inducing his Spanish and Italian subjects to maintain, for purposes of traffic, a constant intercourse with the Netherlanders, that a strong commercial interest might be excited in Italy and Spain. Such an interest, while it increased the wealth of these countries, would, he thought, attach them to him and to his policy, for the same reasons which made him a favorite in the Low Countries. This seems to have been the great aim of Charles's domestic policy. He was one of the first to perceive the importance of commerce as a political agent. The greatest man of the sixteenth century sought to unite the different nationalities under his sway by the bond which, in more modern times, has been recognized as the most powerful which can exist between different countries. He hoped that rebellion would be stifled among his subjects, from the same reasons which would now lead Englishmen to submit to almost anything rather than run the risk of a bloody civil war. He thought to prevent all warlike contests between Spain and the Netherlands by an interest similar to that which now holds England and America under bonds to keep the peace towards each other, and which, in the present war, makes the Rothschilds one of the most important European

powers. But he did not remain long enough on the throne to complete his work.

Philip, on his accession, with the same end in view, pursued a totally different course. He believed that religious unity, that conformity to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, was the only bond which would insure obedience to the king. In one of his letters to the Regent, Margaret of Parma, he says, "Better not reign at all, than reign over heretics." He knew that, when reform had once begun, it was impossible to say where it might stop. He had seen in England how the Protestants had opposed the royal authority of the Catholic Mary. He felt that if the Catholic priests were driven from the Netherlands, the Spanish rulers could not long remain. He thought, that, if he must lose his kingdom, better to do so while fighting for the Church, than after having perilled his soul by allowing the spread of the heresy. Moreover, he did not anticipate the opposition he was to meet with. He had seen the progress of the Reformation in Spain effectually stopped. Ignorant of the difference between the easy-minded Castilian and the sturdy, uncompromising Hollanders, he had no just idea of the difficulty of the task he proposed to undertake. The contest once begun, other motives prompted him to continue. Living as he did at a distance from the scene of action, he could hardly comprehend the real nature or magnitude of the struggle. As it advanced, he became more and more entangled, and he believed that his only way was to push forward, no matter what might be the issue. He did not hesitate to employ every means which his own character or his evil counsellors prompted him to take. Secret assassination, midnight executions, treachery and falsehood, — nothing was too low or too mean for his use.

Philip's only possible excuse for the atrocities committed in the Netherlands is what we have before referred to, — the distance at which he was from the scene of action. And this must be allowed to have considerable weight. Margaret of

Parma, whom no one will accuse of being too tender-hearted, could not fully carry out the bloody instructions of her brother. Notwithstanding her devotion to the Catholic Church, and her hatred of Protestantism, she could not help seeing that the confederated nobles had much justice on their side. Philip perceived this hesitation on the part of the Regent, but mistook the cause. Instead of following her often-repeated requests to come and see for himself, he sent the iron-hearted Duke of Alva, who, like his master, having formed his opinion of the war at a distance, was prepared on his arrival at the Netherlands to look upon the confederates as traitors and heretics, and fully to carry out the dreadful commands of the Spanish monarch. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that Alva's whole course was determined upon before he left Madrid. It is not, therefore, surprising that Philip and his lieutenant, ignorant as they were of the real nature of the contest, or the true character of the people with whom they had to deal, should have been totally mistaken in the line of conduct which they adopted.

In the attempt to establish entire conformity to the Catholic Church throughout the Spanish dominions, it was necessary to rely on the support of the Spaniards against the opposition of the Netherlanders. By his willingness to do this, Philip showed that he greatly overrated the power of Spain. The Spanish Peninsula was divided into numerous provinces, whose bond of union was ostensible rather than real. The wealth she derived from the mines of Mexico and Peru was less than the commercial revenue of the Low Countries. Since the expulsion of the Moors, the most industrious part of her population, many rich and fertile districts remained uncultivated. The Inquisition opposed an effectual bar to all moral and intellectual progress. Spain, as she eventually proved, was totally unable to contend successfully with the rich and prosperous Netherlands. The Low Countries, it is true, were, like Spain, divided into many separate states. But in Spain the only connection

was through their different governments. The Castilian knew as little of the Aragonese as he did of the Neapolitan. The inhabitants of the different provinces of the Low Countries, on the other hand, were bound together by constant commercial intercourse, — the strongest tie by which they could be connected. If the Netherlands and Spain were to be united under the same head, one of them must occupy an inferior position. Philip started on the false supposition that the Low Countries would naturally take that inferior position. The inevitable consequence of a policy based on such a supposition must have been the loss of Lower Germany to the Spanish throne.

The only part of Philip's conduct in regard to the Netherlands which can possibly be commended is the desire he constantly evinced to hold up the nobles as his real opponents. He repeatedly wrote, both to Margaret and to Alva, to punish only the noble leaders of the revolution, and to spare the misguided people. This seeming clemency proceeded, not from a sense of justice, but from policy; and, moreover, from a policy which was by no means original with Philip. To maintain the royal authority, it was necessary to have the support of some strong party in the state. The only two parties which had always existed were the nobility and the people, — the feudal and the popular element. Ever since the Crusades, the former had been declining; while the numerous free towns of Germany attested the growth of the latter. Moreover, Magna Charta and the Golden Privilege remained as monuments of the hostility which had always existed between the nobility and the crown. By making common cause with the people against the great lords, the commons were easily persuaded that the king was anxious to protect them against oppression. And if any among them were able to discern the real policy which dictated this line of conduct, they willingly acquiesced in it, preferring one tyrant to many. Ferdinand the Catholic, when he first obtained a foothold in Italy, strove to win over the people by

oppressing the nobles. Philip remembered that the only time when the Spanish authority in Naples had been in any serious danger was when, under the viceroyship of Don Pedro de Toledo, the nobility and the people had united in the attempt to prevent the establishment of the Inquisition. Charles V. had, in Naples, skilfully averted the storm. In the same way Philip, in the Netherlands, hoped to separate the nobles from their followers. That being done, he had no fears as to the result. With this end in view, he sent to Margaret the instructions to which we have referred; which instructions, be it observed, were always carefully made public. But the event proved that the bond which united all classes was too strong to be thus broken.

The conduct of the Prince of Orange, Philip's great opponent, appears at first sight to be full of inconsistencies and contradictions. But the explanation of this apparent fickleness is readily found. Naturally of a frank, loyal, and generous nature, he had been educated first as a Protestant, and afterwards, as a Catholic. While a Catholic, he had married a Protestant wife, and afterwards had embraced the Reformed doctrines. Thus he had enjoyed repeated opportunities of becoming acquainted with both sides of the great religious question. He saw much that was good in the Catholic Church, many abuses that called for the reform of Luther and Calvin. He knew from personal experience that there were many good men among the heretics, whilst a large number of his friends still adhered to the Catholic faith. He was disgusted with the bigotry of one party, no less than with the blind fanaticism of the other. He well knew the horror of religious wars, and vainly hoped to mediate between the two parties. He tried to maintain the royal authority, by endeavoring to persuade the king to use it with moderation. He sought to check the excesses of the Protestants, by showing them the injury they were doing to their own cause. But when finally he found that his attempts at pacification were useless, and that he must choose one side

or the other, he did not hesitate a moment, but devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cause of religious and civil liberty. Many of the Flemish nobility, in the beginning, followed William's example. Among those who presented the first petition to the Regent were a large number of Catholic lords. But when the time for decision came, disgusted with the excesses of the "Iconoclasts," they, unlike William, preferred to attach themselves to the fortunes of Philip.

The revolution in the Netherlands offers so much that is interesting, that we can hardly leave it, even to follow Mr. Prescott to the siege of Malta. Yet he seems to sympathize so strongly with the defenders of Elmo and St. Michael, and describes their heroic resistance with such fervor and earnestness, that, were this account of the siege foreign to the subject, we could hardly have pardoned him for omitting it. But, in point of fact, it is nothing more than an episode in the war which both Charles and Philip carried on against the Mahometans of the Barbary coast. It was almost the direct consequence of the capture of Oran and Mazarquivir, and, as such, demands a place in Spanish history as much as the war against Paul IV. Moreover, a considerable portion of the garrison of Malta was composed of Spanish veterans, the remains of that infantry which overthrew the French chivalry at Pavia; and it was to the viceroy of Sicily that the noble old commander, La Valette, looked chiefly for assistance.

Although the doubts which have so long gathered around the fate of the unfortunate Don Carlos and his step-mother, the beautiful Isabella, cannot be entirely removed until the appearance of certain missing despatches, yet Mr. Prescott has thrown so much light upon the subject, that it seems pretty clear what the contents of those despatches must be. Philip seems to have had at least some show of reason to excuse his cruel and unnatural conduct towards Don Carlos. Owing, perhaps, to the difference of character between the father and son, there had long existed a most decided hatred

between them. We are not to look for any paternal affection to moderate the severity with which the king might feel obliged or inclined to treat his son. Philip, from his knowledge of the young man's character, felt that, if the sceptre descended to the hands of his son, the Spanish monarchy would be in the greatest danger. Don Carlos was his only son, it is true, but both Philip and Isabella were yet young, and might reasonably expect another heir to the crown. Under these circumstances, it may readily be imagined that a man of Philip's cold and calculating nature would seek any pretext to remove the cause of his disquietude. This pretext he found in the disordered state of Don Carlos's mind. There was indeed sufficient cause for alarm. Early in life the prince had exhibited a strange character. Disliking all pursuits of a literary nature, sometimes gloomy and morose, he would, at other times, plunge into the deepest debauchery. His mind, naturally weak, was probably still further impaired by his gallantries and intemperate excesses. The accident which he met with in one of his adventures, and the long and severe illness which followed it, doubtless had some effect on him. He seems always to have believed that he was surrounded by enemies. A short time before his arrest, this mania increased to such a degree that he formed a plan to fly the court. He slept armed like a highwayman, and more than once attempted the lives of his relations or his father's ministers, — a phase of insanity not unfrequently met with. Admitting his insanity, it can readily be understood that his actions should have given rise to the various rumors which were circulated about his heresy and his contemplated treason in favor of the Netherlands. His conduct during his imprisonment certainly does not show either strength or soundness of mind, whilst the "sudden and wonderful change which, just before his death, seemed wrought in the heart of the prince," is not unlike what often occurs in cases of monomania or insanity. Nor is it at all astonishing that Philip was unwilling publicly to assign in-

sanity as the cause of his son's imprisonment. He well knew that his enemies would be but too ready to say that Don Carlos had inherited his insanity from his father. There is much in Philip's life, especially in the latter part of it, which tends to show that Don Carlos may have had a hereditary predisposition to mental disease. But, whatever may be considered as the true cause of his imprisonment, there can be no doubt but that Philip thought that the only relief to be desired was death, — a relief which, indirectly at least, he used every means to bring about.

We entirely agree with Mr. Prescott in disbelieving the stories which have been so widely spread about the beautiful Isabella. Even in the absence of all evidence, one would hardly wish to believe anything to her discredit. Amidst the moral darkness which enveloped the court of the stern and vindictive Philip, it is a positive relief to find one ray of light, one bright spot which nothing could contaminate. At a time when political animosity led all the prominent men to regard each other with the bitterest hatred, it is pleasant to find one whom persons of all parties and all countries united in praising.

We earnestly hope that Mr. Prescott will not follow Mr. Macaulay's example, and make us wait eight or ten years for a brief continuation of his history. We have been so much pleased with these two volumes, which contain, as it were, the opening of the drama in the Netherlands, that we await with impatience the completion of the history. Mr. Prescott has yet much before him. William of Orange, Prince Maurice, Don John, Alexander of Parma, Albert, and Isabella are the heroes of a revolution which, in Alva's time, was but just beginning. Moreover, there remains the Armada, the expulsion of the Moriscos, the steady progress of the power of the Inquisition, and the death of Philip, which left Spain in a condition whence she rapidly fell to the rank of a second-rate power, — a position which she yet holds, and which she bids fair to hold for many years. If, in the history

of all these important events Mr. Prescott succeeds as well as he has done in the two volumes before us, the brilliant reputation he has already acquired cannot but be greatly increased by the History of the Reign of Philip the Second.

E.

VACATION.

Is life a bubble? Is it a stage; or a froward child, that must be petted; or a battle and a storm; or any other of the fanciful things to which moralizers have likened it? I think it is an easy-chair, lined with a lazy, pampered young rascal, all whose members are pervaded with an unctuous sensation of too much mince-pie to his dinner. Not your execrable New England mince-pies, to which horrid suspicions of molasses and cats are attached, — not those. No, no! Regions there are where no insipid Maine Law reigns, and where no starved economy of political cobblers has essayed to drive good cheer from the household. Disciples of Dow! it is not fluids chiefly that breed intemperance. There can be no more drunken exhibition, than a teetotal orator in his wildest flights of imaginative eloquence and intemperately unchristian vituperation. Excuse the writer, *lector benevolens*; he has just had two cups of tea, and, straying from pastry to potations, is marvellously hard up for an exciting topic, as his aberration showeth, and as the season of the year makes it perfectly natural that he should be. Hang coherence! this is a free country; it is vacation; — rather Vacation, for God forbid that we should write “Vacation” without a great V! — there is nobody to mark an eight, minus, or otherwise; so up caps for digression; a fig for Whately, and three cheers for February, — would it were a twelvemonth long, and leap-year always!

Who does anything in Vacation? Or if he does, how much, and of what sort? The union of work to its sweet

liberty is foul and preposterous. It is worse than the diabolical old Gride, wedded to the fair what's-her-name, in Boz's story; it is worse than Shakespeare, as rapped out by the Knockers; worse than Parker H. French's claims to be a genuine article of diplomacy. Hard by there dwells a Junior who had destined this happy period to be a season of cram. Sanguine notions of the iron in his own character, and a fond wish for dollars, had whispered to him how capital it would be to improve the leisure of these six weeks with a shy at the Bowdoin Prize subjects. Has he looked up the *Life of Aristotle*? Has that visionary man of nerve turned over Hogarth's prints? Is he bursting with hints and facts? Not a bit of it, unless Dickens has treated of the Macedonian and the Stagyrte. Not a bit of it, unless De Quincey is luminous on the subject of that droll painter's career, and Tennyson treats extensively of his genius. There is no ink on the premises, and his family, with the most sensible and kindest forethought, have burned their writing-paper and locked up all the pens. But what are thirty dollars, nay, what are forty, and the biggest print in next year's Catalogue, to a good digestion, a merry countenance, and peace of mind? Imagine the awkward figure a man must cut, who tries to wear the mask of affection in the bosom of his family, and to give an honest hand to his friends, while some villanous bore of an essay is wrinkling his forehead and poisoning his heart. No well-regulated mind can pardon such baseness. After having his head shaved, the wretch who dares so to profane this blessed time of freedom should be confined on the lowest diet, in a damp, dark, and dismal cellar, till the first of March. The Faculty (who must love and honor their six weeks' respite as much as the laziest Sophomore) should punish him with a Greek Oration at some one of those funereal literary spectacles in which the young gentlemen of the University, in full sail of borrowed surplice, execute their astonishing "slides" and "prones" and "obliques" upon the injured atmosphere.

There are innocent and cheerful ways enough for getting pleasantly through the holiday time. Not to mention the sacred hours which now no bell disturbs and curtails, — hours of eating and sleeping, wherein we put to the blush the feats of Lambert and the Laplanders, — there are the solemn and stupid diversions of travelling and sight-seeing, which, to some minds, constructed on curious principles, afford ample amusement. There are balls and parties for the worship of Terpsichore, and tea-fights and morning calls of all sorts for the diffusion of genial hilarity, in which the citizen from Harvard is sometimes made quite a lion of; especially in remote, semi-barbarous regions, where the use of shawls is confined to the female sex, and where the best native classical scholarship pronounces “*jam*” as if, forsooth, it were a toothsome species of sweetmeat. Indeed, in such parts of the globe it is no mean privilege to be a Collegian home for his holidays. And that character, especially if a Sophomore or a Fresh., is by no means slow in putting on the high-and-mighty airs which his exalted station warrants, and in making himself disgusting to the surrounding male population. Let lovely woman be his excuse; for Wilhelmina and Susan Jane Emily persuade him that he is quite equal to any of Mr. James’s heroes, and mamma is constantly informing kindly, gossiping circles of matrons, to whose houses he is admitted, what a great man Robert will be, how bright he is, how learned, how witty, how costly, and how generally superior is Bobby to the rest of young mankind.

In serious moments, when the active brain thirsts for the strong drink of information, you can betake you to the newspapers. As you have worked steadily at the text-books during the Term of course, do not subscribe to the aristocratic Reading-Room, and use the newspapers sent from home to kindle your fires with, you come with a fresh enthusiasm to those intellectual Californias, and find in them metal more attractive than that which meets the eye of the merchant, to whom they are every-day affairs, and who quickly

gathers from them his ore. What an amount of curious information they serve up daily! How many forgotten facts and startling novelties they call attention to! There's Teddy O'Rourke has broken his leg; Madagascar is an island; the Emperor of Hayti is a gentleman of color; there is still war in Europe; and the best remedy for red hair is the original Russia Salve. It beats Bancroft in stirring up patriotic emotions, to find what a Beelzebub our President is for knocking the facts of history and the principles of philosophy into sixes and sevens, as he shows conclusively that the only grand constitutional object of the Union is to kill off the free settlers in Kansas, and extend slavery over every blessed inch of ground to which those too proud, or too lazy, to work for themselves desire to carry that delectable institution,—the glory of our land, the cheap defence, the surest prop of our liberty, and the source of our sugar.

But this sort of pastime is too exciting. An old foggy of a Senior, a friend of the writer, who has passed hours and hours every day for a month in studying the advertising columns in the newspapers of several large cities, with the hope of finding something turn up among them that may settle his mind as to what course of life he shall set about after the Julian period, is almost come to lunacy, and requires the consolations of a clergyman. Poor Micawber, less that philanthropist's jollity! he has forgotten that "sufficient unto the day," etc., and fancies that all his life must be embittered, unless society at once makes arrangements for his continuous enjoyment of Persian luxury. Happier he whom parental authority has trained to ply the nimble needle, to drive the reluctant nail, or petrify with "that dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood," than the unlucky creature who has all vocations before him wherein to choose, but no lodestar to direct his choice. What are you going to do? There is this, and there's this other; to do, or not to do it,—that's the question; and will it pay? ay, there's the rub. How many of our Senior Hamlets, with love of "speculation in

their eyes," and anxious for a speedy settlement in life,— perhaps even with all its respectable encumbrances,— can we not fancy distressing themselves with weary soliloquies of this sort, instead of giving rational rest to their drowsy faculties during Vacation.

It does not matter in the least what they set about,— the self-important simpletons,— provided they make their work their duty, and do it manfully and steadily, sometimes, too, sinking their personal identity and desires in the happiness of the friends and fellow-citizens around them. The trim Edward will take off his dainty kids, and sit on a three-legged stool before an awful ledger and a Styx of an ink-stand. Sprightly David will employ that vagabond fancy of his in defeating the ends of justice. Testy John will slap the young idea into propriety and wisdom. They will be particular in their dinners, and, working hard and feeding high, will pass through life prosperous and happy. An easy moralist, I would as lief stand in the boots of the pleader or the pedagogue, as in the merchant's gaiters; for cakes and ale will come as easily and taste as well to one as to the other; sorrow is no respecter of professions; and each is assured of the favor and respect of society, if he is at the pains to act the part of a Christian gentleman,— a character not yet found to be confined to any particular calling, high or humble.

But these are issues not to be coarsely touched by the dull hand of a Vacation idler. The fact is, my friend is scant of bullion, and not so much a lover of books as to be able to make the time pass agreeably without that necessary evil. Being impecunious now, and of a nervous temperament, he dreams of perpetual indigence. Of indolent habits, and totally unfit for any useful employment, he has set his heart upon testamentary bequests from opulent relatives (whose material existence is doubtful, but who swarm in his prolific brain); and, as I declined a second cigar, the pious lines of Swift — he never read them indeed, but heard them in a play — passed his lips: —

"I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year."

They were the last and best words I have heard from the cloudcapt Aldiborontiphoscophormio.

Vacations come and go; the first is all a rose, the last has in it somewhat of the thorn. Before and behind the one were only study and delight. The other looks out upon the unwholesome aspect of the Mammon of Unrighteousness; there is a skull at its feast, salt in its sirup, a crooked pin on its chair. Let some giddy *recens homo*, flushed with fruition of his first Vacation, tell the world how prime it was: old age cheats me of the memory of those ancient days of bliss. Let some Senior poet, for a moment forgetting his frosty decrepitude, warm up and warble and whine the mingled joys and sorrows of his last: a poor, desultory proser is not equal to so tremendous a task. Pleasant, happy days, to come no more, the superannuated Collegian showers upon you copious blessings, thanks, and praise; *longum valete et*, — take, oh take my wig! Soon, too soon, Harvard reclaims her own. Fervent to clap the hand of Exhibition applause, or thunder the eloquence of Commencement parts, the measly and idiotic Freshman, the wide-awake and immoral Sophomore, the smug and spoopsy* Junior, the glum and torpid Senior, will rush back to resume their studies, and renew acquaintance with the luxury and elegance fast by classic Charles, — "which," the roving Cockney might demand, "don't they wish they may get 'em?" And now rest, O lazy-pacing pen of commonplace commonplacency!

Φάγος.

* Although the editor approves of the general sentiment of this article, he feels compelled to declare, that he cannot agree with all the opinions which seem to be entertained by his esteemed but erratic friend, the author.

HERALDIC ZOÖLOGY.

"Where we see the fancy outwork Nature."

In each volume of friend Bibliomane's cherished editions, neatly pasted on the inside of the first cover, a card displays, beside his fairly engraved cognomen, a wonderfully incongruous and combatant beast. While the monster preserves the general outlines of a lion, he wears the head and wings of an eagle, ears of a hart, feet and claws of a bear, and the tail of the Devil. Those formidable folios of Dugdale and Villardhouin give only the very satisfactory information that said family are entitled to bear "*Gules ; griffin, rampant ; or.*"

Why the valiant ancestor, — whom Dansey assures us accompanied the Lion-hearted Richard to Palestine, and was one of the ten in that memorable conflict near Joppa, — not content with the likeness of anything in the heavens above nor the earth beneath, chose such a hideous, execrable shape, is not revealed. We only know the fancy of Christendom, when Heraldry was in full flower, rejecting every approximation to beauty and grace, preferred to perpetuate forms of superlative ugliness, concentrations of beastliness. These shapes their refined descendants cherish, in commemoration of the valor of the rough old boys, as we of Cambridge tried to revive the obsolete Oxford, and, consenting to an unbecoming, uncomfortable, rectangular "black board," appeared as ridiculous as our ancestors before us.

And so these grim monsters, harpies and wiverns and griffins, are everywhere displayed, to show we had ancestors. From the carved gable of Holden Chapel to the flaming labels on manufactured cottons, from the panels of our carriages to the paper on which I write, these hideous creatures haunt me. It is impossible to escape. The only alternative is to face the enemy. A few wonderful specimens I have

pinned down for exhibition, like Dr. Harris's noxious bugs, in this show-case, the Magazine.

I will not dwell at length on the great interest with which Heraldry is invested to the antiquarian and genealogist, nor further expatiate how much of history is included in iron hats and azure bends, what a record of valor is borne with "three Saracens' heads erased," what honor attached to that name which inherits a bloody crown, a broken sword, or (equivocal glory!) a body suspended on a high gallows, as those versed in heraldic lore have already done. In truth, my faith in the veracity of such records is as limited as in the incontrovertible "Blonde Eckbert"; and, with the inimitable Dean, who compared literature to the town, and its departments to the several buildings, I agree that "Heraldry is bedlam."

With many other glorious and detestable institutions, Heraldry is to be referred to the Middle Ages. The beasts before us may be traced to the third and fifth crusades, with certainty. Previously, the distinctions a knight bore — only necessary in tournament practice — were confined to gaudy stripes and bands, crossing the shield in various directions. Such are still preserved in the chevrons, bends, crosses, and similar "ordinaries" of many existing coats of arms. But when those wonderful expeditions to the East were projected, — not the fanatical hordes who painfully toiled to Palestine and death, but the brilliant hosts led in person by knights and earls, and even kings, — bands of ambitious youth, whose dreams were of the fortunes and glory to be won in the Orient; the devoted Templar Knights, earnest, mature men, who in their pious zeal had vowed to wrest the Holy City from the Infidel; gray-haired heroes, who, so wrought by the universal enthusiasm, seized the arms and performed the offices of their younger days; the unfortunate, who risked everything on their success; adventurers, with naught but life to lose; each accompanied by his retainers, many or few; men from every quarter of every state in

Christendom, — then it became necessary, in such a motley crowd, that leaders should have some more striking, readily recognized badges than before. Then, too, it was that the crows and storks, the eagles and sphinxes, greyhounds, wiverns, leopards, stags, dragons, boars, and lions, joined the Crusades, and immortalized themselves.

As you, intelligent reader, already perceive the subjects of investigation arrange themselves into two grand divisions, at the outset; such as human eyes *have* rested upon, and such as they *have n't*: animals and monstrosities; “portraits and fancy pictures.”

The adoption of the former class is not remarkable. Even if the human race is not, as a whimsical philosopher once declared, a vast menagerie, where each beast and bird, and even the Serpent, is represented, the bond of sympathy between rough, uncultured men and savage beasts would immediately account for the partnership. Many devices — stags, hounds, boars, and the like — may be referred to a proclivity for the chase, as sporting characters, now-a-days, display fox-heads, horses, and hounds, *passant*, on their coat-buttons. But since Cuvier and a thousand delighted students of Nature have taken such pains with the animated specimens, I may surely pass to those “children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy,” which rightly compose my department. But stop! that universal favorite, the king of heraldic designs as well as of vulgar beasts, the lion, must not be overlooked. In every possible and impossible attitude he comes before us, roaring, ramping, standing, reclining, now with his eye bent on you, now intent on the sky above; of every complexion, from the native tan to cerulean blue and bright vermilion, and in every frame of mind. Sometimes he is a ravenous creature, with suffering victim in mouth; as often sleepy and quiet as an antique tabby. Nor is the unfortunate animal always allowed to appear in a whole skin. Fragments of him are common, and, like copper coins, heads and tails turn up everywhere. Once he is

displayed completely dissected (*coupé*). Reparation is made him by several German heralds, however; they bestow *two* tails upon him. But why a cat should be less self-possessed, under similar circumstances,* is not apparent.

The most famous lion of all, however, is the well-known supporter of the British arms. He is, beyond a doubt, the identical animal of the venerable Ansa Mater,—the antagonist of the unicorn you remember, in a prolonged contest for regal supremacy.†

The fact usually stated—the alleged victory of the lion—is to be rejected, as unsupported by existing affairs. On official documents to which the great seal of the British empire is affixed, the former combatants have *drawn off*, and jealously regard each other, prepared to renew the contest on the slightest provocation. The unicorn appears to be as docile a beast as ever herald blazoned, but, armed with a terrible horn in his forehead, seems prepared to defend his right. My sympathies have ever been with the noble rebel who dared dispute the supremacy of the royal growler! Prophetic device! From this be cautious, O haughty lion! lest the truce be broken, and a vigorous younger power give you a thrust!

Nearest related to these animals is the griffin, whose personal appearance has been already discussed. This lovely creature is mostly found on the shields of the venerated Crusaders;—heroes who, not content with decapitating scores of Saracens, drew their well-tempered blades upon the griffins, dragons, and other monsters, which, as is *well* authenticated, at that day were devastating the fair regions of the East. Hercules, hide thy diminished head! What was a Nemæan lion to a hearty, hungry griffin? Can you mention, during the same diurnal revolution of the terrestrial

* "Of as little use as two tails to a cat."—Yankeeism.

† "The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town."

sphere, your trifling hydra, so readily despatched with a hot poker, when wivern after wivern, swallowing fire with the gusto of an epicure over a devilled oyster, were slain by these valiant knights? Out upon your yarn of the expedition to the Hesperides, when these stormed magicians in their castles, and bade the enchanted go free! Can scepticism exist now as to the origin of these bold symbols?

Close upon these ravenous creatures follow a myriad of designs, where several animals, as in Barnum's mermaid, contributed each his quota to make up one whole. Centaurs, mermaids, and a few like devices, we admit as old acquaintances. But the host beyond! nothing but the "restorations" occasionally met in a voluminous geology give an idea of them. The ichthyosaurus, the pterodactyles, and forty longer and harder named varieties, which the Harvard Natural History men will delight to flood upon you, are all represented.

To make a nondescript like one now before me, begin with a tiger, throw in pièces of bats and herons, wild boars and vultures, add a plentiful supply of snake, and arrange according to fancy.

The Phoenix is also a favorite emblem; classic and poetical. But it is already so familiar, from its innumerable factory, tavern, and steamboat namesakes, that it may be omitted here. Harpies, another classic genus, are calculated to produce as agreeable an impression on the observer as those which the unhappy but pious Æneas encountered. Wiverns are a diminutive species of draco, but show a wonderful partiality to serpents. The amiable creatures continually twine lovingly together.

The admirer of Eastern fable would doubtless perceive, in the miraculous creations which returned to Europe, the hybrid offspring of Oriental imagination and Western matter-of-fact. Could the honest Scotchman conceive of a centaur, unless the obliging narrator of tradition should paint him one on his shield.

But this fire-breathing, bat-winged, fork-tongued, scaly beast, which completes your collection? Why that, sir, is the renowned dragon, perhaps related to the alligator of this age. True, our alligators have no wings; but tadpoles lose their tails, and there were giants once. Who knows but the afflicted, persecuted dragon-race, after their subjugation by the valiant knights of the Middle Ages, left their deserts and their wings, and, crawling into the Nile and Mississippi, buried their sorrows in the mud? Such a course would not be at all surprising, after their innumerable defeats. Read the chronicles of the men-at-arms, and their deeds. Recall the legend of England's renowned champion, the heroic St. George, who

" Undid the dragon just
As you 'd undo an oister."

And while you sing the praises of the victor, drop a tear for the wretched little orphan dragons and dragonesses who were forced to the swamps and lagoons of the tropics. Such is the hypothesis offered you. Honor Heraldry, which has preserved the images of these in their pristine beauty.

R.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

In the midst of the drowsy listlessness of a long Vacation, these ponderous volumes obtrude themselves upon our attention, and ask for a word of recognition in these scholarly pages. Ah, happy reader!—for we must relieve our feelings before going further,—you have no conception of the sacrifice which is made by the young gentlemen who lay before you this monthly repast of wit, fancy, and learning! With thoughts bent only on the public welfare, and with a

* Cyclopædia of American Literature. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855.

singular disregard of their own advantage, these juveniles have toiled on, ever cheerful, ever smiling,

“ making your laughter when their own hearts bled.”

And to-day one of the most prominent of the infant corps lays aside the Proverbial Philosophy of delightful Martin Tupper, and the sweet Arabella Stuart (Heaven bless the dear girl!) of Mr. G. P. R. James, arouses himself from the stupor which fictive nonsense induces, sends his arms on a hopeless errand into the circumambient air, wishes the Messrs. Duyckinck were dead, and then proceeds to enlighten all * Harvard College on the subject of these volumes.

On the great subject of American Literature, about which so much has been said to so little purpose, we have no disposition to venture. We ramble over these pages, crowded with interesting histories, and rich with the productions of the men who have adorned our literature, and select here and there a passage, which, though disregarded by the heavy reviewers, may not be uninteresting to us. No one can read these volumes without feeling grateful to the authors. The Messrs. Duyckinck, hitherto unknown, to most of us at least, have shown themselves to be worthy representatives of American literature, by the catholic and impartial spirit in which they have stated the excellences and characteristics of each author, as well as by the discrimination they have shown in making selections. The list of authors given is singularly complete, and ignorance of them or their works will hereafter be without excuse. An interesting feature in the Cyclopædia is its histories of our leading Colleges and literary Institutions. The following fact from one of those histories has probably been published a good many times, but patriotic pride compels us to insert it here: “The first printing-press in the Colony was set up at Harvard College, in President Dunster’s house, in 1639. The first publication

* We say *all*. Our language is neither hasty nor unguarded. It is well known that the *Faculty* take a lively interest in *Maga*.

was the Freeman's Oath, then an Almanack, followed by the Bay Psalm-Book." It may be remarked, that the *best* printed books in our country still issue from Cambridge. Ticknor & Co. and the Messrs. Appleton are the only houses whose publications can be favorably compared in typographical finish with the works which bear the imprint of our Cambridge printing-houses.

The grave attention which the compilers have given to Harvard College Magazine writers is altogether astounding, and makes one feel the due responsibility of contributing to such periodicals. The only authors referred to as Editors of Harvard Magazines are now well-known men of letters. If this proves anything, it proves that an Editorship is a through-ticket to fame, and that the present incumbents are on the railway to a blissful renown. Go along there! In the biographical sketch of Professor Felton, this sentence occurs: "While in College, he was one of the editors and writers of a student's periodical, called the Harvard Register." We learn also that George S. Hillard graduated at Harvard, "where, in the Senior year of his course, he was one of the editors of a college periodical, the Harvard Register." But Harvard Magazines meet their apotheosis in the article on Dr. Holmes, of whom it is said, "After graduating, he gave a year to the law, during which time he was entertaining the good people of Cambridge with various anonymous effusions of a waggish, poetical character, in the Collegian, a periodical published by a number of Undergraduates of Harvard University in 1830, in which John O. Sargent wrote the versatile papers in prose and verse signed Charles Sherry; and the accomplished William H. Simmons, a brilliant rhetorician, and one of the purest readers we have ever listened to, was 'Lockfast,' translating Schiller, enthusiastic on Ossian, and snapping up college jokes and trifles; and Robert Habersham, under the guise of 'Mr. Airy,' and Theodore W. Snow, as 'Geoffrey la Touche,' brought their quotas to the literary pic-nic. Holmes struck out a new vein

among them, just as *Praed* had done in the *Etonian* and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Of the twenty-five pieces published by him, some half-dozen have been collected in his 'Poems.' The 'Meeting of the Dryads'; the 'Spectre Pig,' and 'Evening by a Tailor,' are among them." For some unaccountable reason, the connection of President *Everett* and Professor *Lowell* with similar periodicals fails to be mentioned.

To leave a subject which is painfully personal, we turn to *Mather Byles*, the wise and witty Tory divine. Here are the reasons which he gave for avoiding political allusions in his sermons: "I have thrown up four breastworks, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced. In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week,—pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance: bring me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring you, and I will preach on it next Sabbath."

The following passage from the *Diary of John Adams* may be read with profit by most of us: "Jan. 3, 1759. Let no trifling diversion or amusement, or company decoy you from your book; that is, let no girl, no gun, no cards, no flute, no violins, no dress, no tobacco, no laziness, decoy you from your books. (By the way, laziness, languor, inattention are my bane. I am too lazy to rise early and make a fire; and when my fire is made, at ten o'clock, my passion for knowledge, fame, fortune, for any good, is too languid to make me apply with spirit to my books, and by reason of my inattention, my mind is liable to be called off from law by a girl, a pipe, a poem, a love-letter, a spectator, a play, &c., &c.) But keep your law-book, or some point of law in your mind, at least six hours in a day."

One is surprised to learn, as he does from these volumes,

that Lindley Murray, the bugbear of ungrammatical youths, and universally hated old wretch, was a "pleasant and courteous gentleman." Think of the author of that dry two hundred pages of *could, would, should*, as a gentle and kind-hearted man, a good fellow, a man having hopes, weaknesses, and kindly feelings! It is impossible. The Messrs. Duyckinck are laboring under a delusion, or, worse still, have been bought up by the present generation of abhorred Murrays. We stick to the popular belief, and regard the terms "pleasant and courteous," as indications of Pecksniffian qualities.

Some extracts are made in the Cyclopædia from the Diary of Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, from which we select the following paragraphs : —

"1787. Aug. 27. Judge Ellsworth, a member of the Federal Convention, just returned from Philadelphia, visited me, and tells me the Convention will not rise under three weeks. He there saw a steam-engine for rowing boats against the stream, invented by Mr. Fitch, of Windsor, in Connecticut. He was on board the boat, and saw the experiment succeed. 1794. Mr. Whitney brought to my house and showed us his machine, by him invented for cleaning cotton of its seeds. He showed us the model which he has finished to lodge at Philadelphia in the Secretary of State's Office, when he takes out his patent. A curious and ingenious piece of mechanism."

We wish it were possible to transfer to the columns of our Magazine one or two of the delightful pictures in Crève-cœur's *Letters from an American Farmer*, published in 1782, and much admired by Hazlitt. Let no one who can obtain it fail to read a book which is written with a grace and beauty scarcely inferior to Irving's happiest sketches.

During the progress of the Revolution, and after its close, there is found in the popular publications a large infusion of the swagger, brag, and Buncombe spirit, — sometimes called "patriotic," — which still disfigures American litera-

ture. Scattered along in these pages we find patriotic odes and poems which are resplendent with tremendous allusions to Cato, Arnold, Demosthenes, and Columbia, all in the largest capitals. These products of the American Muse show an alarming familiarity with Indian skirmishes and classical dictionaries. The we-don't-know-for-what-reason rather famous couplet,

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours,"

occurs in an *Epilogue to Cato*, by Jonathan Mitchel Sewall, a very nice man, it seems, "whose lyrics warmed the hearts of the soldiers of the Revolution." We give some lines from the *Epilogue*, with the faint hope that they may warm some of the hearts of the present generation:—

"We've had our DECIVS too, and HOWE can say,
Health, pardon, peace, GEORGE sends America!
Like POMPEY, WARREN fell in martial pride,
And great MONTGOMERY like SCIPIO dy'd.*
In GREEN, the hero, patriot, sage, we see,
And LUCIUS, TUBA, CATO, shine in thee.
When Rome receiv'd her last decisive blow,
Hadst thou, immortal GATES,† been Cæsar's foe,
All-perfect discipline had check'd his sway,
And thy superior conduct won the day."

With the blood dashing wildly through our veins, and eyes flashing fire, we cut short the quotation.

The brave men of that day, lacking good taste, perhaps, and making slight pretensions to literature, were not, however, deficient in the sterner qualities of pluck and heroism, — things which might be put to good service just now in the vicinity of 36° 30'.

There is unquestionably much in our literature which bears no mark of its American parentage, and might as well have been written in England or Italy. Our poets have sometimes taken occasion to write of birds which never sung, and flowers that never blossomed, on the Western Continent.

* *Did Scipio dye?*

† "Dark, portal" allusion to Janus.

They talk about the Alps and Lake Como, as often as of the White Mountains and Lake George. This practice is commendable for two reasons: it shows a minute familiarity with European natural history, and is indicative of a cosmopolitan spirit. Still it is refreshing to meet with authors who, not anxious to ape European modes of thought, and capable of appreciating things nearer home, are not ashamed to speak of the homely joys, rustic manners, and rural scenes which exist here in this New World. We are glad that Barlow made Hasty-Pudding the subject of a poem, that McFingal has a canto on the Consecration of the Liberty-Pole, and that descriptions of the "Country Oven" and the "Buckwheat Cake" have found a place in our literature. Irving's Knickerbocker, Longfellow's Evangeline, and Lowell's Biglow Papers, as well as many books of less note, are sufficient refutations of the popular English criticism, that American literature is only a weak imitation of their own.

The following note was added to the poem on Hasty-Pudding: "There are various ways of preparing and eating it: with molasses, butter, sugar, cream, and fried. Why so excellent a thing cannot be eaten alone! Nothing is perfect alone; even man, who boasts of so much perfection, is nothing without his fellow-substance. In eating, beware of the lurking heat that lies deep in the mass; dip your spoon gently, take shallow dips, and cool it by degrees. It is sometimes necessary to blow. This is indicated by certain signs which every experienced feeder knows. They should be taught to young beginners. I have known a child's tongue blistered for want of this attention, and then the schooldame would insist that the poor thing had told a lie. A mistake: the falsehood was in the faithless pudding. A prudent mother will cool it for a child with her own sweet breath. The husband, seeing this, pretends his own wants blowing too from the same lips. A sly deceit of love. She knows the cheat, but feigning ignorance, lends her pouting lips and gives a gentle blast, which warms the husband's breast more than it cools his pudding."

These volumes contain all those facts which you who are interested in American literary history have been wanting to know. They answer all the questions about which you have been puzzled. The birthplace of the brilliant essayist; a full biographical sketch of the accomplished poet; a portrait of the interesting young lady who writes for Putnam, and an autograph of everybody who ever put ink to paper on this side of the Atlantic, — all these are in the Cyclopædia. If you buy it in the evening, you will be late to prayers in the morning; if you buy it in the morning, you will cut prayers in the evening (supposing that relic of barbarism to be again introduced); and if you have any ownership in it at all, I should say you would flunk at least a week after it.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We meant to do it, — we came home firmly resolved, — but, really, as matters stand, the thing is not practicable. And if it were, it is to be questioned whether a very funny Editorial is advisable under any circumstances, but especially under ours. We never can forget the melancholy accident which happened in Dr. Holmes's family through a similar indiscretion on the part of that worthy physician. His own penitential account of that well-nigh fatal disaster — which we have read many times with tearful eyes, thankful that we have never been permitted, in an unguarded hour, to bring down such a weight of remorse upon our shoulders — we have had framed and hung up in our sanctum, as a constant check upon our too volatile pen. Perhaps few of our readers know that our contributors have all been requested solemnly to read it over, before sitting down to compose a funny article. For with our limited number of subscribers, and — we whisper it in confidence — so few of those paying in advance, the cause of our Publisher, as well as that of common humanity, forbids that they should be thinned off by rash Editorials.

Of course, we *could* write in a way that would strip every hook and eye from the back of our dear old Peggottys' tight frocks in successive explosions, and violently divest our sterner reader's waistcoat of its plain or flashy fastenings, in such a way that the meteoric shower of vest-buttons which would ensue should mystify Agassiz, make the Rumford men rub their astonished eyes, and render this present Anno Domini more memorable to puzzled pundits than the year of red snow or the rain of frogs. Great would be the rush to Boston with the damaged garments; great the profit to Call and Settle. But — but — besides being unadvis-

able, it is not feasible. It is Vacation and — excuse the tautology — we are lazy, or rather, torpid. O Outside Barbarian! if you wish to get new ideas of the *vis inertiae*, study a reading man enjoying his *otium* in the holidays. There is one near by, a pampered rascal, a gray-haired Senior, who, indefatigable in Term-time, has done, and will do, nothing these six vacant weeks but absorb mince-pies and smoke lazy cigars, sitting in his drowsy easy-chair, and looking dreamily through the slow-curling blue smoke at a row of solid works on the mantel which he keeps intending to attack. We are more active than he, for we go to see our cousins, — our pretty cousins, — and that is a third reason. O reader! have you a realizing sense of consins, — that glorious, that delightful institution! They are the silver threads through the web of relationship. They are the golden mean, — related just near enough to insinuate a claim to sweet privileges, without being so near as to tinge those privileges with insipidity.

Add, if yet adother reasod is debadded, we have got the idfluedza, with accob-padyidg idflabbatiods, add we defy ady bad to be fuddy through his dose; or rather dot through his dose, for it is dodsedse to speak of talkidg through ad avedue so closely dabbed up.

We meant, too, to give a *resumé* of affairs in other colleges, as gathered from their Magazines; but most of them, for some unknown cause, seem to have "wrapped themselves in the solitude of their own originality," and declined our acquaintance. The last we heard from Marietta, they were fresh from reading the reports of Kansas outrages, had discovered how delightful and refreshing a topic the weather was, and were battling with oars and cricket-clubs with the Monster Dyspepsia; with all which *we* got through last June. At Georgia University, they were endeavoring to dethrone Mr. Headley from his proud, and hitherto unquestioned, position as the first writer of America, and to burn the blue lights of glory round the head of George Lippard instead.

Like many feminine letters, we find that our Editorial consists entirely of excuses. Accept them instead, O indulgent readers! and next month your good-nature shall be rewarded with something from an abler hand.

ERRATUM. — Page 72, line five from bottom, for "*expulsion*" read "*rebellion*."

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1856.

No. 3.

IS THE STORY OF THE TROJAN WAR
CREDIBLE?

THERE are some delusions so agreeable, that we are unwilling to have them dispelled, and he who should offer to correct them would excite our anger rather than awaken our gratitude. It is folly to be wise, when ignorance is bliss. How much pleasure many a one would be deprived of, who believes in the actual reality of the sufferings and exploits of the earliest and most cultivated acquaintance of his childhood, Robinson Crusoe, if it were demonstrated to him that this personage was but a shadowy fiction of De Foe's. Why seek to convince your neighbor, that he is as addle-pated as Don Quixote himself, if he credits the flesh-and-blood existence of that tilter of windmills and Chevalier Bayard among sheep-flocks? If one were to offer to do away with those "absurdities" which affect the whole groundwork of the early Greek and Roman history, those incredible myths of the she-wolf's foster-children and the ravings of Achilles before Troy, we should regard him as a "lunatic at large," and say with Horace, "I think all Anticyra was designed for such as these." We should shrink

from such a proposition with nearly as much horror as from an offer to convince us of the non-existence of the Pilgrims and the Mayflower. As Erasmus thought the reformation of Luther would overturn all religion, instead of purifying the Church, so we regard the consequences of this purging of Clío's records as the subversion of profane history. Homer is at once a lying old reprobate, and our indignation is proportionate to the length of the hoax. To these reformers of history, Achilles, if he is anything at all, is a piratical chieftain, the Lafitte of the Archipelago, Ajax and Agamemnon are freebooters, and the whole historical account of the Trojan war is the story of a marauding expedition of Grecian buccaneers. But although to us these Homeric infidels appear insane on this one point, still every writer has a claim to his opinion, and the right to promulgate such opinion, and the just critic will always give him a fair hearing. Let us now play the part of the impartial judge, and consider with patience the arguments of those who would have us believe that Troy never was, and that the Iliad and Odyssey are entertaining "novelettes."

Sceptics on this subject are well aware of the general belief of scholars in the authenticity of Homer, and of the great difficulty they will encounter in their attempts to destroy this belief. For this reason, like true sophists, they endeavor at the outset to influence unfairly the minds of their readers, by striving to excite sympathy for themselves, and to convince men that they are approaching their essays with hostile feelings, which it is incumbent upon them to lay aside in the beginning. But this is not the case; it is their work to remove those feelings. No atheist could claim that we ought to lay aside all prejudices before we listened to his arguments against the existence of the Deity. The prefaces of these sceptics' works are accordingly dissertations on prejudice, and its baleful tendency if opposed to a candid hearing; by this implying indirectly that their readers are under its influence. They openly state

that prejudice consists in a wrong attachment to any object, which adherence is improperly continued without appeal to reason or regard for truth, thus virtually denying that any prejudice is founded in a right attachment, which few will grant. They also urge, that experience shows the difficulty of correcting this wrong propensity, and that opinions conceived in our early days become a part of our system, *in succum et sanguinem abeunt*; that this evil in this way grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength, and that no alternative can prevail. They cite to us examples of the predilections of the most talented minds, and of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of weaning them from their long-cherished and erroneous opinions. From these premises, leading us by an appeal to our good feelings, they are prone to assume the very conclusion that was to be proved, namely, that our opinions are wrong. We are thus unconsciously brought to believe that we have been doing great injustice to the class of which these pleaders are representatives, and therefore by way of atonement we receive with greater readiness those arguments as valid, which without this bias of the mind we should instantly reject as trifling and fallacious.

The Iliad and Odyssey must have had some historical basis. However much we attribute to the prolific imagination of the poet, there is still beneath or behind all a substructure or framework of facts, which must have been readily believed by his contemporaries, if not known to them; otherwise these poems would have been unintelligible, and would never have been preserved, or else they would have been unnatural, and for this reason rejected at once as romance or fable. If we admit then as historical some portions of the poems, our next inquiry is as to the probabilities of the particular events related in them; that is, whether it is likely there was a regular siege of Troy, or whether the historical basis is a series of freebooting expeditions conducted by the leaders of the Grecian states. In confirma-

tion of the war we have the same authorities as we had for the confirmation of the existence of the city of Troy, and since we have these, a just criticism requires us to give some credit as an historian, inasmuch as these writers were undoubtedly led to their belief, as we have intimated, by many monuments that time and barbarism have since destroyed. Of course there is much that is fabulous that the ancients separated from the historical as we do now, and there is much exaggeration which they made allowance for, as being essential to the interest of the whole. They did not credit the birth of Helen from an egg, they did not believe that Achilles was immersed in the Styx, and was therefore invulnerable except in the fated heel; but enough could be quoted to prove that, on the whole, they regarded the capture of Troy as an historical event, and Homer's poems rather as history than poetry. We cannot prove that Homer intended to write a history, and not an epic; we can only answer the objections of his detractors by showing that those statements which most bear the appearance of history are natural and possible. That we may have some guide in this task, we propose to consider in order the objections alleged by the first modern Homeric infidel, Jacob Bryant.

At the very outset this sceptic has destroyed all confidence in his quotations from the classics, by imitating the sophists, in garbling statements, or rather in quoting those passages which were not written by Thucydides with any reference to the war, and in omitting to bring forward his remarks in which he expresses his reasons for believing that such a war did take place. And not content with this unjust treatment of the historian, fearing lest, distrusting his selections, we consult the original, Bryant by way of caution reminds us that Thucydides could not set aside the Trojan war because the glory of Greece was greatly increased by it, and her religion sanctioned. In a word, Thucydides is not to be credited as an historian in a matter with which the

glory and religion of his country are connected. We wish that space would permit us to cite all that this writer says on Homer and the war ; but any one who will read the first twelve chapters of the first book will be convinced that Thucydides had no desire to set aside the Trojan war, but rather seems, as it were, to anticipate Bryant's objections to the number of ships and men by stating that the wonder is, not that so many ships went, but that there were not more. He even makes it a matter of comment that the expedition, though Homer might be distrusted, as all poets should be on account of their proneness to exaggeration, yet making allowance for this, appears to have been smaller than we have a right to expect when we consider that the armament was furnished by the whole of Greece in common. If Mr. Bryant sets aside Thucydides, because the glory and religion of Greece would not suffer this historian to tell the truth on any subject, he would for the same reason disregard all statements made by Herodotus, and all other Greek authors, on the war of Troy, for surely the glory and religion of their country would equally induce the Father of History and his compatriots to misrepresent their own belief. This is a summary and convenient method of rebutting all testimony which refutes an author's opinions, but too fallacious to need exposure. We are very fortunately able to put out of the question the views of the ancient writers on this subject, and deduce arguments in favor of the credibility of the Trojan war, by consulting facts, and considering the land and naval forces that were levied in Greece from a few districts alone. If we can place any reliance at all on the old historians, the Greeks brought one hundred and ten thousand men into the field at the battle of Plataea, and at a time when the Grecian states were not united as they were during the time of the Trojan war. And though Mr. Bryant and his sect may be surprised (for they are easily perplexed) that this should be regarded as an unusual force when Greece abounded in wealth and numbers, while the

same country in ruder times could raise so extraordinary an armament as that led by the son of Atreus, still those who reflect at all know that the annals of the world conclusively show that the more uncivilized a people is, the larger armies it can collect. We need not interrupt the thread of this essay to cite examples of this, or to state reasons for it. They will readily suggest themselves. If we admit, then, that this army of one hundred thousand were engaged before Troy, it of necessity follows that a large fleet of ships would be requisite to carry them thither, since in olden times there were no liners with space for a thousand in the steerage, and with accommodations for the officers in the first cabin. Now if we assume that the average number of troops carried in each ship was eighty-five, we at once see that the whole number of ships was not less than that given by Homer, but rather exceeded it. But it is answered, if the Greeks at Artemisium and Salamis could muster only two hundred and seventy-one and three hundred and seventy-eight sail respectively, it was impossible for twelve hundred to have been collected at this early period. Not at all, for the fleets at these places were the standing navies, the ships of the line, but Agamemnon's might have been composed of merchant-men and coasters that were engaged in trade among the islands, since transports only, not men-of-war, were needed. So far then from this force being impossible, it is not even improbable.

The next question that naturally occurs, after we have brought the Greeks to Troy, is, why they were employed so long a time in taking the city, if their heroes were so superior to the Trojans, and if their forces were double in number. Homer gives us no answer, but our knowledge of other sieges and warlike expeditions will furnish one. In the first place, the superiority of Achilles and suite is an exaggeration of the poet, for do we not see that in the end it was by a stratagem, and not by storm, that Troy was taken? Furthermore, the whole army was not engaged in the siege

and assault, but a large portion of it was employed in foraging for the remainder, and in destroying the towns in the neighborhood to cut off the supplies of provisions from the capital. And, again, the Iliad does not claim to be a detailed account of the whole war. The first nine years are passed in silence, and a part alone of the tenth is minutely described. It would not be just to deny the siege of Sebastopol because an historian should select only the month of October of the present year, barely alluding to the campaign of 1854, or because this siege has been so long protracted when the forces of the assailants are more numerous than those of the besieged. A long siege should excite no wonder. The Romans were engaged before Veii for ten years, and yet the Veientes could not withstand them in the open field; and the siege of Sebastopol, by nations whose resources, compared with those of the Greeks, may be said to be limitless, whose armies have only to fight and not forage, and who are provided with all the improvements of modern warfare, has continued above a year, and is not yet finished.

Another objection of Bryant's is, that the ships must have become useless from decay; and yet the poet tells us that some of the chieftains return home in their ships. Perhaps they did. Perhaps some were destroyed and others built to supply their places, for those transports which carried them back were not necessarily the same that brought them to Phrygia. We can make many plausible suppositions as to what was done during the first nine years of the war. In the poem there is, we believe, but one allusion to the state of the ships, when Agamemnon complains that the timbers are rotten and the rigging loose. But Homer does not say that no repairs were made, but leaves intelligent hearers to infer that Agamemnon would not put to sea in a leaky boat. No, the objectors of the poet are too captious. They censure him at one time because he relates too much, at another too little. It is fair to presume that, with a timber-growing region about them, the chieftains would not

suffer their ships to rot through neglect. At any rate, there is nothing in the Iliad or Odyssey to preclude this presumption. The only mention of recruits is on the arrival of Pyrrhus in the last years of the war. A minute account of the first nine might have introduced others to our notice, so that the objection that the army must have been strengthened by fresh arrivals, and yet that these are not spoken of, falls to the ground when we take this into consideration.

If in the correspondence of Washington a sentence were found to this effect: "They tell me that Greene is still alive"; or to this: "I know not whether my father is dead or barely lives"; or to this: "I am quite ignorant about my son George," — would it be a mark of a sound mind to say that it is absurd to suppose there was no intercourse between the different portions of the British Colonies, and since Washington said this, he could have received no letters from home, hence there was no intercourse, and the American Revolution is a fable? And yet Bryant makes a similar statement and objection to the Trojan war, because the last mail had been lost, or at any rate had not brought Achilles a letter. The objection is too trifling, we think, to call for a serious refutation. We should advise the Grecian hero to call at the *poste restante*; his friends evidently were ignorant of the new law, and neglected to pay the postage in advance. A reviewer of Bryant's essay thinks that perhaps the Grecian ladies preferred that their absent liege-lords should not receive particular information of their private conduct. The beauteous Helen seems to be unnecessarily a stumbling-block to the believers in Homer's veracity, and foolishness to his objectors. Raking up some old writers, on whose chronology it were unwise to rely, the latter party intimate, not very gallantly, in speaking of the age of a lady, that she was an old woman at the time of the war, too old for Paris to run away with, and too *passée* for her beauty to excite the admiration of the antiquated Trojan fogies. Her admirers and defenders claim

that this chronology should be rejected, since all the inconsistent accounts which those chronologers strove to reconcile in no wise affect the unvarying consistency of the Grecian bard, whose history is not based on any of them. If this is done, Helen is a young woman according to Homer, and there is no proof to the contrary. But supposing that we remove the story of Helen and all the mythological accounts from the Iliad, regarding them as thrown in by the poet to amuse rather than instruct, we do not destroy the reality of the Trojan war, if all else remains incontrovertible. Surely no one believes that Neptune, Apollo, and the other gods raised a storm to demolish the Grecian rampart, and yet he would no more reject the Iliad as a history of the Trojan war on this account, than he would the history of the war in East, if an epic poet should represent the Almighty as favoring the Russians because of the hurricane in the Black Sea, which destroyed so large a portion of the fleets of the Allied Powers. These cavillings would at once cease if the cavillers would approach the work of Homer with a willingness to separate the historical from the poetical portion, and to refrain from censuring the poet because he ever oversteps the historian's limits to enter his own peculiar province. It will be at once objected to the rejecting of the myth of Helen, that we are undermining the foundations of the history, and that the whole must fall. Not so, for there may have been many less poetical reasons for the alliance of the Greeks against Troy, especially if we bear in mind what Thucydides says: "The power of the Greeks gradually increasing by these methods [piracy and the subjection of the lower to the higher classes for the love of gain], they were in process of time enabled to undertake the Trojan expedition." And Homer may have chosen the seizure of some Grecian female, which the Greeks urged as a pretext of war, and clothed it in a poetical garb. This is a concession we make for the benefit of objectors. We believe in the amours of Helen and Priam's son, without, however, crediting her

birth from an egg, or the story of the golden pippin and the three jealous goddesses.

Every unprejudiced reasoner will at once admit that Homer is not responsible for what he never related, so that, if he did not allude to the suitors of Helen, no objector ought to say that the Iliad is no true history, because he is unwilling to accept the myth of the rejected lovers and their subsequent alliance to avenge the wrongs of the accepted Menelaus; but ought to confess that this fable is a later production (for no early author speaks of it), which might naturally spring up in connection with a narrative so generally known, and that, if it prove anything, it proves that the Trojan war was not wholly the offspring of Homer's imagination, since there were other traditions relative to it, coming from other sources. But we are told that Homer did allude to the suitors of Helen, in the line, "Whither will our compacts and oaths depart?" as addressed by Nestor to the Greeks in common. As this is the only place in Homer's poems which can even be forced to imply an engagement on the part of the rejected lovers to assist Menelaus to recover his faithless wife, it is much more natural to consider this quotation as alluding to a compact formed at Aulis, where, it will be recollected, the Grecian fleet was so long detained. If the "compacts" referred to the obligations of the suitors to Tyndarus, would not Nestor have used *ὑμῶν*, "your," rather than *ἡμῶν*, "our," since he was not one of those who had paid court to the peerless beauty?

If the discovery should be made that, in the war of 1812, six hundred or more Kentuckians put to sea in a ship or ships which were furnished by Massachusetts, we ought, if reason still controls us, without hesitation to conclude that the last war is a myth, especially if we are inclined to doubt that General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans ordered his troops to reserve their fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. And why? Because Jacob Bryant says that Homer, though usually shrewd enough to tell a plausible lie, made a slip when he represented the inland Arca-

dians as being sufficiently good seamen to arrive safely at Phrygia in vessels loaned them by Agamemnon. This critic would undoubtedly have overlooked this capital offence on the part of the poet, if he had not attempted to deceive him with his absurd stories of Vulcan burning up the Xanthus and the like; but as it is, he is entitled to no mercy. But if it were suggested that perhaps the Kentuckians had a captain from Cape Cod, and a chief mate with a few sailors from Cape Ann, would it be unreasonable to suppose that under these circumstances they could make New York harbor without carrying away Point Judith? So if Ægina furnished a captain and Sunium a few sailors, could not the shepherds of Arcadia have arrived at the promontory of Sigæum, and that too, unless floating Delos bore down upon them by night, without disturbing the harmony of the Cyclades?

Too much stress is laid by the same objector on the disappearance of the Grecian fosse and rampart. We have already noticed the statement, that they were destroyed by the gods; we will now show what is more within the limits of the probable. A violent rain-storm, whatever may be the course of the streams in the vicinity of the Troad, at the time of the war, causing an overflow of the rivers, would easily have swept away a ditch and rampart so small that Hector and Patroclus cleared them both at a leap, a wall so low that Sarpedon standing on the ground tore down its battlements, if we bear in mind that they were built on the marshes at the mouth of the Scamander. It occasions no surprise that there are no traces of them at the present time, when we reflect that many walls of a much more solid construction and of a later date have been destroyed by time, leaving not a single remnant to mark their location. How unjust it is, then, to a writer, to question his accuracy on grounds so slight as these, with the hope of proving him a falsifier by collecting numerous trivial objections, one distinct from another, and by endeavoring to convince the reader by the amount of evidence, not the force of it.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

How often are we startled by the appearance on the windows of University of a new bulletin-board bearing strange devices, dark and mysterious to the uninitiated, but full, no doubt, of awful meaning to those who can decipher them! We expect soon to see:—The Gimel Beth Daleth will meet at their rooms. Per order of the * * * *. Or perhaps the name may appear in full, “The Tiglath Pileser, etc.” While the number of societies is thus increasing, we propose to consider a few of their evils.

Our subject, like Mr. Gladstone’s when he was describing Cerberus, is naturally divided into three heads. Not but that we might treat of societies from many other points of view if we chose. We might look at them Doddridgically, that is, as to their Rise and Progress, or Bunyanically, as to the Holy War (“*auri sacra fames*”) which has always been waged among them, or we might, in the manner of De Quincey, consider them as sublime and imposing — Humbugs. Their intellectual, moral, and social effects, however, will probably fill our narrow limits.

Imprimis, then, have societies any evils intellectually, or as literary societies? And here it becomes us to proceed with caution, lest we be denounced as heresiarchs by the whole indignant American people. For literary societies, be it observed, are almost wholly an American institution, especially in the form of debating societies, which hold a place among us not allowed them elsewhere. But we think it may reasonably be doubted whether they are adapted to develop in the highest degree the human intellect. If the great end to be gained were a readiness in the use of words, an acquaintance with Webster Unabridged and Roget’s Thesaurus, no better system could be devised than that of debating societies. We venture to suggest, however, that this is not the end of a liberal, or in fact of any education.

A child learns to use almost all the dictionary long before he needs it, and his words accumulate much faster than his ideas. We never have believed in the existence of those "mute, inglorious Miltons," who are constantly on the point of exploding with great thoughts pent up for want of words to express them. Any man might clothe all the ideas he has in full Norwegian costume and then have words enough left for a dozen Sanscrit epics. Who ever heard of a case of indecent exposure of ideas? The style of our scientific men, our divines, our statesmen, and even our own Magazine contributors, is usually so much diluted, that evaporation might go on to any extent without leaving any precipitate.

Now in a literary society a certain amount of time must be devoted to literary exercises, and those whose duty it is must occupy that time, and they proceed to do so by using high-sounding and long-winded bombast. The consequence is well described by Whately: "When young men's faculties are immature, and their knowledge scanty, crude, and imperfectly arranged, if they are hurried into a habit of fluent elocution, they are likely to retain through life a careless facility of pouring forth ill-digested thoughts in well-turned phrases, and an aversion to cautious reflection." Milton was so sensible of this danger, that he disapproved of all exercises in composition for the young. Perhaps this was going too far, but it cannot be denied that such exercises, except under the direction of a competent instructor, are likely to do much more harm than good. This is especially true of debating. This practice, as it is usually conducted, is sure to encourage superficial thinking. An important question is propounded, and in fifteen minutes a youth just out of his alphabet produces a powerful argument on either side, and sometimes on both sides in succession. The method is simple enough. You have only to select a variety of words more or less connected with the subject, and arrange them as oddly as possible. A noun for instance

accompanied by an incongruous adjective will often produce a startling effect. What are debates, as we hear them in most societies, but words arranged in this manner, or brought in pellmell without any arrangement at all? We may see the effects of a system of education of which the debating club forms an essential part in the halls of our legislative bodies, where the members alternately bore each other, while the country is minding its own business at home so as to be able to pay the bills. Their platitudes and bombast are but fair specimens of nine tenths of our current literature.

I am far from undervaluing those associations of gentlemen who have contributed so much to the advancement of Natural History and kindred sciences. There are decided differences between these societies and those of youth like undergraduates. The former are composed of men whose minds are mature, and who, having mastered the general principles of their science, are now engaged in filling up the details. The field is too broad to be surveyed minutely by each man for himself; each must therefore take a part, and communicate the result of his observations to the rest.

There are, no doubt, some persons, we hope they are very few, who are never accustomed to think at all except when compelled to write. Such men need the stimulus of societies to bring their faculties into play. They are to be pitied, and they certainly ought to be allowed every advantage, from whatever source it may come. But we recommend each one of them to organize himself into a literary society, and preside over its meetings. We venture to say that he will derive more benefit from one meeting in our method, than from twenty as they are ordinarily conducted.

Of the moral evils of college societies little need be said. They are such as naturally arise

"Where Bacchus ruleth all that's done,
And Venus all that's said,"

and are apparent to all.

But it is socially that the evils of societies are most conspicuous. Not that social intercourse between members of a class, or between the higher and lower classes, is to be deprecated. On the contrary, the hearty good-fellowship of college life is the greatest charm. But so far are societies from fostering this, that they only tend to produce strife and ill-will. In the second term Sophomore, you appear some Wednesday morning at prayers looking very fishy about the eyes, and with your vest adorned with a pin whereon are engraved certain mysterious symbols. Your chum appears in like manner, but with different symbols. Henceforth there is an estrangement between you. Before the second term Senior, you are at sword's points, all on account of this miserable society rivalry. I confess I am somewhat bellicose myself. I enjoy a fight. In case of an unrestrained contest, I always desire to be reckoned in. But I cannot rally with enthusiasm around three Greek letters and a bit of ribbon. I have tried every method of exciting my feelings on the subject, and have signally failed. I have thought what an outrage upon every principle of right, what an insult to every true gentleman, it was for a man to wear a red ribbon at his button-hole. (The $\Pi B \Phi$, to which I belong, appears in green.) I have considered how immeasurably inferior was the $K \Gamma X$ to my own society. I have meditated on the audacity of the $T \Delta \Theta$ in getting Jones, upon whom we ourselves had an eye. Yet amid all this I have remained calm and unmoved. I am now disposed to believe myself a Stoic. The Augur Perfectissimus of my society at Yale writes that they are in a flourishing condition, having lately initiated a Sophomore who was fifty-ninth scholar. We ourselves are enjoying the finest prospects, for three Freshmen have been seen looking earnestly at the windows of our rooms. What a nuisance all this humbug is! And the affiliation is the worst part of it. How often am I compelled to give the grip to a man as a brother, whom I should be ashamed to shake honestly by the hand

as a gentleman! How often must I fight against those as rivals whom I would gladly make my most intimate friends! You write meaningless letters to people you have never seen, and would not see if you could. You bore people you don't care a pin for with heartless attentions while they are in town, and rejoice secretly as soon as they are out of it. And all this without any other bond of union between you than your Greek letters and colored ribbons. Parties without principles, sects without creeds; secret societies afford the only instance of men playing at bigotry and intolerance for fun.

THE MANAGER IN AMERICA.*

THE author of the book before us is a gentleman called by his friends the Napoleon, and by his enemies the Don Quixote, of the Lyrical Drama in this country, whose abilities as a Conductor and Musical Director have been proved to be second to those of no person ever on this side of the Atlantic. To use his own words, "the baton has been wielded" by him, "now as a *Maestro*, again as a conductor, and afterwards as a manager, in nearly every city from Agram, on the Black Sea, to Mexico, almost on the borders of the Pacific Ocean."

The book consists of a series of seven letters, written (or supposed to be written) to Hector Berlioz, the composer and musical *feuilletonist* of Paris; to a musical acquaintance (*nom de guerre* Fiorentino) in the same delightful city; to Lablache, the "Titan of all bassos, past, present, and to come," at London; to an old friend and instructor, Professor Joseph Fischhof, at Vienna; to Balfe, the *Maestro*, at

* *Crotchets and Quavers, or the Revelations of an Opera Manager in America.* By MAX MARETZKE. New York. 1855.

London; to Mr. Gye, the manager of an opera-house in the same place; and to Carl Eckert, conductor of the Imperial Opera at Vienna. There is also a postscript addressed to the Public.

In the first of these letters, Mr. Maretzek recounts his arrival in New York, in September, 1848, and the state in which he found musical matters. He had been engaged as conductor and musical director of the Astor Place Opera-House, then under the management of Mr. E. P. Fry,—and his description of the condition of the opera company and its *attachés* is extremely entertaining. He proceeds with an account of the season in New York and Philadelphia, and of the *début* in the former city of four new artists, who had been engaged in Europe by the brother of the manager, in the hope of producing a great sensation. They had been heralded in the papers long before their arrival, and the public were eagerly awaiting their appearance in “Ernani.”

The night arrived. The performances commenced, and the singers (it is entirely unnecessary to mention their names, as not one of them is, at present, known among us) presented themselves. The *tenore* “trembled and was inaudible”; the voice of the *soprano* “produced the same effect upon the ear that an edgeless razor might produce upon the skin”; and “she shrieked, in a manner which would have rendered her invaluable, in breeches, as a shepherd in the Pyrenees.” The *baritone* acquitted himself really in a creditable manner; but the performances of the *basso* seem to have been the feature of the evening.

“Very evidently had he never before been upon any stage. On his entrance, he tumbled over his sword, and rolled into a terrified group of chorus-singers; after this, he managed to get his spurs entangled in the dress of the Prima Donna, and when released through the intervention of her *lady in waiting*, found his way to the prompter’s box. Thence no incident of the plot and no suggestion of the conductor could induce him to move. Beating his time with one hand and one leg, and counting his rests audibly

enough to be heard by the whole audience, — there did old Sylva remain, until the curtain fell upon the first act, amidst general laughter, far worse for debutants than hisses."

It is needless to say that Mr. Fry's management terminated with that night. The Astor Place riot occurred immediately after this, and the opera-house then passed into the hands of our author.

"I myself, Max Maretzek, became a manager. Do not laugh and shake your head incredulously as you hear this, (my dear Berlioz,) for let me tell you, it is to the full as easy to become a manager in America, as it is in your country to obtain the *croix d'honneur*."

In the second letter we have a brief sketch of "the first successful season" in New York, — that is to say, one in which the debts did not exceed \$ 3,600; there were some properties left in the theatre, and the stockholders had expressed their complete satisfaction.

Letter third contains an account of Jenny Lind's *début* at her Majesty's theatre in London, before the Queen and assembled nobility, and of her subsequent career in the United States, under the auspices of the notorious Barnum, a personage for whom our friend Maretzek evidently entertains a most unmitigated and undisguised dislike. He makes several extracts from the Autobiography of this self-styled "humbug," and adds comments which are amusing in the extreme.

"It is at any rate astonishing how a man of such marked shrewdness as the worthy Phineas could have been guilty of so many blunders as he has perpetuated in his biography. Two or three examples may suffice. What a striking contrast is presented between the mutual sentiments of Jenny and P. T. B. at the time of their separation in Philadelphia, and those which they had experienced towards each other in Havana and Charleston.* Especially in Havana would it seem that their life had been purely patri-

* See pages 324, 325, and 326 of Barnum's Autobiography.

archal in its cordiality. They there sported and amused themselves, like shepherds and shepherdesses in the age of

‘Tytyre, tu recubans sub tegmine fagi,’—

or in a German Idyl of Gessner.

“You may indeed see a woodcut, somewhere about page 330, which may be regarded as a singularly close representation of one of these idyllic scenes. The gentle Swede had consented to receive the tight-rope dancer Vivalla and his learned-dog. In this cut she is represented as a young girl, having no more than some seventeen or eighteen summers, kneeling on the floor in front of the fireplace, (in Havana who has ever seen a fireplace?) fondling a large dog. The Signor Vivalla stands on one side, with his cup in his hand, and a large hook-nose, looking amiable, while the agreeable P. T. Barnum figures behind the group, with a marvellously benevolent regard in his physiognomy. Anything more deliciously patriarchal it would literally be impossible to conceive. Nothing, perhaps, is here lacking, save a portrait of Joyce Heth and the mermaid, with a slight hint of the woolly horse, in the background, to give it the look of a veritable ‘Happy Family.’”

Again, in letter third:—

“You will find descriptions of his grandfather and his Shanghai roosters, of Ivy Island and Iranistan, of lottery schemes and buffalo-hunts. Rules how to make a fortune will be given you, which are very certainly not the rules by which his own was made. You will learn how to palm off a negro woman on the public as the nurse of Washington, and have a faithful description (at the least so it must be presumed) of the ceremonies at his birth, his marriage, and his—

“No! no! I was about to say even of his—obsequies.”

“Yet Charles V. dictated the terms of his interment himself, and rehearsed it during his lifetime. In order to make his Autobiography complete, ought not Barnum to have given us the *programme* of his funeral rites?

“You may imagine, my large friend, for I know you have a superabundance of the *vis comica* in your imagination, a group of young ‘mermaids’ crowned with myrtle, and scattering *immortelles* upon his path to eternity. Six ‘Halifax Giants’ should bear the sarcophagus of the great showman. The tassels of the pall (made

of six Jenny Lind 'posters') should be supported by six 'fat women.' Behind the coffin should be led his 'woolly' battle-horse, by the 'negro' who had consented to *turn white* once more, expressly for this occasion. Funeral hymns might be screeched out by those youthful vocalists who had taken prizes at the 'Baby Show.' 'Faber's Automaton' should follow, for the purpose of pronouncing his funeral oration, while a regiment of the 'Sons of Temperance' should file after it, headed by the veritable 'General Tom Thumb.' His 'Wax Figures' might melt away in unavailing sorrow, while the 'Bearded Lady' would pull the black bristles from her chin in sublime despair. Stockholders of the 'Crystal Palace,' and the original 'Proprietors of the Fire-Annihilator' might be weeping bitterly, and a deputation of his colleagues, the moral, honest, and pious 'showmen' of America, could bring up the rear in deep mourning, and doing their utmost *not to laugh*.

"This would make a truly magnificent exhibition, my dear La-blache, and I trust I may live to see it,—of course upon the payment of twenty-five cents admission."

The next two letters comprise reminiscences of our author's early years, accounts of Marty and the Havana opera companies, Catherine Hayes, Lola Montez, &c.; and a description of the contest between his own opera troupe and the "Artist's Union Italian Opera Company." The sixth and seventh contain a most entertaining recital of adventures on a professional tour in Mexico, and a sketch of Madame Sontag, whose brilliant career and melancholy fate excited so much admiration and sympathy but a short time since. Would space permit, we should gladly give extracts from all these; but as it unfortunately does not, we shall be unwillingly confined to a short sketch of that memorable journey and operatic season in Mexico, which are so comically described in the letter to Mr. Gye.

The season in New York was over, and Mr. Maretzek concluded to try his fortune with his company in some country which would afford "a purely virgin soil for opera." Without entering into details, it is sufficient to say that he found himself in the city of Mexico, \$4,720 in debt, every

cent of which sum he had agreed to pay the day after the opening of the box-book for twelve nights' subscription! Ruin seemed to stare him in the face, and the state of mind in which he passed the day appointed for the subscription can be imagined. But at the close his brother entered, followed by seventeen Indians, each carrying a bag containing over one thousand silver dollars.

"From 9 A. M. till 5 P. M., the inhabitants of the city had subscribed more than \$ 18,000 for only twelve nights of opera. Allow me to say, my dear sir, that I respect, honor, and venerate the taste of the Mexican public for operatic music."

The seasons in the city of Mexico were extremely successful, and attended with some most laughable circumstances; but the most ridiculous occurrence seems to have taken place on the return journey through Puebla and Vera Cruz. In the latter place there was much trouble in obtaining an orchestra. Two performers, one on the violin and the other on the clarionet, travelled with the company, and formed a nucleus for a large number to gather round. With the greatest difficulty twelve gentlemen of color were found, who played on the requisite instruments; engagements were made, and a rehearsal called. Hear Maretzek's account of the first note that greeted his ears:—

"Could I have imagined a dozen tom-cats giving vent to their feelings on the roof of my dwelling, or a dozen sawmills arranged in contrary keys, it could scarcely have been worse. Had a hyena, a bear, two jackasses, four monkeys, and a rattle-snake been shut up together, and compelled to dance on a hot iron plate, their yelling, growling, braying, chattering, hissing, and rattling could certainly not have surpassed it."

After the effects of this attempt were over, the leader was summoned, and told that, if one of his orchestra dared to play a note beside the last eight bars in each act, which in Italian opera are the same, and which they were to practise for the next two days, they should be discharged. They

must, however, *pretend* to play, and go through with all the motions. A tolerably good piano was then procured, and the conductor, with the violinist and clarionet performer, played the whole of every opera, the negro orchestra carrying out the dumb show the whole time, and only really playing about twenty bars in the course of the evening.

These amusing incidents are but a specimen of the entertaining matter with which the book is filled. To the operatic *connoisseur* it gives a great deal of information; to the curious it gives many interesting glimpses of the world behind the scenes; and to the public generally it will insure a hearty laugh. The principal cause of the censure with which it may meet is set forth in the advertisement, which states that, beside other elements, it contains "just the least bit of harmless scandal." That it *does* contain some personal allusions is most certain, but of the justice or injustice of these, it is impossible for us, who are uninitiated in these matters, to judge. Suffice it to say, that hardly any one can read it without finding himself a merrier, if not a "wiser and a better" man, without wishing success and prosperity to the worthy author, and without feeling a desire that he and his coadjutors may be entirely successful in their efforts to establish the opera on a firm footing in this "free and enlightened republic."

ALPHA.

"O'er the Life Ocean boldly, Youth ventures to float,
While a thousand proud pennons his gay bark bedeck;
Time-worn, tempest-tost, he drifts home in a boat,—
Old Age is content to have 'scaped from the wreck."

SCHILLER.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Ex relictâ eheu ! rosa veris una
Ultima efflorens ; comites venustae
Aridae vitam vario et colore
Deseruere.

Gemma non, non flos generis superstes
Dulce responsum simili rubore,
Ingementi vel paribus querelis
Dulce daturus.

Eja mittam te minime, O relictâ, ut
Incubans cauli pereas dolore ;
Dormiunt pulchrae quoniam sorores
Tu quoque dormi.

Sic tuis spargo foliis benigne,
Sic tuis terram foliis benigne
Mortuae qua horti comites quiescunt
Atque inodorae.

Sic Amoris mox laqueos solutos
Sic Amoris de nitida corona
Decidentes, O utinam, lapillos
Subsequar ipse !

Algidum quisnam coleret libenter
Solut orbem cum Libitina fidos
Stravit, et quos hic Amor ipse junxit
Obruit omnes.

P.

PROVERBS.

THERE are two kinds of wisdom; in the one every successive age surpasses, or ought to surpass, its predecessors; of the other there is nearly an equal amount in all ages. The former is the wisdom which depends upon long chains of reasoning, a comprehensive view of the whole of an important subject, or complicated and subtile processes of metaphysical analysis; this is properly philosophy. The other is that acquired by experience, by a proper use of the opportunities possessed by all who mingle much with society, or who have a large share of human nature in themselves. This unsystematic wisdom drawn by keen-sighted intellects, in all periods, from personal experience, is justly called the wisdom of ages; and every lettered age has left some portion of it upon the page of record. Many distinguished writers of antiquity have, indeed, worked up rich stores of it into their systematic compositions; but the form in which this kind of wisdom naturally embodies itself is that of aphorisms.

Aphorisms are "the gems of popular wit and the store-houses of popular eloquence." Like pebbles worn by the running brook, they have flowed down the stream of time, divested of all foreign and impure ingredients, rounded into harmonious couplets or smoothed into useful maxims. Less ornate and redundant than the effusions of the many thousand writers that are annually ushered into notice by the peculiar facilities of our age, they are far more instructive; their precepts are the actual results of real life. By them may be traced the gradual development of society, and from them may be learned the character of the institutions and the peculiar disposition of the respective nations to which they owe their origin.

Among those distinguished, in antiquity, for great aphoristic wisdom, *Æsop* stands pre-eminent. A deformed

slave, of obscure parentage, born in an unknown town, thought so utterly worthless as to be sold for three half-pence,—this mere apology for a man externally became superior to his master, himself a philosopher; was borne in triumph and crowned with garlands as the deliverer of his adopted country; disputed successfully with the wisest men of his own and foreign lands; and finally, having become so famous as to rival the oracle at Delphi, he perished a martyr to its jealousy.

Now whence arose a fame so boundless, so imperishable? What raised so bright a halo around a form so odious? Nothing but the graphic excellence of his apologies, so well adapted to teach moral and political truths.

Although it would be out of place to notice all even of the most celebrated persons who have furnished the world with aphorisms, we cannot help referring to La Fontaine, the more especially because it has often been asserted that he but translated the ancient fabulist. It is perhaps true that he invented few things, yet he so made use of the materials furnished to his hand that they became emphatically his own. France has produced a host of aphoristic writers, but none that can compete with him. England has produced fewer, but in Gay she can claim one whose personal character bears so strong a resemblance to that of La Fontaine, that Pope's epitaph upon Gay is equally applicable to him:—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end."

If Gay borrowed largely from Rabelais, so have various other distinguished English writers. For who would deny that Gulliver's Travels, and the Tale of a Tub, furnish, not only in isolated passages, but in their designs, decisive evidence of the author's acquaintance with Gargantua and Pantagruel? Sterne's Tristram Shandy is more closely modelled upon this romance of Rabelais. There is the

same love of farce and burlesque, the same love of digression; yet in Sterne there is a keenness of perception and a fineness of expression, a compound of mirth and pathos that is peculiarly his own. If he invented nothing else, he invented his style.

Of late years, proverbs have been but rarely used among the refined portion of the community, and, with the exception of Mr. Trench and D'Israeli, they have had no advocate. The custom of men at the present time to communicate with each other by writing, which, as it excites the mind less than conversation, tends to produce a less animated mode of expression, has no doubt had great influence in causing proverbs to become unfashionable; yet the disposition to avoid what is common, arising from the pride of intellectual culture, is the chief reason why they have ceased to be the ornaments of conversation. Lord Chesterfield says a man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs or vulgar aphorisms, and they appear to have withered away under his anathema. Yet it seems to be yielding too much to a mere name, to give up so valuable an intellectual treasure at the command of a courtier. Shall we overlook this vast repository of wisdom, when the most insignificant mutilated fragment of sculpture is sought after with avidity, and its discovery hailed with delight? It is supposed that there are twenty thousand proverbs in circulation among the nations of Europe and America. How prodigious an influence must they exercise upon the public mind daily, affecting the conduct of persons in all ranks and in every occupation!

Take, for example, our national motto,—which, though containing few words, is so full of import as to be, in itself, almost a little volume. One cannot think of it without having his mind filled with historical and patriotic reminiscences and deep emotions. How distinctly does the truth of this apologue come to the understanding, and how tortuously, on the other hand, must the mind labor, when the

lengthened pages of some would-be statesman set forth the elaborate argument for disunion and nullification! The truth contained in the maxim is revealed as well by the physical as the moral world, and appears throughout all nature, among the beasts that roam the forest and among the animalcules that dwell in a drop of water, or wage their tiny wars on the broad expanse of a single fig-seed.

Take another example: "The reasons which a man offers to you for his own conduct, betray his opinion of yours." How true, how obvious, yet how seldom noticed! They who act on higher motives than the multitude suffer their conduct to be imputed to anything which will not involve a reproach to others for not doing the like. They would rather the mean should think them as mean as themselves, than incur the odium of setting up to be better than their companions, or the danger of giving others any cause to infer that they despise them. And again: "It would be as well to condemn a man unheard, as to condemn him for the reasons he openly avows for any course of action."

But all maxims are not of so high an order as those already quoted. The admirer of the female sex will tell you that there is a great want of gallantry exhibited in proverbs that belong to the more ancient times: "Nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti." "Who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by her word, may say he holds nothing." "Who trusts a woman and leads an ass will never be without sorrow." One would fain hope this is not the wisdom of experience, but only a natural conclusion rather too hastily drawn, the consequence of the position of the fair sex at that time. However, that the precepts of the ancients do show a hostility to women, cannot be denied. But this is only in accordance with a general principle. Politicians have long since discovered that laws made by irresponsible persons are invariably in favor of the law-makers. It is from this principle that women have suffered in the making of proverbs. Proverbs have clearly been made by the men,

who have made them most ungallantly all in their own favor. Were we to make a collection of all the fine things said and sung in favor of the ladies of the present day, and contrast them with the effusions of the age of chivalry, it would be amply sufficient to free the present generation from the imputation of being *unchivalric*, and would show what a prodigious alteration in the feelings of men relative to women has taken place in society, and how vastly their condition has been improved by the diffusion of knowledge.

Another feature of society may be traced in the few allusions to government to be found in proverbs. The people were not of so much political importance, and matters of state were far removed from their condition and attainments. The maxim, "A short horse is soon whipped," forcibly illustrates with how much impunity you may treat an individual belonging to the lower orders of society.

The sayings concerning wine and its effects are almost innumerable. The Turk says, "There is a devil in every berry of the grape." The Welchman, "The barleycorn is the heart's key." And both seem to act in accordance with their particular belief. But we have already occupied too much space. Mindful of the adage, "A proverb is not amiss when properly applied, but to accumulate and string them at random renders a discourse excessively flat," we proceed to draw our remarks to a close; adding, that, were there no other learning in the world than that comprised in proverbs, it may be doubted whether it would not be adequate to the chief business of life. It is only in those branches of knowledge connected with the Arts and Natural Philosophy that the ancient lore is deficient. In making aphorisms the basis of our studies, there is a great economy of time and labor; for it puts us in possession of useful truths, without either enslaving us to systems or perplexing us with abstruse and unprofitable speculations.

Yet some object to aphorisms because they are unsys-

tematic, forgetting that to be unsystematic is the essence of truths which rest on specific experiment. The most natural form for exhibiting truths which arise one from another is a systematic treatise; but those which rest each upon its own independent evidence, we venture to say, may properly be given in the same unconnected form in which they were discovered. Let Philosophy trace the connection of these truths,—let her deduce from them the general principles of which they are the manifestations; but let her not complain because, before she has accomplished this, we record and act upon them. A more valid objection, as far as it goes, is, that proverbs are rarely exactly true; but, unfortunately, this is an objection to nearly all human knowledge. Modify our propositions with what exceptions we may, new exceptions will appear, new modifications will become necessary. Hence, not in regard to proverbs alone, but in all general propositions, sufficient allowance must always be made for inaccuracy.

It is an error to suppose that popular adages comprise only the vulgar philosophy of the people, since the highest sources of human intelligence have contributed to their intellectual reservoir. There is scarcely a celebrated writer, from the days of Hesiod, who has not contributed to the stock of aphoristic sayings; and to follow in the footsteps of Bacon, Franklin, Plato, Shakespeare, and Cervantes, and expose to public view the mine of wealth contained in "old saws and rusty adages," would be no unfit employment for the ablest pen and the wisest head.

PLAGIARISM.

"Nihil est dictum quod non sit dictum prius."

TERENTIUS.

"Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!"

DONATUS apud HIERONYMUM.

Ἡ κύριη κωμικὴ δίκη!

Βαρυλατιάδης.

It is hard to say who have been more abused, authors who steal or those who detect them. A harmless youth, who during a course of rather desultory reading has "found and made a note of" a few suspicious coincidences between the older writers and those who had the misfortune to be born a century or two later, and who imagined, in his charming simplicity, that he had been engaged in quite an innocent amusement, may be pardoned a little amazement when first told of what malignant detraction, envy, and miscellaneous enormities he has all the time been unconsciously guilty. In the words and orthography of the immortal De la Pluche, phansy his pheelinx, to select a mild specimen, when, turning over the pages of Scott's Lives of the Novelists, his eyes rest upon such a sentence as this: "It is a favorite theme of *laborious dulness* [O that he were here to write me down an ass!] to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics." Now, is that *kind* of Sir Walter? Laborious we may be, but we spurn the insinuation of dulness. If there is anything we *do* pride ourselves upon in particular, as Sir Fretful says in the play, it is that we are *not* dull; and we promise all readers who may at any time favor us with their company, that our chat shall be as lively as a lecture on Optics. As for the envy and detraction, we really have not been conscious of their presence. We enjoy the writings of Pope and Sterne, those arch-thieves, that *par nobile furum*, neither more nor less now than we did before

we became acquainted with their weakness for the fruit that grew in other people's orchards, though our respect for their private character as honest men is and ought to be diminished. We believe, with Dr. Johnson, that plagiarism, though one of the most reproachful, is not the most atrocious of literary crimes, and that, though it may warrant diminished respect for the author in whose possession the stolen jewels are found, it does not require us to discard his writings from our shelves, nor to turn their pages any less frequently.

A word or two of explanation before we proceed to the illustrations of our subject. Imitation is not to be condemned in itself. "Imitations, when real and confessed," says Bishop Hurd in his work on the subject, "may still have their merits; nay," he adds, "sometimes a greater merit than the very originals on which they are formed: just as the labor and skill which a goldsmith expends upon a piece of rough ore may more than double its original value." Such, too, would seem to have been Milton's opinion. "Borrowing," he says, in his *Eiconoclastes*, in reference to some plagiarisms from Sidney's *Arcadia* by the author of *Eicon Basilike*,—"Borrowing, if it be not *bettered* by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiarie." Whatever Milton thought, he was pretty sure to put in practice, and accordingly we need not be surprised to find the germs of his *Allegro* and *Penseroso* in two little poems prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. It is worth while to compare the germ with its development in this instance, if only to be impressed anew with the difference between a pretty versifier and a poet.

Bishop Hurd's remark, by the way, would include all good travesties, such as Hawkins Browne's exquisite imitation of Ambrose Phillips,—Namby Pamby Phillips, as Pope so happily dubbed him,—or, to come down to our own day, Thackeray's imitations of Mr. G. P. R. Jeames and Charles Lever in *Barbazure* and the *Fighting Oneth-Oneth*, which we would not exchange for the complete

works of those most voluminous authors. In fact, a *Prize Novel* of Thackeray's is his victim's entire writings comprised in a nutshell, and all, yea all, of Mr. Jeames's productions are contained in Barbazure, just as the dilated form of the flimsy, vapory giant in the Arabian Nights was compressed into the fisherman's little casket. But we are wandering too far. Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose works we have been turning over without the slightest reference to Hogarth, goes so unreasonably far as to approve not only of imitation, but even of plagiarism, provided it is well done. Let the poet or painter appropriate from his predecessors as much as he pleases, and if only he is able so to accommodate this pilfered material to his own work that it shall make a part of it with no seam or joint appearing, Sir Joshua would award him "the same lenity as was used by the Spartans; who did not punish theft, but the want of dexterity to conceal it." Bow Street, however, is against Sir Joshua, and sends up the apprehended thief for a term proportioned to his adroitness.

There is a set of stock images and poetical expressions in literature which correspond to the "natural wealth" of this worky-day world,—the sunshine and the vital air,—in being free to all and to be monopolized by none. They consist principally of those convenient metaphors and figures, which, being in constant demand, have passed through so many hands that it is impossible to determine their true owner, and which have been declared common property in consequence. Probably half the words in our vocabulary once belonged to this class, and remained in it some time, on probation, before being regularly matriculated into the language. Language, says our pleasant friend Mr. Trench, has been called by some American author, "fossil poetry." Many a single word is a concentrated poem,—such as *dilapidated* or *sincere*,—and though the image may have grown trite and ordinary now, and so entirely the heritage of all as to seem little better than a commonplace, yet it

had its birth in some poetic mind, to whom it once belonged as much as Hamlet does to Shakespeare. And the only reason why the tritest of the present race of stock images have not been absorbed into the language is their length. Had they been capable of the concise expression of their ancient companions, they too would have had the honor of being transcribed and defined by the dear old Doctor's hand, and have found snug lodgement between the covers of that *Dixnary* which spiteful Becky hurled at Miss Pinkerton.

The mistake of charging an author with plagiarism, when he has only made a legitimate use of this common store, is not infrequent, and sometimes too in a quarter where it is quite inexcusable. Two long and well-written articles which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* some years ago, upon the *Plagiarisms of Moore*, were entirely of this character, and were marked besides with a spirit of animosity, and almost venom, that would itself have been fatal to the writer's object. The reviewer, after citing some miserable metaphor from Moore's *Melodies*, would chase the trite simile, at a vast expense of erudition, through fifty preceding authors, and, without noticing in his blind wrath how plainly he had proved it to be as common property as the letters of the alphabet, would put on his black cap, and, having passed sentence upon Thomas Little for plagiarism in the first degree, order him off to instant execution. A playful remonstrance against similar criticism was subsequently made in the *American Whig Review*, in an article which contains an amusing collection of citations from various authors who have illustrated firmness by a rock resisting the waves of the sea. We remember making a similar collection once of the metaphorical uses of the warlike retreat of the Parthians. The list took up its line of march far back in classic antiquity, and after embracing Dennis's subtle pun on

"Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly,"

and Mr. Spectator's quotation *apropos* of the backs of ladies'

dressess in that liberal age, came, snapping up many unconsidered trifles on the road, down to the last new book yet damp from the press. The seventy-third instance on the catalogue was Carlyle's application of the simile to Sterling's mode of argument, shortly after making which entry it disappeared, not without suspicions of Bridget.

We had prepared seven more pages similar to the foregoing, but the horrible thought seizes us, that, in spite of our promise, we *are* growing stupid! And though, patient reader, if we were "as tedious as a king, we could find it in our heart to bestow it all upon your worship," yet it is so entirely contrary to Art. I. of the By-Laws of the Magazine, that we must defer the carrying out of our benevolent intentions to some more private opportunity. We will proceed at once, then, to the practical illustrations of our subject, selecting chiefly those which, so far as we know, have not appeared before in print.

We have charged Sterne with wholesale theft, on the authority of his admirer, Dr. Ferriar, who, in his very interesting and amusing little work, has "tracked Sterne's foot-prints in the snow" of Burton, Montaigne, Rabelais, and other and more obscure French authors. The amount of his obligations to these writers—for ideas, for whole paragraphs, for Slawkenbergius and the famous controversy between the Nosarians and the Anti-Nosarians, and for more than we have space to chronicle—would be really incredible but for the stern array of authorities, flanked by chapter and verse, which Sterne's Illustrator has drawn up in support of his position. We subjoin an *ex uno* specimen of their character, which has an additional interest from its impudence. It is very singular, says the friendly Doctor, that in the introduction to the Fragment on Whiskers, which contains an evident copy, Sterne should take occasion to abuse plagiarists. "Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting

and untwisting the same rope, — for ever in the same track, for ever at the same pace?" And it is more singular that all this declamation should be taken word for word from Burton's Introduction.

"As Apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots."

Again: —

"We weave the same web still, twist the same rope again and again." *

We have selected this specimen, not an extravagant one, chiefly on account of its cucumber coolness. Collier in his *Decameron* furnishes a parallel instance. In the Dedication of R. Junius's *Drunkard's Character*, printed in 1638, occurs a sentence that would seem to have been penned by the eighth commandment personified. "The many make use of your lines, few acknowledge, and none return to give thanks: but noe cheating like the fellony of Wit: Hee which theeves that, robs the owner and coozens those that heare him." Was it impudence, in this case, or was it suicidal stupidity, that induced the eighth commandment to steal such a sentence from such a book as Feltham's *Resolves*, a work which is still a classic, and which had reached its third edition in 1628? "I have so used them," says Feltham in his Preface, speaking of authorities and quotations, "as you may see I do not steal, but borrow. If I do, let the reader trace me, and if he will or can, to my shame discover; there is no cheating like the Felony of Wit: Hee which theeves that, robs the owner and coozens those that heare him." We do not wish to accuse the author of *Oliver Twist*; but are not Sterne and Junius antetypes of our jolly

* Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne, Vol. I. p. 94.

young friend, the Artful Dodger, who, when he had picked a pocket, rushed down the street, shouting, "Stop thief!" with the loudest, hoping to escape suspicion by his show of zeal?

In Young's *Night Thoughts* (Night V.) occurs this beautiful thought, in reference to the premature death of a lovely child:—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Without supposing the least connection between Young and Jean Paul, what is this fable of Richter's but a prose expansion of the English poet's lines? Take it in De Quincey's admirable translation.

"A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot summer's morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards towards noonday. 'The sun,' said the child, 'has chased them away with his heat, — or swallowed them in his wrath.' Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. 'See,' said he; 'there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set, — a glittering jewellery, — in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven.' Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon the child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven." *

This coincidence is singular, because in all probability perfectly undesigned; but we cannot say the same of the poem on Dew in the February number of *Household Words*. The reader may find there — with the substitution of mother and daughter for father and son — an unblushing theft of Richter's fable, which is spun out into seven or eight weak stanzas, and greatly marred in the process. The writer has

* *British Poets*, Young, Vol. I. p. 111; *De Quincey's Phil. Writers*, Vol. I. p. 204.

served the beautiful apologue, to borrow from Sir Fretful again, "as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."

The next two citations shall be left to tell their own story, only premising that we have searched every accessible edition of Byron in vain for some note referring to Dryden.

"As yet 'tis but a chaos
Of deeply brooding thoughts; my fancy is
In her first work, more nearly to the light
Holding the sleeping images of things
For the selection of the pausing judgment."

Doge of Venice, Act I. Scene 2.

"When it was only a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgment."

DRYDEN'S *Dedication to the Rival Ladies.*

To call that, in the mild style of some of the reviewers, a case of "unacknowledged indebtedness," would be "putting rather too fine a point upon it," as my friend Snagsby remarks.

The next case on our list comes nearer home. We shall not attempt to describe with our feeble pen the sorrow of heart with which we first learned that even the pages of the Harvard Magazine were not spotless! In the number for last June was printed that soul-stirring review of the *Poems of John Norris*, which created such an immense excitement in our College community, and which was copied so extensively into the newspapers throughout the Union. On page 272 of that admired article occurs, without quotation-marks, the following well-turned sentence: "The metaphysical school, which marred a good poet in Cowley, and found its proper direction in Butler, expired in Norris." How neat that is! how well expressed! how gracefully he draws upon his poetical erudition! Reader,—injured reader! we were in the Library with that young gentleman

when he was preparing his article. We distinctly remember handing him the twelfth volume of the Quarterly Review. What was our astonishment and our grief, upon taking up that same volume some days ago, to find, in an article of Southey's (p. 82), the same sentence above quoted, word for word, and punctuation-mark for punctuation-mark! Our head sank upon our breast, like a poppy with a broken stalk, and we gave way to uncontrollable emotion in Mr. Sibley's presence. We have made the exposure from a sense of duty, and have written more in sorrow than in anger. If he has any defence to make, no one will listen to it more willingly than ourselves, and we have no doubt the pages of the Magazine will be open for the purpose.

INSPECTOR BUCKET *of the Detective.*

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. New York: G. P. Putnam and Company. 1856.

HAD Miss Murray called her book *The Diary of a Botanist in America*, the title would have been a much more suggestive one. As it is, the reader is somewhat amused to learn that the authoress, on her voyage to this country, immediately upon recovering from her first attack of "Steward, hasten! bring the basin!" busies herself in restoring to life a "little plant of *Mimulus Moscatum*" which had suffered on the voyage. She laments that she did not discover among her fellow-passengers one person "acquainted with the vegetable world," but finds consolation in the fact that her "box of plants are happily established behind the wheel-house." But Miss Murray, while keeping her eyes open to the botanical beauties of the country, did not shut her ears to information of any other kind which might be offered. Some items are quite new to us also. She learned, when in Boston, that, while the cholera was raging in that city, it was the custom to "drive a carriage full of hot vinegar smoking through the streets." Miss Murray's credulity (which was undoubtedly increased by a desire to obtain exact information in regard to the country through which she was travelling) has made her book very amusing to readers acquainted with the places she describes! Thus the inhabitants of the coral-formed Florida must be astonished to learn that their peninsula is entirely a volcanic formation. Names fare hardly at the hands of the fair authoress; Dr. Tuckerman, for example, being transformed into Dr. Tuikerman, while her fondness for particulars betrays her into objectionable personality. We scarcely think that a former Professor of this College cares to be held up to public view holding an umbrella over a lady during a driving rain (himself, meanwhile, getting saturated), even if the lady be the Hon. A. M. Murray. The most striking portions of the book are those upon slavery, in which the authoress shows herself to be quite Southern in her feelings. Whether she published her book to show her knowledge of Botany, or whether she wished

the world to know her opinion upon the slavery question, is not for us to settle ; but whatever her purpose, the book, notwithstanding our quips and cavils, is clever and amusing, and well worth reading.

Macaulay's History. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1856. Vols. III. and IV. pp. 576 and 645.

THIS is a popular reprint of Macaulay, uniform with the well-known series of the standard historians, Hume, Lingard, and Gibbon, issued by the same house, and at a price consistent with the most collapsed state of wallet. This interesting-as-a-novel History of England is now brought to the close of the seventeenth century. Another volume is already promised abroad. The remaining volumes will follow in this form immediately on their appearance in Europe, till the whole work is complete.

Songs of Yale. New Haven : T. H. Pease. 1855. pp. 54.

WE congratulate our cousins of New Haven, that Yale has found her Pisistratus in the compilers of these college ditties, which shall now go down to a delighted posterity hand in hand with our cherished contemporary, the "Lit." College songs ! what associations flood upon us : jovial meetings of every magnitude from the Helio-gabalian class-supper to where two or three are gathered together over a quiet oyster and Stygian ale-bottle, — and were there ever such without some characteristic solo or uproarious chorus ? But we refrain. Singers here will recognize one or two songs already familiar through that pleasant series, — Student Songs. We cannot concede to the doxology (p. 23) the depth of thought and delicacy of expression which marks our classic

"Αλει, μύλα, αλει·
Καὶ γὰρ Πιττακὸς αἰεῖ,
μεγάλῃς Μιτυλήνης βασιλεύων.

Of course, everybody who sings — and in college who don't sing,? — will call for a copy at the counter of our friend and publisher, Mr. Bartlett.

While Yale has done thus much for collegiate lyrics, we beg to remind our friends and exchanges of the publication of a new and enlarged edition of *College Words and Customs*, already noticed at length in our October number. We need only say, in addition to that elaborate analysis, that the work will warm the heart of an *Alumnus*, delight an *Undergraduate*, and prove absolutely indispensable to a *Sub-freshman*; — in fact, we have it from *excellent* authority that future applicants for admission will be examined in Mr. Hall's book.

Humorous Poems of THOMAS HOOD. Edited by EPES SARGENT.
Vol. II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1856.

THIS new volume of Hood's poetical works is intended to contain those more humorous poems, by that most humorous of authors, which were necessarily omitted in the first volume of Messrs. Phillips and Sampson's series of popular British poets; they are now for the first time collected from the various magazines and periodicals in which they were originally published. The volume comprises but few of those more serious and sentimental poems, which, by their imagination and their deep feeling, would have raised their author to a higher kind of distinction than he now enjoys in the general estimation, had he not been cut off by a lingering illness in the prime of life. Yet the ballads, odes, and miscellaneous pieces which it contains exhibit, to a greater extent than anything in the former collection, the peculiar kind of wit in which Hood excelled. It is impossible to conceive of verbal wit carried to a higher pitch than he has carried it. While most men who indulge in the dangerous habit of punning degenerate into mere punsters, Hood seldom allowed his extraordinary facility in this respect to get the better of him. He catches hold of witty ideas, and then entwines them and wreathes them with puns and jests, which he employs to set forth and illustrate his rare humor. He seldom tells a story or writes a stanza for the mere purpose of introducing a favorite pun; his verbal quibbles seem to come out of their own accord, without being dragged out by main force. By his droll effusions and humorous punning, Hood has done more than any one else to render respectable a species of wit which, with a few exceptions, is very properly considered disreputable.

Wolfsden. By J. B. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, and Company.
1856.

THE author of *Wolfsden* seems to have been deeply impressed by the principle expressed on the first page of his work : " Scenes of rural beauty are more delightful when contrasted with the sublime and terrible." He is not content to leave the pictures of quiet New England country life, sketched by the hand of an artist evidently well acquainted with his subject, to please of themselves, but attempts to increase their effect by contrast with wildly horrible scenes of vice and wretchedness. The interest of the story is, however, well maintained throughout, and we recommend it to readers who are fond of this class of novels, as quite worthy their perusal.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE Senior editors had too much to do, — for the Senior editors, be it known, are men of parts, and are busy with learned harangues in the vernacular, against the first Tuesday in May; — our main stay was coiled up with a fever, and our second colleague, following the generous impulse of his nature, actually said he would n't; — then, as though a gigantic salt-bag had taken us between the shoulders, we realized the responsibility of our position.

O Sisypheus! After a month's up-hill work, — pushing and tugging, not sluggish matter, but inert dispositions which continuous allusions to Tartarus had failed to excite, — we vainly imagined our labor was ended, when the provoking facts set forth above bore us down again.

In this melancholy frame of mind, the editorial noddle sought its pillow, and was delivered of a dream, "which was not all a dream," we fear.

It was several days before the Kalends, "Harper for April" was unannounced, while the third number of the Harvard was rapidly disappearing from the publisher's counter. With considerable curiosity as to its publication without our prescience, we immediately turned to this page for a solution of the mystery. Wonder of wonders! it was perfectly blank. With execrations on the meddling wight who had done this, we awoke.

Unfortunate reader, don't you believe in dreams? We confess we do; we are a fatalist beside. The triple spinsters have given their decision, as you have read, that this page should be a blank, printers' ink to the contrary notwithstanding. For you know

"'T is not the blankest page, that's left unwrit."

We offer no excuses; it must be, — it can't be helped.

We insert this month an article of more polemic nature than any which has yet appeared in the Magazine, — an honest expression of opinion upon institutions existing in most American colleges. Where, if not in a students' periodical, shall questions of interest to students be discussed? Not that we wish ever to have college politics the chief topic in our monthly, nor expect our brother Undergraduates to suggest desirable reformatations in the régime of the University; but the relation of student to student is surely our own. We do not consider the subject exhausted, but, with the sage Roger de Coverley, think a great deal may be said on both sides. Won't a mystic Gamma or Chi reply in the May number? Certainly one of the five Greek letter combinations which now exist in our midst can furnish a champion to take up "green ribbon's" glove. Get up an excitement, do!

The Seniors have had their class elections. By the way, what an example of tedious dilatoriness the popular legislative branch held up to the country, last winter. Not a railway director nor country parish deacon can now be chosen at a single session. Even conservative Harvard has been drawn into the current. Shall we hint it? Many Senior Sophisters were in attendance at the national capital the past Vacation. Ballot after ballot was announced, the other day, with such slight

fluctuations that we could not but be reminded of the monotonous "Banks 93." After the eleventh trial, one of the candidates withdrew, and the elections resulted as stated below.

The other item of college news, the destruction of the venerable Hollis Hall by fire, did not come off, as was at one time anticipated, since no members of the fire department were present.

In looking over our exchanges, we deeply feel what a love of a life our gallant brother-editors at the South must lead, since angelic woman assists in bringing out the monthly record. Would it were so here! What a glorious task it would be to solicit an article; and only think of looking over proof together! We are not a handsome man, we are a very bashful man, but we *would* devote all our time to the interests of the Magazine, if a "sunny-faced" contributor [Ers-kine Collegiate Recorder] would "cheer us on in our wearisome task, and give [additional] grace and interest to our college monthly."

At an epicene institution, out West, an exchange, in quoting the farewell odes which passed between the graduating and junior classes of the female department, assures the ladies that the tender sentiments expressed would find response beneath every vest on the other [male] side of the chapel.

Alas! we are three centuries behind such advancement. Within as many years, the doors of Harvard were closed upon a female applicant for admission. The Magazine was not even issued last February, although it is leap-year.

With this melancholy concession, we invert our torch.

CLASS OF 1856. Class-day this year falls on June 20th. The gentlemen mentioned below were chosen officers of the day.

Orator: James B. Greenough, Cambridge.

Poet: Edward T. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.

Odist: Howard M. Ticknor, West Roxbury.

Marshal: Francis B. Rice, Worcester.

Assistant Marshals: Richard H. Weld, West Roxbury, and George B. Chase, Boston.

• *Chaplain*: William T. Crapster, Howard Co., Md.

Class-Secretary: William W. Burrage, Cambridge.

Class-day Committee: Edward P. Jeffries, Boston; Edward F. Daland, Salem; and M. Van Buren Harding, Pittsburg, Penn.

Class-Committee: Daniel A. Gleason and Thomas Kinnicutt, Worcester.

CLASS-SUPPER OFFICERS.

President: Charles L. D. Elgee, New Orleans, La.

Odist: Frank P. Nash, Boston.

EXCHANGE CONFAB.

ONE of the *pleasures* of our editorial life is looking over the exchanges which we receive, with more or less regularity, from the various institutions where these little periodicals flourish. Should two or three editors be apprehended in a case of "group in the College yard," it is very certain they loiter over the last Yale or Marietta. Doubtless our brethren of the quill, elsewhere, could tell like experience. And though we discover certain beauties in our own nurslings which we fail to recognize in the children from afar, yet none of us can claim all that is good, leaving to other magazines only a choice between imitation and failure.

In editorial confidence, dear Yale, tell us if "Merry Christmas" is not, like the magic Goethe's stories, a narration of personal experience. We have a "black-eyed cousin" ourself, a couple of hours up a railway, and won't believe the Irish-woman in the cars, the hearty reception at the end of the journey, and the more interesting sequences, are a myth. There is Poe, Jr., too, unsurpassed and imitable, — but why rewrite the table of contents? Marietta, she of the Ottoman motto, with wild geese and æsthetics, comes regular as the month. Ours for *February* has been received there; — won't they remail it, it would be quite a novelty here.

Amherst for a long time was unheard from. We were about to express our doubts of her welfare, but yesterday "February" and "March" greeted us in the sanctum. We have never received the first numbers of the present volume, however, nor those of our new exchanges, the "Knoxiana" and "Kenyon." Will our friends please attend to this, as we dislike to bind incomplete volumes.

Several numbers of the "G. U. M." have failed to reach us. Do not imagine we would venture to supply the wanting chapters of the "Motherless," when that thrilling tale has been so successfully conducted by its fair authoress. An occasional "Erskine" also, like a pleasant day in March, reminds us that there is a land of spring. Finally, we hope our brethren in misery, everywhere, will *see that each number is sent us*, since these college periodicals are religiously preserved in CAMBRIDGE.

N. B. Subscribers desirous of examining Magazines received from other colleges will find them at the College Library.

APRIL, 1856.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II.—No. IV.

MAY, 1856.

CAMBRIDGE:
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Bookseller to the University.

1856.

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 BACK NUMBERS WANTED. — *Thirty-seven cents each will be given for copies of the HARVARD MAGAZINE for December, 1854, being Vol. I. No. I.*

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1856.

No. 4.

WHITTIER.*

How the age in which our lot is cast will appear before posterity is a question very easily asked, and never answered. In the article of poetry, for instance, what have these two middle decenniums of the nineteenth century to offer? Some there are, doubtless, who look upon Longfellow as in no degree inferior to Horace; and perhaps George Warrington is not the only one who holds that "Mr. Tennyson of Cambridge may take rank with the greatest poets of all." Others less sanguine hold this to be a time of flat mediocrity, — a time when the old school of poetry has died away and no new one has arisen. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe the truth lies between these two estimates. It is true there is no living Milton or Dryden or Byron; but we are inclined to think that Longfellow and Tennyson will compare not unfavorably with Goldsmith and Coleridge, and that through them our age will leave behind it something at least worthy of preservation. They are undoubtedly the two poetical leaders of the present day. After them we have, in England, the Brownings, Macaulay, — hardly more historian

* The Panorama. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

than poet, — Aytoun, Alexander Smith, and others little heard of this side of the water, yet whose poems are as valuable as half that immense load of rubbish that goes round the world under the name of "the British Poets." Nor in this country are we by any means obliged to stop at Longfellow as the first and last on our list. Bryant, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Holmes, and Whittier, all readily suggest themselves for their shares of fame.

As a poet, judged solely by the merit of his productions, Whittier would probably rank as superior to Holmes, and not equal to Bryant, with more natural force, though less education, than Lowell. Many of his small productions are full of sweetness, and would deserve to be classed high in the better half of English poetry; and probably, if carefully selected and arranged, would form a volume of so much sweetness and beauty that posterity would not willingly let it die. His difficulty at present is one common to all living authors, — he writes too much. Since every newspaper has had its poet's corner, and every magazine its original verses, our best poets have written far too much to write well. But the evil would be small if it stopped here, — if the fugitive poems, after fulfilling their mission, producing so much money for their author, and the due amount of criticism from the world, were allowed quietly to die with the paper on which they were printed. This, however, they are not allowed to do. They must not rest quietly in the grave of musty newspaper files, but at stated periods, when enough of them have thus gone to their apparently long rest, the author drags them forth again, and thrusts them once more upon the world, this time in the form of a volume. Thus there is, and has been for fifty years, hardly a poet — with the exception of Macaulay, and one or two other men of genius, who have rather amused than occupied themselves with verse — who would not appear better could half of his writings be destroyed. Byron is the most remarkable specimen of this, probably by nature more of a poet than the world

has seen for a century ; yet it sometimes seems as though he were destined to be lost to posterity beneath that mighty mass of trash that bears his name. Tennyson, too, would show far better, were many specimens of maudlin doggerel cut out from his published works, and the whole of his gems confined to one moderate volume. He may have erected for himself a monument more lasting than brass ; but if he has, his material is sadly mixed, the gold with the rubbish. Of Longfellow, too, the poet with purer taste than any other of the century, — the poet who looks most to the future, who most of all writes for posterity, — besides a volume of uncollected fugitive pieces, all of which we may expect in time, we already have four printed volumes of original poems. Dryden and Pope each left us three. This is too much ; nobody now seems to care to appear before posterity in becoming shape ; every one who can write exclaims, —

“ Prepare for rhyme, — I’ll publish, right or wrong.”

If authors must write for money, and care nothing for fame, let them at least leave behind them a carefully prepared collection of their own gems for the future, not bequeath acres of rhyme and tons of melody to frighten posterity. Let them at least draw their garments closely around them, to await eternity, and decently compose their features before dying ; if they care not for themselves, let them at least do this for the age in which they live.

Whittier is not exempt from this besetting sin of living authors. Two thirds of this little volume before us the world will not care to keep alive, and it will be well if the two thirds do not drag the remainder into their grave. The *Panorama*, from which the book takes its name, is an anti-slavery poem of considerable merit, of which we shall say something presently ; the thirty fugitive pieces that follow are all of them pretty, but most of them might, perhaps, as well have died in the poet’s corners in which they first prob-

ably saw the light. The gems of the book are the three ballads at the end of the volume ; and of these "Maud Muller" is the prettiest. We gladly greet her on her reappearance, as we remember having met her some years since, and hold her an old friend. Some few of the poems are personal ; such are "The Hero," in which some of the romantic incidents of Dr. Howe's life are spoken of, and also the Lines to Charles Sumner. More than half of the poems are political. If we regard them solely in this light, we wholly lose sight of their most interesting feature.

It has always been said, and with some truth, that this country has no distinct literature, its characteristic as a nation. Everything literary here is as much English as our language. A few years ago Whittier gave his views on this subject thus : "All this (the poetry of home, of nature, of the affections) is sadly wanting in our young literature. We have no songs ; American domestic life has never been hallowed and beautified by the sweet and graceful and tender associations of poetry. We have no Yankee pastorals. Our rivers and streams turn mills and float rafts, and are otherwise as commendably useful as those of Scotland ; but no quaint ballad or simple song reminds us that men and women have loved, met, and parted on their banks, or that beneath each roof within their valleys the tragedy and comedy of life have been enacted. Our poetry is cold and imitative." This is, or was, very true. Our most favored writers are even now the most imitative. Irving, the most popular of our prose-writers, has indeed done much in the above way for New York ; but the author of Bracebridge Hall can hardly be held a purely national writer ; — and Longfellow, immeasurably first among our poets, is English or German in everything but name, and probably felt more at home in the "Golden Legend" than in "Hiawatha" ; nor are the aborigines of this country the mortals in whom we take the most lively interest. Perhaps Holmes has as much of the New-Englander as any poet this country has yet produced ;

his is indeed the thin, wiry humor of a true Yankee ; but his poetry is not of a high order, and he shows the least imposing side of the New England character. Whittier himself more nearly approaches the land of promise that he beholds, than any other of our poets. And in this does the merit of this volume mainly consist. The pieces of which it is composed are purely New England, written by a Yankee, and one of the better sort ; uneducated, indeed, but full of affection for everything New England. The little piece called "The Barefoot Boy" is for this reason the prettiest thing we have ever seen of the sort. It seems to bubble over with New England life, to give the whole journal of a Yankee country-boy, to be redolent of shingles and white paint. Whittier says that the man who would be successful in poetry characteristic of New England "must be himself what he sings, — part and parcel of the rural life of New England ; one who has grown strong amidst its healthful influences, familiar with all its details, and capable of detecting whatever of beauty, humor, or pathos pertains to it ; one who has added to his book-lore the large experience of an active participation in the rugged toil, the hearty amusements, the trials and the pleasures, he describes." No Englishman, no foreigner, could have written this little poem of "The Barefoot Boy" ; it required a man born and bred in the clear, exhilarating atmosphere of New England. It breathes the spirit of a beautiful June day in Massachusetts ; and such must it recall to every one who has ever enjoyed one of those most delicious of all days. The same may be said in commendation of the ballads. They were intended to be, and are, thoroughly New England, and, as such, valuable additions to our literature. "Mary Garvin" is pretty enough, and also characteristic, but labors under the difficulty of being dull. It is somewhat after the model of "Cassandra Southwick," but less inspiring and vigorous than that fine ballad, and is the least remarkable of the three in this volume. "The Ranger" is, in parts, one of Whittier's prettiest ballads, containing

some of the sweetest and most vivid descriptions of New England scenery we have ever met. But its metre is rather a difficult one for ballad poetry, and, like many of Whittier's, it is not perfectly smooth. The vein, however, that he has struck is a rich one, and we see no reason why many of the old incidents of our Puritan history should not be clothed in the same vigorous, spirited verse, nor why Whittier should not do more to throw a softening veil of romance and poetry over our earlier days. As a whole, this volume contains several pieces of no little merit, and if the time ever comes when Mr. Whittier collects his best and most spirited pieces, to make one lasting monument to preserve his name before posterity, there are several in this little volume which we would not gladly see left out. Such a collection we hope he will ultimately make, as we think the time may yet come when the author of "Cassandra Southwick" will be honored with the name of Father of New England ballad poetry.

But this book, whatever its poetical merit, by no means derives its most interesting feature from this. It is most interesting from its connection with the questions of the day ; it is emphatically a campaign book. The extra volume of Sumner's Speeches, issued by the same firm at almost the same time, is hardly more devoted to the one absorbing question than is this volume of poems. The Panorama, and half of the remaining twenty or thirty pieces, are all "Voices of Freedom." In the character, then, of a reformer and agitator, we wish to say a few words of Whittier, by no means committing ourselves in approval or disapproval of his course. Whittier, in fact, without his politics, is about what the play of Hamlet would be without the Prince of Denmark. As a poet of sentiment and repose, he has doubtless great merit, but many have surpassed him ; and though many more have fallen short of him, the works of better men have died and left no sign. Whittier burns with the true fire rarely, except when kindled at the sight of wrong, or insult, or persecution. His is not indeed one of those

natures that must rush headlong into the fiercest struggles; on the contrary, naturally retiring and fond of repose, as he says himself, —

“Not of choice, for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song.”

Yet this very yearning for quiet shows how strong and glowing must the impulse be that, after impelling him to leave the “green and pleasant paths of song” for the dustier highway of politics, yet nerves him to go on so bravely under the burden he has assumed. It shows clearly the enthusiastic nature of the man, his devotion to the great idea, and it gives great promise for the spirit and glow of everything he writes in connection with that subject.

Nature has made him an enthusiast, the willing or unwilling instrument for the fulfilment of one idea; and as such should he be considered, in justice. Nor do we use the phrase of man of one idea in its modern and opprobrious sense, but rather hold it in such a case no small compliment. All the great reformers, all those men who have given a new complexion to their ages, have surrendered wholly to one idea.

Looking back to the Reformation, every century has been marked by its own peculiar revolution, each one the regular consequent of the preceding, and each distinguished by its peculiar leaders. Luther and his fellow-reformers were the great minds and great workers of the sixteenth century; the seed they planted was destined to spring up and ripen into a great harvest. They surely were men of one idea. Just a century after Luther's death rose a new set of reformers, not less strong or less earnest than their predecessors; and at the head of these stood Oliver Cromwell. These, too, labored for one great end. When another century had passed, a new revolution, the natural consequent of the two preceding, was already commenced in America; at the head of this were Washington and the great children of the Revolution. These, too, were no less earnest. In 1520 Luther was

excommunicated by the Pope of Rome ; one hundred and twenty-seven years later, Charles the Second was executed ; one hundred and twenty-seven years more bring us into the very heat of the American Revolution ; the third epoch is now almost completed ; a curious and dark enigma is at hand that must be solved, and a race of strong men — Luthers, Cromwells, and Washingtons — must arise to solve it. In moral courage and earnestness of purpose, Whittier well represents the men who must spring up and labor on his side of the contest. Whether the object of their labors is a good one or not, what their present chances of success are, is a question to be debated and solved elsewhere. It is sufficient to speak of this book as an indication of the spirit that actuates one of the two great parties now forming, and both destined probably to be prolific of great men, between whom a fierce and remarkable struggle will arise upon the all-absorbing question of the nineteenth century.

The presence of such men as Whittier, whether active or retiring, we are far from regarding as a misfortune, whether we coincide with them or not. The same man may be respectable or mediocre in many things, and such a one may do for calm times, for the still waters of life ; but for the attainment of any great end, the prosecution of any great struggle, it is necessary that every thought, every action, should steadily tend to one end, — that every accident should be made subservient to the one project which engrosses the life. For a reformer of the sixteenth century, for a Puritan, respectability will not suffice, — the enthusiast, the man of one idea, is needed. In the past, all recognize, all admire, the great qualities, the massive strength, the colossal proportions of such ; but it is the distance that lends the enchantment in the eyes of most men, and when the same character starts up before their very eyes, it becomes a deformity on the face of the earth, a foul odor in the nostrils of humanity. Such they call fanatic, almost lunatic. Respectability cannot see that, as it calmly enjoys fruits won by the enthu-

siasm of former men of one idea, whom now they consent to approve, perhaps honor, but who also were the fanatics of their day, so a future Respectability will come, and the fanatic of to-day become the saint of to-morrow. Far from being the offscouring of the earth, the enthusiast is the salt that alone preserves society from utter corruption. They were the moulders of the present, they are those of the future; others have labored, and ye have entered into the fruits of their labors. When Respectability looks over the page of history, it does not see another Respectability of the past. No! in its place is only an inert matter, over which the two great fanatic minds of the past age fought, and when one conquered, Respectability quietly took sides with the conqueror, and only the inert mass is unheard of in the future. Thus by the victorious enthusiasts of the past were planted the seeds of the present. But Respectability is blind. It does not see that it is but the same inert mass in the present which itself sees play so insignificant a part in the past, and that history in not recording its presence will but show to some future Respectability another victory of mind over matter.

The age of enthusiasm is followed by the age of respectability, the age of greatness by the age of mediocrity. The last century, for us, was an age of greatness; strong men lived, and they wrought strongly. We have entered into the fruits of their labors; but should not we also do something for the future? At present mediocrity — though, alas! not always respectability, in more than one sense — is the characteristic of this country. Great questions have arisen, — questions with which the temporizing statesmen of to-day are unable to cope: they are weak men, and, besides, they are insincere. With this feeling, we rejoice at every symptom of the growth of a stronger, more decisive class of statesmen, — men made of sterner stuff. No matter which side of the struggle they take, no matter whether they appear north or south of Mason and Dixon's; let them but appear strong

and earnest, and much will be gained. At least, it will be a sign of latent strength and ability, yet more of latent honesty, escaping the corrupting influence of wealth. Let but earnest men appear, though they swarm with "*isms*," though they be never so fanatic, and there is yet hope for the country; but when they cease to exist, — when nothing but respectability, but mediocrity, is to be found, — when there is none of that earnest enthusiasm that alone defies corruption, — when all is miserable intrigue and dirty bribery, and there is no high sense of honor left, — then must hope go too. When shame, truth, and honor have fled, and fraud, treachery, violence, deceit, and the cursed love of gain have succeeded to their places, — when

"Ultima cœlestum, terras Astræa reliquit," —

then indeed will the humors be purged out, but the blood will have gone with them. There is no rose without its thorn, nor is there any body politic, worth preserving, without its humors. It is well for us, perhaps, that the superfluous life and energy of our country find such easy vent in the thousand and one good and bad "*isms*" against which mediocrity cries out so loudly; and it is well for us we have so much enthusiasm to waste. If a time should ever come when all these symptoms of health cease to appear, perhaps it is not difficult to foresee what soon or late must happen. The moral, then, becomes like the overcharged physical atmosphere. After intense heat, when no freshness, no pure breeze, seems left upon the earth, — when the air becomes like sulphur-steams, and seems to flicker and tremble in lazy heat, — no cool breeze from the ocean, no half-way measure, will suffice to clear the air, — the thunder-storm, an atmospheric revolution, becomes necessary. So when mankind become stagnant and corrupt by too long prosperity and quiet; when old abuses are no longer striven against; when all spirit, or enthusiasm, or fanaticism, except in the accumulation of wealth, has vanished from the

community; when the whole moral nature of society has become rotten with gold, and mankind has sunk into a wretched Struldbrug state, — then is no revival, no reformation, a sufficient purifier, — a revolution is necessary.

The time for such convulsions is yet afar off, and Whittier is one of these glowing, earnest men — a living ember amid the cold ashes of the old Puritan fire — who afford the best assurance that it is not yet near; and as such do we value him. He is now, indeed, antislavery; but whatever side in this or any great struggle he might imagine the voice of duty called him to, we feel sure he would ever be earnest, and believe what he said; we should always admire the noble, sterling qualities, — the ends they were used for would, as now, be a matter of opinion. But it is when speaking of slavery that the true fire flashes up in Whittier's poetry. On all other subjects he is comparatively cold and flat and lifeless; but the moment he enters on this, he is a changed man. Time or place make but little difference; he might have written the ballad of Virginia as he has that of Cassandra Southwick, but the font from which his inspiration would be drawn would in any case be American slavery. He glows and burns over the wrongs of the present, though he may speak of them under the names of the past. Like all men of his warm temper, he is easily cast down in adversity and encouraged by success; he is himself none the less earnest, but, like all earnest men, he often hopes too much or despairs too much of the times, and his poetry often takes the color of the moment. To be appreciated, however, he should be viewed through his poems written in the moment of exultation at some real or supposed victory, when his hopes for the future are at their height. Such are "Cassandra Southwick" and "Massachusetts to Virginia," in both of which a mighty shout of exultation seems to ring through every line; and in connection with the great question in which he takes so deep an interest will the poems of Whittier take their rank high in the poetry of America.

"I knew," wrote old Fletcher of Saltoun, "a very wise man, that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation." If this be true, neither Whittier nor his friends need doubt much the result of their labors, as the poetry of the country is pretty effectually under their control. Of the six American poets mentioned in an earlier portion of this article, four of them stand side by side, and the names of all but one are connected more or less with the politics of the day. Of the four, however, the poems of Whittier are the strongest, the most adapted to the American mind, and those most likely to make a deep impression.

Thus, perhaps, the still, strong spirit of the poet, though shackled by a timid body, almost morbidly shrinking from prominence, may be the instrument towards effecting more real work, for good or evil, than all the loud and foul-mouthed politicians of this blatant land. Yet although painfully afraid of notoriety, though not made for an active leader of men, Whittier's spirit is every way a brave one, and ready to abide by consequences. In fact, the Quaker blood will show itself in a certain fondness for persecution; for though he will not thrust his injuries always forward, yet he continually gives you quietly to understand that he is one of a minority on a question of great interest, and that his opponents lack the power, not the will, to cut off his ears or to put him in the pillory. Over this does he quietly seem to exult: the sense of injury gives a certain relish to his poetry. Take this away, put him in the majority, let him order everything, and there would be an end of his more stirring poetry; by so doing, you would steal from him his inspiration; pretty poems they might yet, would yet, appear, but the breath of life would be gone. His is not the fierce, unbending spirit of the earlier Quakers of Massachusetts,—far from it; he would, if thrown into like positions, show rather the gentle and suffering nature of Thomas Ellwood, none the less firm because quiet; like him shrinking

from the world, asking only for repose, yet not disposed because of that to act less fully than Ellwood in the spirit of those memorable words of that "blameless and quiet country gentleman," stout old Isaac Pennington: "Go on! try it out with the spirit of the Lord; come forth with your laws and prisons and spoiling of goods, and banishment and death, if the Lord please, and see if ye can carry it!"

WHAT IS TRUTH?

THE day was almost spent. Tired and worn
I left my study, — gladly left those books
In which, for all that weary April-day,
And many weary April-days before,
I vainly sought to clasp the phantom, Truth.
I reached the river-bank, and on the grass
I threw my tired frame; but still my thoughts
Reverted to the books, and still my soul
Within me asked to know the Truth. Ah! would
That he of old, when stood before him there
The only One who could an answer give,
Had waited for the Son of Man's reply.
I raised my eyes, and glanced across the stream,
To where the Berkshire's highest mountain-peak
Pierced through the clouds and pointed up to heaven.
Around its base were heavy mists, and clouds
Threw dark and gloomy shadows on its side.
Its top was wreathed with snow, and on it fell —
Whilst all below was shade — the sun's full rays,
Bathing the pure white peak in clearest light.
'Twas thus, thought I, my soul was wrapped about
With mists and gloomy shadow casting clouds
Of Error, Ignorance, and Doubt. Thus, too,
I ardent longed to soar above the earth,
And near the sky in purity to dwell,
Bathed in the sunlight of eternal truth.
As thus I mused, old Holyoke seemed to point
With steady finger to the deep blue sky,
As if to tell me only Thence was light.

C. L. D. E.

MOTHER GOOSE.*

"Antiquam exquirite matrem."

My first book, — alas! it is now a much-soiled, badly torn, and excessively dog-eared duodecimo, originally with green-paper covers and an exquisite cut of its erudite authoress. Before the alphabet was half mastered, or the difficulties of the "a-b ab's" tortured my infantine brain, the contents of this prized work were wholly mine. I had listened, *arrectis auribus*, with the grave faith of a three-year-old, and, with persevering inquisitiveness, had insisted on knowing all the details omitted by the chronicles. Then those pictures! My! were there ever such pictures before? And did n't they receive the larger portion of my first paint-box's riches; for no such obstacles as bothered the juvenile West prevented me from being the chief limner of this age. But I did n't tell you: mine is an unabridged edition, — none of your half-fledged goslings, which, in spite of their want of resemblance, claim relationship with the parent bird; not one of those unfortunate plucked abridgments, from whom some crafty fox of an antiquary has stolen half the knowledge on which he so plumes himself. A plump little volume it is, too, with all the melodies, the ballads, and wonderful histories complete.

Who enjoys Mother Goose? Who don't? Who, except a misanthrope, but regards it with affection and indulgence? Long the delight of the youngsters, they do not fail to please even you, morose children of a larger growth, wrapped up in all the asinine dignity of your erudition.

* MR. EDITOR, — Don't let any unsophisticated Sophomore imagine from my title that this article has the slightest connection with the "Goose Question," technically so called. Assure such, for me, it has no connection with the article of last month on Societies, and oblige

Yours, etc.

Next to a mother, the greatest institution of earth,—immeasurably ahead of baby-jumpers, gutta-percha dolls, rocking-horses, or tin whistles. I sha' n't attempt to refute the unimaginative Gradgrind, who cries out that I wasted my time, but shall only throw the book contemptuously in his face. I shall pass no eulogium on Mother Goose: she needs none; and if you don't believe it now, wait till there is a

“Baby crowing at your knee
While you sing these simple ditties,”

and own your error. But this much shall be said: Foremost among those teachers who mould the ingenuous English mind is Mother Goose,—the literary godmother to us all. Amid those perfections of beauty and grace which the world admires most in its intellectual Parthenon, how many, if traced to their source, would be found to have sprung from the evanescent frothiness of baby-rhyme, which is commonly tossed by, unobserved, on the great sea of literature! As there is no testimony of the infant Shakespeare pouring forth his childish grief in tragic verse, nor boy John Milton recounting the exploits of a half-holiday to gaping nurses, and as the beautiful humbug of inspiration is exploded, Mother Goose was undoubtedly the schoolmarm of their early fancies, and turned their strong intellects in the particular direction of poesy.

We moderns do a respectable family a great injury in imputing stupidity alone to the title “Goose.” An ancient chronicle (in five volumes folio, left with me by the indulgent editors) thus explains the mystery, greatly to the credit of the geese. When Merlin entered the spirit land, his magical powers were transferred to Mother Goose, and mankind flocked about her lonely habitation with their inquiries of the future. Regardless of her sapient teachings, they continued to be as sinful and foolish as before, till, indignant that their oracle's advice was so unheeded, the whole goose tribe ceased their prophetic songs, and greeted every mortal

they have since met with hisses of contempt and derision. Indeed, the family has been known and favored since the golden days of Olympus. Did not the mistress of the world once owe salvation to these vigilant outposts? Roast goose was unknown in Rome thereafter. The familiar fable of the goose which daily laid a golden egg, is merely a poetical expression for the rich store of knowledge she possessed. The old woman whose greediness prompted killing the goose, is evidently the anti-progressive spirit of the Dark Ages, which checked all learning, and partly succeeded in blotting out existing literature by positive destruction.

Few, besides uncommunicative big-wigs, learned doctors, who are traditionally found

"in closet close ypent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent,"

know or will believe the great antiquity of the muse I celebrate. Yet a majority of the ballads and histories will be found to have their counterparts in the old Northern legends of the Kalewála. The curious will find a book on this subject which is well worth their investigation. It declares that these nursery rhymes and ballads, to which all children speaking the English tongue owe so much enjoyment, were heard before ever a Briton spoke English. Have proper reverence. The Iliad, the Le-ke, the Edda; Homer, Confucius, Mother Goose!

One or two familiar stories I cite, to save you a tramp to the Library, — an institution religiously closed at all times when students are disengaged. Tom Thumb is declared to be of Scandinavian descent, the same as Thaumlin of the Northmen. He is elsewhere said to have come to England, where he died; for many years a stone in the minster at Lincoln marked the spot where his few ashes repose.

Jack the Giant-Killer presents indubitable resemblances to the fictions of the Edda. The gigantic Skrimmer of the one appears as the good-natured bloody Welsh giant of the other.

The Edda tells us, too, of a marvellous ash, Ygdrasil, reaching from hell to heaven. In our little book of legends there is a little boy who climbed a bean-stalk through the sky, to a strange land above. The Saxon Gigas in this story roars,

"Fee, fan, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman";

very like the Scandinavian anthropophaginan, Jette, who cries,

"Snouk but, snouk ben,
I find the smell of earthly men."

The great antiquity of this book is beyond question. I would call your attention to the lessons here contained, which prove it to be the repository of the wisdom, taste, and morality of the world, at the date of its composition.

I open the book at random; ah! here is

"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie," &c.;

and next to it,

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and home he ran."

Look on this picture, and then on that. In the one case, the miserable Thomas, having stolen a porker, and feasting thereon, is convicted of the theft and "beat"; evidently publicly disgraced at the town whipping-post, for the next line tells us,

"Tom ran crying down the street."

On the other hand, the virtuous Horner is composedly disposing of that *ne plus ultra* of the *cuisine*,—a mince-pie. A clear conscience gives an easy digestion and perfect composure. What can impress more forcibly the great truth, "Be good, and you'll be happy"?

Attention to out-door etiquette is enjoined as follows:—

"One misty moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,"

(observe, it was one of those disagreeable mornings which we are apt to let our tempers reflect,)

"I met"

(not a fine gentleman in broadcloth, immaculate boots, and leron kids, to whom you'd instinctively uncover, but)

"an old man, clothed all in leather."

With *true politeness*, nevertheless, both parties break out in the warmest salutations :

"How d'ye do?" "How d'ye do?" "How d'ye do again?"

Now for the venerable and prolific dame whose mansion was a shoe. Her progeny were evidently troublesome, for it is expressly stated that the anxious mother "did n't know *what* to do." Pious woman! you were undoubtedly conning the wisdom of Solomon when you hit upon the final expedient, of a miscellaneous thrash-and-send-to-bed. *Maternæ pietatis imago!* Regardless of the pangs such painful necessity inflicted in your unhappy bosom, you were wise enough *not* to spare the rod, but "to flog them upon all occasions."

The admirable economy of John, or, as the poet familiarly speaks of him, Jack Sprat, and his confiding spouse, reminds one of the practices still in vogue under the eaves of the University. The adipose substance was excessively disagreeable to him, and his partner would not deprive him of a streak of lean, but restricted herself to the fat. Thus were contention and strife unknown.

The following is allegorical:—

"There was a man in Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a brier-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes";

and evidently has reference to those disputatious philosophers who are continually bickering and assailing one another's dogmas, often to the entire annihilation of their own hypotheses. The renowned Thessalian immediately resorted to "another bush,"—shifted his ground,—to scratch his eyes in again. But *we* cannot admire the wisdom (to drop the allegory again) which, when convinced that it is wrong, rushes blindly into a new discussion.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"

is the interrogation put to the traveller who has but recently returned from his journeyings. The proud reply is, —

"I've been to London to see the Queen."

But when the large additions to the stock of knowledge, the enlarged views and rich experience of foreign travel, are sought for, the humble answer of misspent time and opportunities is unsatisfactory: —

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?"

"I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

Do not many perform lengthier tours with corresponding advantage?

The next discovery quite astounded me; but I am in hopes of finding many similar illustrations of the dark points of history; and in case I am successful, I promise the world an appendix to Weber in an equally attractive style. The verse in question is the one so long a puzzle to narrow-minded investigators, —

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl."

Paradoxical it may seem that three humans should tempt the ravenous ocean by sailing forth in a bowl, but I still believe the foundation of the story to be true. I at first supposed it had reference to the frail emigrant coffins, which soulless speculators despatched on the perilous voyage around the Horn, — with what sad experience I need not speak. Or it might refer to any rash one who would launch wildly forth into vast literary,* social, or commercial enterprises, unprovided with capital, knowledge, or experience.

It is now clearly a record of the first experiment on the polarity of the magnet. Mr. Emerson is my authority in saying that the sun-god of Phœnicia bestowed a mariner's

* The author has evidently some faint inkling of his own temerity. — Ed.

compass upon Hercules. The compass of that day was not a needle freely suspended, but a floating magnet in a bowl. The trust reposed in this slight instrument by the three — (observe, a traditional number like the three brothers from whom everybody is descended) — leaders of this expedition appeared as ridiculous to the *vulgus*, as an attempt at navigating the stormy Atlantic in a wash-basin would to us.

The poem goes on, —

“Had the bowl been stronger,
My tale would be longer.”

That is, had not some unfortunate accident destroyed confidence in the experiment, had the principle been fully demonstrated, the result would have been the discovery and settlement of the Western continent, and the narrative necessarily more protracted. But the Fates withheld the glory of such success to the unborn Columbus, and confused poor Hercules with the perturbations.

I invite Inspector Bucket's attention to this passage: —

“Da must steigen oder sinken,
Da must herrschen und gewinnen,
Oder dienen und vier tieren.”

Goethe but elaborated the thought, —

“Now we go up, up, up;
And now we go down, down, down.”

The rhetorical beauty of this is quite remarkable: prepare for a calamity: —

“Ding dong bell!” (Horror of horrors!)
“The cat's in the well!!”

The spirit of justice, aroused in the breast of every man, calls for vengeance on the head of the offender, and shrieks:

“Who put her in?”

Witness:

“Little Johnny Green.”

But, thanks to the humane conduct of great John Stout! the feline was rescued from a watery grave, the water-drinkers

from —, and the startled, shocked senses are relieved by the pleasurable emotions at her safety.

What knowledge of meteorology is next displayed. Geese are even now counted weather-wise.

“ The North-wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.

Compassionate Goose exclaims :

“ What will poor Robin do then, poor thing ? ”

The calm philosophy tacitly recommended in the concluding stanza is attributed to the robin ; but, from the line above, we know it originated in the breast of a goose. It reminds one of those patient lines of the Greek poet :

“ Of all the woes that load the mortal state,
Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate,
And ease it as thou canst.”

Hear Goose : —

“ He 'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And put his head under his wing,
Poor thing ! ”

In conclusion, I commend Mother Goose to the diligent study of everybody, especially to those who would attain to any greatness in ethics, logic, or science.

A QUILL-PEN.

BOARDING AND BOARDERS.

“ WHERE do you board, Jones ? ” say the Faculty. “ Where do you take your meals, Mr. Smith ? ” the young lady asks in the interval of the dance. “ Where do you ‘ fodder ’ ? ” asks Brown of Robinson. Every one is anxious to know where every one else boards. It's very natural ; for eating occupies, to a remarkable degree, the attention of all Cambridge

students, from breakfast to the "one stew and glass of ale" at Lyon's, at eleven, P. M. Jones lives in his room. Smith at Mrs. R——'s, and Robinson at the Vulture Club, or with the Deipnosophoi. A careful observer would not ask these questions, for the answer is evident on each man's face. Jones boards himself: you may see it in that half-starved countenance; his picture is in College Scenes. He is a sad realization of the truth, that a man cannot compose Latin hexameters and boil coffee at the same time. Jones elects mathematics, and often has tried constructing a curve and broiling a steak at the same moment. He cannot keep his eyes on both: he hears the steak burning, but he has his mind intent on the problem. It is a question of starvation or of zero. It requires but a moment's debate; and, having heroically run his fingers through his hair, and declared in a tragic manner that

"Rank is real, rank's eternal,"

he calmly allows the juicy steak to burn, the coffee to boil away, and his toast to become a cinder. And thus he gets his eight, grows pale and thin, is never known to smile, breaks down before he graduates, and sinks into insignificance,—a victim of self-boarding and dreadful "digging." Its no way to live by one's self. One gets selfish and gloomy. One knows no one intimately. If he is sleepy, he takes no breakfast; then he must eat immoderately at dinner, and, instead of a quiet tea, must spend the time walking off the effects of the noon's repast. Before Second Term Sophomore he is a confirmed dyspeptic. He growls and he groans; he must walk his ten miles per diem, and feed on Graham bread.

We are happy to let such a poor, sulky devil pass. He is not agreeable company. To be sure, he but seldom honors you with a visit; but when he does, you have such a feeling towards him that you are willing and eager for the bell to call you to the Spanish recitation or the botanical conversations.

Let Mr. Smith enter now and take his turn. We have introduced him in the ball-room, for, poor creature, he "feeds" at a public table. He is a beautiful dancer, but that's the way with all those who live as he does. Light and airy as any sprite. Fast horses are kept thin that they may race the better. Smith and Co. dance well because they are not overfed. But, seriously, this eating with Thomas, Richard, and Henry is an odious way of living. There is no more intimate relation in all the College course than that between fellow-boarders. People whom you meet, perhaps sit beside, three times a day, are brought into nearer contact with you than in any other way. No society intimacy is as close, no club intimacy so binding. This being the case, it is important that our companions at table should be agreeable to us. At a public table this may or may not be the case. You are unable to say who will be your right-hand neighbor during the next term; whether opposite you will be a gentleman or a blackguard, a glutton or a dainty fellow. When a Freshman, I tried this way of living. At the head of the table sat mine hostess, stern of countenance, homely of face, sour of disposition, gray of hair. We dared not laugh, for she was a nervous individual, and did not scruple to call upon the offender by name, and request him to abstain from that ill-timed levity. I had for neighbor on my left a fellow who took no tea, and often no breakfast, but who never failed at dinner. He came at the first possible moment, and devoured everything in his reach with wonderful rapidity. No time to say a word, unless it was about recitations or some other disagreeable subject. In fifteen minutes he was done; but, in that time, vast quantities of food had disappeared through his capacious mouth. On my right was a dirty "dig." Too much absorbed in his studies to give attention to his person, he waited till he went home on Saturday before he indulged in a bath or a clean shirt. He was a glutton withal. And so, between these two, it was no wonder, when I came in at

one o'clock and five minutes, and asked Betty for a bit of turkey, that she said, "Indade, Sir, and it's all gone."

There was no politeness visible anywhere at this table. It was only a question of time and quantity: he who could dispose of the largest amount of food in the shortest period was considered the hero of the table. As you entered the room, there was only a sound of knives and forks. No voices. Talking was found to be a losing business. It was a small edition of the old Commons, when men lived as pigs, went to dinner only to grab and to fight. The hurry and clatter, the gluttony and dirt, the ragged table-cloths and napkins of many holes, the company, the want of food and attention, were too much, and so I went to live with my friends, the "Laughing Hyenas,"—a club of eight marvellous gentlemen.

Let us look in upon this set of eight. We might go to breakfast if we liked, but it is not probable we should find them all there, for they have two breakfast hours; one at seven for those who like to rise early, while those who prefer to repose in Morpheus's arms till recitation demands their presence, can breakfast quietly at nine. Not at all strange to see the majority go at nine o'clock. The hour gained for sleep is most advantageous for one's health as for pleasure. And how luxurious to be in that dreamy state, just conscious that you are enjoying yourself amazingly, with a dim, half-awakened recollection that you have n't looked at the astronomy! Such a capital resuscitator it is, after scratching at a theme till two o'clock. Be this as it may, our worthy eight generally take their steak and coffee at nine.

Dinner is the best time to see them. They are a hospitable set, and seldom dine alone; so if you go by there about one, no doubt they will invite you in. A cosy room, an oval table that every one may see every one else, a spotless cloth, and such a beauteous maid! Dianora they call her, and you instantly see the force of the poet's re-

mark about "five minutes," "arms," and "Dianora." To-day we begin with pea-soup, and the conversation is mostly confined to the dead that G—— made in Greek, and how P—— flunked in metaphysics; not but that he knew the argument, only he could not find words to express his ideas. With the change of plates we change the conversation, for we do not allow our deads to trouble us, nor do we worry over the three hundred pages assigned for the next history lesson. With the fried oysters naturally come stories of suppers, and how D—— ate six dozen "raw" at Parker's; and this suggests the theatre, and how well this one looked as fourteenth Swiss peasant or twentieth Roman soldier. We don't hurry over our dinner. We don't grab. We don't keep possession of the gravy till we are helped to meat, to the inconvenience of half a dozen others. We behave towards each other as to the members of a family. We are all intimate and well suited to each other. Not that we are all alike, but rather unlike, and so serve to correct each other's faults. We have a man six feet two, and one four feet ten. We have a poet, also an orator. We have a rowing man, — a man profound in historical learning, — a wit, — a great eater, — and one who often forgets his dinner. All are good in something, and when their talents are combined they make a very fine appearance. Do not think this too vain; for no one else will praise us, and so I — their chanticleer — must take the matter in hand. But excuse me; here is a pudding, there a pie; here an apple, there an orange. You ask if we dine thus every day. Bless you, no! It was only yesterday we had old Blains *up*, as we say, and this is the result. It is absolutely necessary that you should blow your keeper once a month, or he will think you afraid, and begin to impose upon you. We have one appointed to do all the scolding, and he soon learns his business, even so as to assume the fierce expression. By the time we have finished it is two o'clock. An hour at our dinner! They of the public table would call it waste of time, — the fact being that

they bolt their food and run. We masticate ours, and laugh heartily to aid the digestion. But it is time we separate. I go to prepare myself in case the Señor should make his appearance. George goes to his usual nap, John and Jim for a game of billiards, and the remainder "go upon the Rialto."

Surely in College boarding-clubs are trumps.

H.

THERE IS NO SOLITUDE.

There is no solitude !

Within the cell where the prisoner weeps,
And the fading sunshine scarcely creeps
Through the window, grated rude,
The spider hath spun her glittering woof,
And the fly crawled o'er the cheerless roof;
And in the evening dim,
When each star its light in the sky reveals,
Mournfully low through the silence steals
The cricket's vesper hymn.

There is no solitude !

For all abroad on the sunny earth
Are forms of beauty, and sounds of mirth,
And flowers of gladness strewed ;
The swelling roar of the surging sea,
And the cheerful song of the humming-bee,
The wind-harp's music wild,
Have each a voice, whose tones impart
A thrill of joy to the beating heart
Of Nature's favored child.

There is no solitude !

For angel arms are round us thrown,
And a silent kiss and a voiceless tone,
With heavenly truth imbued,
Are pressed like a signet on the soul ;
And a strength beyond our weak control
Shall gently lead us on,
Till the soul shall wake from her earthly trance,
And the veil which shades the spirit's glance
Shall be for e'er withdrawn.

J. R. L.

MEN AND MANNERS.*

DR. DORAN has entered upon a field in which he will scarcely find an English rival. He is one of the most prominent writers in a branch of literature which is yet in its infancy. The characteristic of this department is a philosophic spirit of inquiry with reference to objects of the most common use in every-day life. Not very many years ago, some writers thought it possible that a history of the more familiar articles of daily household use, if written in a truly philosophical spirit, might, besides much incidental amusement, shed some light upon the graver portions of history. The French have, for a long time, possessed some very excellent specimens of this kind of literature. In the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antoin* there are quite a number of essays, written in a very pleasant, lively style, on various parts of dress, or the different materials upon which cooks of departed ages have tried their skill. But by far the best of the whole class is a series of five or six little books, which, according to the title-page, were written or compiled "by my late uncle, the Chevalier de Mange-en-ville." One of these little books is entitled, "Fifty-six Ways of tying One's Cravat," demonstrating, on strictly philosophical and mathematical principles, the whole science of cravat-ties.

Dr. Doran's books are extremely interesting to any one who has a taste for his subjects. The valuable information they contain is well arranged and happily expressed. The language is generally concise, somewhat epigrammatical, with considerable humor, and occasional puns. It seems to be the style of a man who has always been accustomed to entertain the company at dinner with pleasant conversation between the courses, and to aid digestion by agreeable an-

* *Habits and Men.* By DR. DORAN. New York: Redfield. 1855.

Table Traits, with Something on them. By DR. DORAN. New York: Redfield. 1855.

ecdotes, while the wine is circulating. His wit is of a nature which can be thoroughly appreciated only after a comfortable meal. His motto is,

" See sitting here,
Just face to face with you in cheery guise,
A real live gossip."

Yet, in spite of his gossip, he is a good philosopher. He has done what Plato could not do: he has given a definition of man. "An unplumed biped," — so far the ancient; but Dr. Doran adds, "And needing something in the place of feathers." The chapter on "Beards and their Bearers" is quite amusing. The Dutch philosophers assert that the beard was given to man on account of the sins of our first parent. They support their theory by the most irrefragable arguments. "Who," say they, "ever saw a good angel with a beard."

"If there has really been any wisdom in the wig," says Dr. Doran, "there has been wit in the beard or its owners. Raleigh, when visited by the barber of the Tower, declined to have his beard trimmed, on the ground that there was a lawsuit pending about it, between him and the King, and he would not lay out any capital on it until the case had been decided."

Linguet, a few years previous to the French Revolution, was confined in the Bastille. "One morning he was interrupted by the entrance into his room of a tall, thin, pale personage, whose appearance very much displeased the celebrated advocate.

"'What is your business?' said the latter, in a marked tone of ill-humor.

"'Sir,' answered the other, 'I come —'

"'I see you are come,' interrupted the impatient lawyer, 'but you are not wel-come.'

"'Possibly, Sir; but I am the Bastille barber, and I have come —'

"Here the Figaro of state-prisoners burst into a laugh,

and, rubbing his chin significantly with his hand, exclaimed, 'Ho! ho! my good Sir, that is a different matter; *puisque vous êtes le barbier de la Bastille rasey-la!*'" The request was complied with a few years later.

Dr. Doran gives many valuable suggestions as to the origin of still existent customs. "Gloves," he says, "are distributed at funerals, perhaps originally as a challenge from the doctor, defying all who should dare to say that he had committed murder contrary to the rules of art."

Apropos of stockings, a story is told of the actor, Shuter, which may afford some consolation to those whose washer-woman (theoretically) mend their clothes. "Shuter was one day reproached by a brother actor that he had a hole in his stocking, and the friend advised inimitable Ned to have it darned. 'I will not be such an ass,' exclaimed the original Sir Anthony Absolute; 'a hole in the stocking is an accident that may happen to any gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty.'"

Tailors seem formerly to have sustained much the same character for punctuality that they do now; but, in these modern times, their excuses have sadly fallen off in neatness and wit. In the olden time there lived at Cambridge one Mr. Joy, a tailor. "If that hilarious craftsman had promised a suit to be ready for a ball, and did not bring it home till the next morning at breakfast, his stereotyped phrase ever took the form of, 'Sorrow endureth for a night, but Joy cometh with the morning.'"

There was another custom, which existed in the days of Beau Nash, and which, we grieve to say, has not yet passed away. The Beau was the original "man with the white hat"; "he wore it," he said, "that, it being the only one of the kind, it might not be stolen." What a benefactor would the man be who could now invent some method by which both hats and umbrellas could be protected against that exchange which is robbery!

To our taste, the pleasantest of Dr. Doran's books is his

"Table Traits." Perhaps, however, we are not entirely unprejudiced in our judgment. The first time we opened the volume, we chanced to light upon a passage which so exactly coincided with our own opinions on the same subject, that we at once conceived a strong affection for both book and author. Speaking of diet and digestion, he says : "There are upwards of seventeen hundred works extant on this subject. Sufferers may study the question till they are driven mad by doubt and dyspepsia, and difference of opinion among the doctors. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, is as applicable here as in every other vexed question." But there are some general rules about which all agree, and a few of these the Doctor mentions.

Beginning with breakfast, the most important thing in cool weather, he says, is a cheerful fire and bright sunshine. What would he say were he obliged to sit opposite an almost red-hot hard-coal stove, long before the hour for the very earliest sunshine? "Solid breakfasts are fit only for those who have much solid exercise to take after them, otherwise heart-burn may be looked for. Avoid new bread and *spongy rolls* ; look on muffins and crumpets as inventions of men of worse than sanguinary principles." It never entered into the good Doctor's head, that there might be such things as beef-steak of the consistency of shoe-leather, and rolls a good deal less than half-baked. But we will not even endeavor to start a reformation among the bakers. They are a hard-hearted, obdurate race, else they would long ago have relented, touched by the pathos and sarcasm of the suffering author of the review of *College Words and Customs*, which appeared some months ago in our pages.

It has always been a matter of astonishment to the public at large, that there are so very few deaths among the Undergraduates, but such an alarming amount of "indisposition."

"If men are sickly, now the reason's plain :
They put death into their stomachs, and so
Of indigestion and bad cookery die."

Luckily, we do not stay here long enough to feel the full effects of our mode of life; but we may be sure that many of us lay the foundation for future ill-health. The only wonder is, that students are not the most sickly, irascible, and peevish young men that can anywhere be found. Rising, as we are obliged to do, at quite an early hour, and, from the manner in which we live, unable to retire correspondingly early, very few of us get sleep enough. The natural result should be fretfulness, ill-temper, sluggishness at morning recitations, and a tendency to fall asleep at any moment. Add to this the diet to which we have before referred, and there is reason enough for constant and continual "indisposition." Our only hope lies in regular exercise; and for this purpose, if for no other, the fondness for boating which exists at present should be encouraged in every possible manner.

But the crowning evil is the haste in which all our meals are, I will not say eaten, but "bolted." It is an instructive sight, for any one who boards at a large table, to go to breakfast quite early some morning, and watch his fellow-boarders as they rush in, fifteen, ten, eight, and even five minutes before the prayer-bell. They hastily swallow their half-baked rolls, or heavy biscuit, scald their mouths with their coffee, eat till the very last moment, and then run as hard as they can to prayers. Such a course is as prejudicial to one's health, as it is destructive of one's peace of mind. This state of things, though it may be ameliorated, cannot be entirely done away with. Perhaps it is the fault of the students themselves as much as of any one else; yet it is a fault very hard to avoid, and people should bear this in mind when they laugh at the "indisposition" so lamentably prevalent in Cambridge.

Morals and manners, especially as displayed at table, have a nearer connection than is generally supposed. At the best, young men, deprived of the society of the opposite sex in every-day life, are none too gentle. But when, at their

meals, the most important hours of the day, they are forced to scramble and snatch to get through in time, or even in some cases to get anything at all, they must gradually fall into a perfectly brutish condition. When the minor morals are neglected, the more important points are apt to be regarded with the same indifference. He who wishes to improve the morality of the Undergraduates will accomplish more by endeavoring to subject them to good influences at table, than by all the sermons and lectures which can ever be delivered.

There are two periods in modern history that are particularly rich in table traits. The time when, at Will's, "Glorious John" "pedagogued without restraint, accepted flattery without a blush, and praised with happy complacency the perfection of his own works"; when Addison was always to be found of an evening at Button's, surrounded by his devoted admirers; when Steele dated his love-letters from White's, and Lord Chesterfield, Pelham, and Selwyn there "gamed and pronounced witticisms among the boys of quality"; when Swift, Steele, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Burke made the walls of the "St. James" ring with their laughter at the "Epitaphs" and "Retaliation"; and when Quin, Murphy, Foote, and the lesser wits, congregated at the "Bedford";— then was the most renowned of these periods, the time when the London coffee-houses were in all their glory. These English coffee-houses, though inferior to their French prototypes in richness and in number, yet far surpass them in the brilliancy of the wit and the reputation of the writers who have rendered them so famous.

The second great period was the age of the "diners out." It began in the reign of Louis XVI., and continued through the first quarter of the present century. The lamented Major Pendennis was one of the last of this school. Under Louis XVI. it was reckoned that there were no less than twenty thousand of these "diners out" in Paris alone. Theirs was a regular profession. The best "hand-book"

on the subject is one of the series already alluded to, written by "my late uncle, the Chevalier de Mange en ville." The treatise in question is entitled, "The art of Always Dining out and never Breakfasting at Home." The Chevalier says, that when one accepts an invitation to dinner, one is bound not to miss it, except, he adds, "in cases of death or sudden imprisonment. At the dinner-table endeavor not so much to appear brilliant yourself as to make others seem so. Thus you will please your host, and, by dexterous management, may secure what is of the utmost importance, especially to a young man,—the promise of a knife and fork always laid for you. Do not, after having obtained such a promise, fancy that you are at all indebted to the giver. Quite the contrary; it is he who is indebted to you. When your accustomed seat is vacant, everything goes wrong; the husband is cross, speaks sharply to Madame at the other end of the table, scolds the servant, and sends the children away without their dessert. He needs your face and your conversation more than you need his dinner." But alas! it is to be feared that the worthy Chevalier's profession was not lucrative in a pecuniary point of view. After his death, his nephew found among his papers a manuscript, entitled "The way to pay all one's Debts without spending a single Cent." Two systems were proposed: the one, the "bluffing," for debtors weighing over thirteen stone; the other, the "dodging guy," for men of slighter muscular development. Unfortunately the manuscript was incomplete, and only went far enough to show how, and with what manifest advantage to both parties, payment might be postponed. It seems probable that the Chevalier never got any further, or else that a premature death deprived the world of the advantage to be derived from his discovery.

Two more quotations from "Table Traits," and we have done. "When Peter the Great and his consort dined together, they were waited on by a page and the empress's favorite chambermaid. Even at larger dinners, he bore un-

easily the presence and service of what he called listening lackeys. His taste was not an imperial one. He loved, and most frequently ordered, for his own especial enjoyment, a soup with four cabbages in it; gruel; pig, with sour cream for sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers or salad; lemons and lampreys; salt meat, ham, and Limburg cheese. Previously to addressing himself to the 'consummation' of this supply, he took a glass of anise-seed water. At his repast he quaffed quass, a sort of beer which would have disgusted an Egyptian; and he finished with Hungarian or French wine. All this was the repast of a man who seemed, like the nation of which he was the head, in a transition state between barbarism and civilization; beginning dinner with cabbage water, and closing the banquet with goblets of Burgundy."

"Not less may we include in the roll of Majesty at Meat, those Pilgrim Fathers who were the pioneers of civilization and liberty in America. Scant indeed was the table of that 'sovereign people,' until they found security to sow seed, and reap the harvest in something like peace. The first meal which they enjoyed, after their long months of labor, disease, and famine, was when they had constructed the little fort at Plymouth, behind which they might eat in safety and thankfulness. 'The Captain,' says Mr. Bartlett, in his 'Pilgrim Fathers,' 'had brought with him a very fat goose, and those on shore had a fat crane, and a mallard, and a dried neat's tongue. This fare was, no doubt, washed down with good English beer and strong waters; and thus, notwithstanding the gloom that hung over them, the day passed cheerfully and sociably away.' Such was the first official dinner of the 'majesty of the people' beyond the Atlantic."

We must warn those of our readers who have not read Dr. Doran's books, not to judge of them from the extracts we have given. Nothing less than a whole volume would suffice, did we attempt to do him justice in this respect; for his writings are of that pleasant, easy, gossiping kind, that

lose half their effect in losing their accessories. To show the character and excellence of the Doctor's books by extracts, would be as difficult as to convey to a third person a correct idea of the conversation of a celebrated wit, by repeating some of his puns and *bon mots*. Dr. Doran's books are books to be read after dinner, when the mind feels at ease, and is disinclined to digest any more solid pabulum. At such a time, we know of nothing more agreeable than a chapter of "Habits and Men," or a dessert from the bill of fare of "Table Traits," — a dessert sure to interfere with neither digestion nor appetite.

L I N E S

ON THE RECENT INNOVATION.

THE study-bell ! the study-bell !
Its silvery voice is still !
No more at nine o'clock we hear
Its monitorial trill !

They've muffled it ! they've stifled it !
Ah, Sophomore ! in vain
You hearken its accustomed peal ; —
'T will never come again !

No more its gentle voice shall warn
The Senior to his themes ;
No more its tender lullaby
Shall soothe the Freshman's dreams !

Alas, thou sweet and lovely bell !
Who writ the fell decree,
Such desolation hurls on us,
Such deathly calm on thee ?

Say, did thy clamorous neighbor in
The steeple o'er the way,
With bellowing, blubbering, blustering voice,
Thy timid heart dismay ?

Or did thy weary pivots ache,
Thy dizzy axle groan,
That thou didst beg thy dangling cord
To let thy wheel alone ?

Sweet Bell ! re-ope thy loving throat !
And banish our despair ;
Or who, within Fair Harvard's walls,
Will evening task prepare ?

REVERIE OF A SOPHOMORE.

STUDY-HOUR ! My chum, not naturally a vain man, has been bothering over the intricacies of his toilet, dropping his studs, cursing his collars, blacking his boots, and brushing his back hair ever since tea ; and because he has no beard, been zealously scraping from his smooth cheeks even that which he seemeth to have, that the Scripture may be fulfilled. What a bore is a man dressing in one's room ! His walking about, like a sentinel's pace, is enough to distract one. I have been in a perfect fume for precisely one hour and a half. Not a quieting sensation, inspired by the brushing of teeth and hands, in the closet ? And the very intentness of the toiletizer is just the thing to aggravate the vexation ; one loses his patience so, to see another all absorbed in something so very unimportant. What if his hair is n't parted exactly straight and smoothly ? Is it of the slightest earthly consequence if a few hairs do lie to this side or the other ? And how long is the bow going to stay so daintily symmetrical ? My dear chum, you act like a fool. Be neat, brush your coat and your teeth, and your hair too, if you will ; but don't, for Heaven's sake, be so long about it ! Good gracious ! I could dress in half the time. "Neat, without gaudy ; elegant, without ostentations," — that's the motto for me ! In other words, I am nervous, and do wish you'd either get gone or be quiet. And so he goes, and I rejoice.

Hang these girls ! what a bore they make of a man to his friends ! I only hope he 'll stay late, till I am well abed and asleep. What a fuss he makes about it ! To be sure, — as I begin to quiet down, the thought occurs to me, — I occasionally do the same. In fact, I was out not longer ago than night before last. But I'm sure I was n't so long getting ready. And yet I do, — as my tumidity subsides, — I do remember that the process was much the same. I went clear down to Wiley's for the pomade, — very excellent it was, by the way. Did I take tooth-powder to my teeth ? I did. Did I get out my mosaic studs ? I did. Did I shave ? I did — try to ; but a paper-knife would doubtless have answered the purpose. So my wrath oozes out, and, having gradually acquitted my chum, I forget him, and draw up before the fire. I think it is very natural to, when you get well alone ; and the next step is as much so, — to assume the emphatically collegiate attitude of your feet on top the grate, your body hanging by the back of its neck on the chair-back, and your legs stuck out to the fire like two mammoth spits, big enough for cooking the bullocks of Circe. And it is of all others the attitude for contemplation and speculation ; only suck your thumbs, and it's all complete.

How many lives there are lived in College ! How many separate threads of destiny cross each other here, — tangling, twisting, braiding, ravelling, knotting, — sometimes, God rest them ! breaking. What a strange thing it is, our individuality ! How we each have our own home, our own friends, our own tastes, hopes, recollections (including all the rest), friendships, enmities, pleasures, and vexations. I sometimes think I would give a deal if I could just for a moment step mentally and socially into the shoes of my neighbors, one by one. How strange it is to see us separate and go home. I go southwards, and there I find father, mother, and friends ; a certain chamber warmed and lighted, a seat at a certain table, a certain old chair — I remember it since I was two feet high — for me to sit in and cock my feet up at

a certain homey old fire, as I do here now. "One habit John has n't lost by going to College!" says a certain dear, kind lady. On the other hand, my very chum here radiates from Stoughton, and goes ninety degrees the other way, — clear off West, — there to seek and find precisely parallel enjoyments and privileges. Where the deuce *does* he go to? How *does* he know when he's got there? How is it he recognizes the depot at that time of night? How can he determine which patient old gentleman he shall pitch on, and be sure he'll say, "Well, my boy!" and the rest? What a confusion if we could all be clandestinely substituted for each other, — swapped off, as it were, against each other; if we could be, each the other, and be half-knowing to it at the same time! How odd to land naturally in a town where one had never been before, post up to a strange door that we are perfectly familiar with, and ~~find~~ ^{find} a half-dozen charming sisters that we don't know from Venus, — to be ourselves, in short, and some one else at the same time, like the fisherman (if it was one) in Arabian Nights! This is what I call the sentimental view of personal identity.

Here a break in the continuity of my thought, — my back a little cramped. Under these circumstances Mr. Marvel kicks the "fire-dogs," — his humble follower, I adopt the modest expedient of poking the grate, — the "ray of thought divine" getting refracted in the process. I draw myself up and set it undulating again, with the poker, beating my foot.

I have reason to believe, — I judge from slight premises, but am yet convinced, — that Lothario Gynephill, my chum, is — not to put too fine a point upon it — is smitten. He has been out, now, for three successive evenings. That is not surprising, in itself considered, — but for three successive evenings he has made all this ado of dressing. He cut society last night, and — *quid ultra queris?* — I have caught him in the act of brandishing a bottle of Minnehaha perfume. It's rather a ridiculous operation, — in his case, that is, and everybody else's; but, like the hair-prinking, it

would n't be so much so in my own. I shall sound him on the matter.

Now in this business, again, how lucky the attribute of personal identity. It seems a special providence, in view of the disastrous consequences that otherwise would be like to occur. I am aware that Lothario is addicted to the blonde and spirituelle. I, for my part, prefer the intellectual, "the bright brunette." And so on. It is fortunate there are so many attributes for us to hang our likes upon. I shall not specialize. Lothario may go his way; I've no desire to beset him; let's be thankful for that. The whole business is queer enough,—not solved from the days of Anacreon. We must all have it, sooner or later, and as sure as the measles. There's the galaxy, Sir, and you're expected to choose!

I have plainly fallen upon the sacred theme of Reveries, yet I resolutely keep on the safe, philosophic side. A strange matter, I say again, and offering many points of interest to the speculator. Suppose Lothario's successful, the gay deceiver! How different he and the mysterious she, in their way of looking upon it. By "it," I mean—it's a blushy word—Love; a delicate matter to handle, "in spite of our philosophy." Let us generalize the case: after all, it has less romance than the poets would give it. So I become metaphysical.

The love of man, of Lothario, for example, is a very subjective matter. He does it quite selfishly, and, according to the general rule, much as he pleases. He feels a want within, and will needs satisfy it. If beefsteak would do it, he'd take the steak, rare. But woman's is objective; she does n't want to supply something to herself, but to devote herself to something else. Men make a pastime of it, which, to be sure, the weak may run into the ground, like cards or billiards: they take to it, as they do to smoking. But women make it their occupation, the serious business of the period. The man only expends on it strength he has to

spare, — the woman spares all and expends all : she puts her whole energy into it. Men fall a-loving when they've nothing 'else to do, and are a very idle set when engaged in the employment. But women are never so busy. Man's love is a sort of excrescence to him, which he's a trifle ashamed of, and tries to hide, even from himself, as he cultivates whiskers over a mole. Woman conceals it like a jewel, and is proud and choice of it to herself. It strikes deeper with her than it does with men. Freshmen come to College pretty full of it : they stir up the fire twice a year, perhaps, but it soon flickers pretty feebly, and gets pretty emberous before long. They can find what they like as well ; — so Heloise is to pine in term-time and wonder why Abelard don't write. She can only explain it in one way. False assumption, my dear : he could explain it in a dozen, or else not at all. He soon likes his club-meetings better than walks by moonlight, — finds that abominable Pipkins a more satisfactory companion than you, and does n't get tired of "Chinka-chelong," as he did of the duets. Yes, the vile creatures *are* fickle, — so much the better. One party or the other should have their eyes open. Their fickleness shows their strength. We should all think the worse of them if they were n't so. They ought to be attending to something better, — but women can't ; at least so we argue. And we always look upon it as a weak spot in the man. The only thing I have against Petrarch is Laura. But perhaps we should admire such cunning dogs as he, that use their mistresses for a sort of writing-stock, to display their wit and fancy on : as the dry-goods men hang shawls and silks over the wire ladies in the windows.

Had I fallen asleep ? Was it late ? My chum had not come home, — the fire was low, — my meditations had ended, — when ? where ? Let me go to bed. Lothario ! Lothario ! Alas ! my chum ! my chum !

NEW BOOKS.

The Island of Cuba. By ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT. *Translated from the Spanish, with Notes and a Preliminary Essay.* By J. S. THRASHER. New York : Derby and Jackson. 1856.

THIS book, without being at all dry or repulsive, contains much important and valuable information. Of the main body of the volume it is unnecessary to speak. Like all of Baron Humboldt's works, it is remarkable for the clear precision of that author's thought and style, as well as for the care and discrimination with which the statistics it contains are selected.

But the Preliminary Essay, by the translator, Mr. Thrasher, is the portion which is the most immediately interesting. Nothing is more common than to hear people say that Cuba ought to belong to the United States. At the same time, nothing is more uncommon than to find a person who knows what precise advantages we should gain from this addition to our territories. This desirable information is exactly what Mr. Thrasher gives. Cuba commands the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. That is to say, she commands the great channel of communication between the Northern and the Southern States, between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, between the fertile valley of the Mississippi and the great markets for its productions. The tonnage employed in the traffic between these portions of our country is immense ; the ships plying on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, between New York and San Francisco, exceed in value those which carry on the trade between this country and Great Britain. In case of a war on our Pacific coast, munitions and supplies would naturally pass over one of the routes which cross the Isthmus. A hostile government, in possession of Cuba, could at any moment interrupt our most important coasting trade, and compel our government to transport men and *materiel* round Cape Horn, or across the Rocky Mountains. Besides all these advantages, the island possesses great internal resources, — a fruitful soil, a genial climate, abundant and capacious harbors.

We recommend every one who feels any interest in the subject of annexation to read this book with care and attention.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1856.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Columba atque Isabella Regina." David Casares, Merida, Yucatan.
2. An English Version. From Schiller. "The Spanish Inquisition." Franklin Haven, Boston.
3. A Greek Version. From a Speech of Lord Palmerston on the Capture of Sebastopol. Henry James Stevens, North Andover.
4. An English Version. From Lessing's Dramatic Criticisms. Augustus Allen Hayes, Boston.
5. A Disquisition. "The Death of the Emperor Otho." Raymond Egerton, New Orleans, La.
6. A Dissertation. "The English Aristocracy." Thomas Kinnicutt, Worcester.
7. An English Version. From Lamartine. Portrait of Robespierre. George Abbott Hood, Lynn.
8. A Greek Dialogue. From "Poor Fillicoddy." Samuel Wells, Portland, Me.; Howard Dwight, Brookline.
9. A Dissertation. "Samuel Rogers." John Jordan Jacobsen, Baltimore, Md.
10. A Disquisition. "A Priest in the Fourteenth Century." Howard Malcom Ticknor, Boston.
11. An English Version. From a Speech of Emilio Castelar of Madrid. Edwin Grover, Lawrence.
12. A Greek Version. From Everett's Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Yale. Horatio Wood, Lowell.
13. An English Oration. "Alcibiades as a Type of Athenian Character." Arthur Searle, Brookline.
14. A Disquisition. "Don Carlos." Jonathan Chapman, Milton.
15. An English Version. From Gervinus. "Shakespeare's Women." John Davis Long, Buckfield, Me.
16. A Latin Version. From "Burke's Speech in the Impeachment of Warren Hastings." Francis Codman Ropes, Boston.
17. A Disquisition. "The Novels of Balzac." Walter Hayes Burns, New York.
18. A Disquisition. "Menander." Charles Brooks Brown, Cambridge.
19. An English Version. From Milton's "Defensio Secunda." Edward Thomas Damon, Wayland.
20. A Latin Dialogue. From "Julius Cæsar." Robert Dickson Smith, Cambridge; Charles Folsom Walcott, Salem.
21. A Dissertation. "Industrial Interests a Protest against War." Thomas Emerson, Winchester.
22. A Dissertation. "The Origin and History of the Sikhs." Joseph Waite Merriam, Boston.

23. An English Oration. "Of Judging Historical Characters by the Moral Standard of their Times." James Bradstreet Greenough, Cambridge.

WHEN one writes early in May an editorial which is to appear late in June, it requires a good deal of imagination in order to do decent justice to the expected atmosphere. While the trees in the yard are making cold and vain attempts to leave out, we sit here over the grate endeavoring to assume a balmy disposition by cramming the June page of the Farmer's Almanac. But we won't do it. The public ought to know that the Editor is shamming when he writes on busy Saturdays about the "devotional repose which one feels only on such Sabbath mornings as this," and when on the third day of July he pens platitudes which are only pardonable on the Fourth. And, besides, the Seniors ought to have done this. It is an injustice and a scrouge for us to write at all, — even apologetically. Those heavy swells are all writing their lives, or affixing their signatures to photographs, and will not listen to the respectful calls of a Junior Editor. And it is very wonderful lives they are writing! We have had a peep into the Class-Book of '56, and O the wh-pp-rs it contains! That remarkable Class rejoices in nearly a dozen descendants from the ever-prolific William the Norman. One young gentleman who wears landscape pantaloons, and has tendencies decidedly pugilistic, claims kindred with John Rogers, — he of the "nine small children and one at the breast." This was the one at the breast. Other writers have a tendency to gloss over some of the antecedents of their relatives. One whom we *know* states that the first ancestor of whom he has any account, "held an elevated position in the Isle of Wight at the time of his death," and "had a great many persons under him." True, he was hung for sheep-stealing, twenty feet above the heads of ten thousand delighted people who came to witness his merited punishment.

We are sorry to say that some of the gentlemen (?) of this Class, not content with filling their Class-Book with statements of doubtful accuracy, have trifled with the feelings of unsuspecting innocence, — of one whose life is wrapped up in facts, and to whom suicide and a mistake are synonymous. "I did n't think you 'd 'a done it, Samivel; I did n't think you 'd 'a done it."

The new Cambridge Railway (remember this was written in the eighteenth century) has made a great change in the character and appearance of our town. Real estate went up 13½ per cent the day of its completion. We rode out — as an invited guest, of course — in the first car which entered Harvard Square. There were public demonstrations at several points by those who — like Pope's spider — "lived along the line." At the corner of Charles Street, we were met by his Honor, the Mayor of Boston, who delivered an eloquent address on the triumphs of Mind over Matter. He spoke at length of the advantages which Cambridge culture would have on Metropolitan Materialism. Time and space were literally annihilated by the rails, the animals, and the handsomely painted car which he saw before him. Gore Hall and State Street were a unit, and the weary stockholder would hereafter recreate himself, after the labors of the day, over the genial pages of the Harvard Magazine. Being called upon to respond, we replied briefly, expressing our pleasure at the early completion of this iron

pathway. Railways were civilizers. This one was very much so. (An attempt at applause was promptly suppressed by the ticket-man.) It enabled young gentlemen to take tea at Cambridge, ride into town, go to the theatre, get a fried-in-crumbs, and return to their rooms the same evening. Its beneficial effects would be felt till the last syllable of recorded time. After this nit spitch the conductor invited us and Mayor into the Lone Star, where appropriate flip had been prepared for the occasion. It was a day never to be forgotten.*

The next important event was the May Exhibition. The performances—usually intensely stupid—were in many cases excellent this year, and even croakers admitted that there had been one good Exhibition. It should not be omitted that our modest periodical met its first public recognition in one of the most brilliant parts of that day. A Senior Editor and ourselves were sitting at the time near the end of the right-hand gallery, and, as soon as the applause which the mention of the magic words, "Harvard Magazine," called forth, had subsided, there was a general movement of fair faces and venerable heads in that direction. Being both good-looking men in dress coats, we rose, bowed gracefully nine times, and then retreated behind our neck-ties. The Senior Editor remarked to me, as we walked to Mr. Lyon's popular saloon, during the next "Music," that it was the proudest moment of his existence. And thus ends the Editorial Apotheosis.

It only remains for us to add, that our friend, the publisher of *Maga*, is about taking possession of his new store at the corner of Brighton Street, in Harvard Square, where, as heretofore, this immortal Magazine will be found "on the first day of every month."

* The Editor modestly fails to notice the large number of Mount Auburn and Greenwood cars which have been provided to accommodate College deads.—Printer's Devil.

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* * THE HARVARD MAGAZINE will be published on the first day of every month, with the exception of February and August. Terms, \$2.00 per annum. Those remitting \$2.00 in advance will receive the Magazine free of postage.

 BACK NUMBERS WANTED. — *Thirty-seven cents each will be given for copies of the HARVARD MAGAZINE for December, 1854, being Vol. I. No. I.*

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1856.

No. 5.

BÉRANGER.

FRANCE is essentially the land of "songs." From the days of the Trouvères and Troubadours, down to the present time, from good old René de Provence to Collé and Panard, the French poets have greatly excelled all other nations in this graceful form of composition. The various shades of popular feeling, the hates, the loves, the aspirations, of the nation, have always found a ready vent in ballads and *chansons populaires*. More than once has a poetical squib ruined a court favorite and baffled a minister. Even Mazarin feared more the ridicule of the people than their anger: the lampoon he dreaded, popular rage he almost scorned. "The old government of France," says Thierry, "was an absolute monarchy." "The old government of France," says Chamfort, "was an absolute monarchy tempered by songs"; and the wit, as it frequently happens, was nearer the truth than the historian.

The cause of the predominance of this kind of writing in France is easily explained. The French language is peculiarly fitted for it. Not rich enough to express thoroughly the various emotions of a tragedy or of an epic poem, its conciseness and simplicity eminently qualify it to reflect those

evanescent and momentary tints of public opinion which the song-writer endeavors to catch. Where magnificent or copious diction is not needed, the French language stands pre-eminent. This is just the case with the *chanson*. Its chief aim is an elegant and precise choice of words, and a great sobriety of expression, rather than metaphor or rhetorical display.

But, great as France always was in her song-writers, till Béranger arose she had not reached the pinnacle of her fame. It was he who first showed to what a lofty height this branch of composition might be carried; he raised it, perfected it, and first made it truly national. Until his day the French had but few patriotic songs. *La Marseillaise*, *Ça Ira*, and *La Carmagnole* stand at the head of these. The song-writing talent had been chiefly exercised in producing lampoons or bacchanalian odes. Of rhymed squibs, immense numbers were composed and circulated among the populace, from the time of the Fronde to the accession of Louis Philippe. One specimen will serve to illustrate the whole. It was written against the pretended miracles of the priests, and was posted up in a place where some of these had been performed. It runs thus:—

“De par le roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”

Which may be literally translated:

“The king commands that God shall not
Work miracles upon this spot.”

Béranger, however, was the first to show the treasures of wit and pathos that the song might be made to contain, and should, consequently, in our estimation, be ranked with the great originators. On this account, then, if on no other, his life and works well merit attention. Béranger was born at Paris, in the year 1780, of very low parentage. First, waiter at an inn, and then reader in a printing-office, he received little or no education. At the only school he ever

attended, they taught neither Latin nor Greek, and the young Béranger failed to acquire that admiration for classical antiquity which, at all French colleges, is so sedulously instilled into the minds of the rising generation. The humbleness of his origin and of his early occupations he often laughs at; indeed, somewhat too readily; for his wounded feelings are betrayed by his very efforts to hide them. Born, to use his own words, "*Vilain et très vilain*," he lays no claim to the "*de*" which generally appears before his name, and which he has lately dropped. His poetical talent seems to have developed itself very early, for, prior to the year 1800, we find him engaged upon a comedy and an epic poem. About this time he first read Molière, and the superiority of that great author's plays to his own induced him to tear up his manuscript, and to abjure dramatic composition for ever. The epic poem, called *Clovis*, in which he intended to celebrate the glory of France and her progress, was never finished; his attention was soon turned to ballads and songs, and he quickly adopted that kind of composition for which he was best fitted, and which he was destined so highly to improve. By a few short poems he fortunately attracted the attention of Lucien Bonaparte. This prince, who, notwithstanding his own miserable failures, knew how to distinguish merit and to show himself its patron, immediately obtained for him a clerkship in the University of Paris, and subsequently assigned to him the yearly income he himself received from his membership of the French Academy. Such an act of generosity merited and obtained the greatest gratitude and devotion.

Béranger, thus raised from poverty to the enjoyment of a modest independence, employed his leisure hours in writing those songs and ballads which have endeared him to the French, and have immortalized his name. He always adopted the side of the people, and defended their interests. Aiming his shafts at the highest as well as at the lowest places, with great boldness he attacked even the Emperor

Napoleon, in his poem, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*. This is perhaps one of the ablest pieces of political satire that can be found in all literature, and the one against whom it was directed was the first to praise and admire it. Far from punishing Béranger, as his friends had feared he would, Bonaparte offered to protect him, and after his return from Elba tendered to him the censorship of the public press. These advances the poet indignantly rejected. He could not accept favors at the hands of those he had attacked and condemned. Fortunate would it have been for Béranger, if all parties had shown themselves equally forbearing.

But this was not to be the case, nor was his boldness destined to remain long unpunished. In 1815, when the Bourbons ascended the throne, and a coalition of monarchs obtained the power in France, he directed his unsparing ridicule against the allies and the government. Of the many songs written at this period, the most prominent are *Le Marquis de Carabas*, *Plus de Politique*, *La Cocarde Blanche*, *La Sainte Alliance*, &c. Indignant as the administration was, it scarcely dared to interfere with the privileges and immunities of a poet. So long, therefore, as Béranger's songs only appeared in the newspapers, or some ephemeral form, he was left unmolested. In 1821, however, he collected and published his works. Their effect was wonderful. Thousands of copies were sold in a few days; edition after edition was exhausted. The refrain of his songs was chanted or whistled in every street; the government was alarmed, and, to prevent any more such incendiary publications, framed an accusation against him. He was cited before the tribunal of justice, prosecuted by the attorney of the government, M. de Marigny, and defended by one of the ablest of French lawyers, M. Dupin aîné.

The counts on which he was indicted were as follows:—
1. For offending public morality by *La Bacchante*, *Margot*, and *Ma Grandmère*. 2. For outraging religion by *Le Bon Dieu* and *Mon Curé*. 3. For attacking the king

in *La Cocarde Blanche*, *L'Enrhumé*, &c. To show on what slight grounds the accusation rested, I will quote from the *Bon Dieu* the very lines for which he was punished. After representing God as contemplating the sins of governments on this earth, Béranger makes him exclaim :

" Si c'est par moi qu'ils règnent de la sorte,
Je veux bien que le Diable m'emporte."

Which may be rendered :

" If 't is through me that thus they reign,
Then may the Devil seize me."

Surely there seems to be little cause here for imprisonment. The idea is irreverent, but not morally wicked, and certainly did not deserve a serious accusation before a criminal court. He was found guilty, however, on this count in the accusation, by a vote of seven to five, and was incarcerated at St. Pélagie for six months. In 1822, he was liberated, rich in his newly-recovered liberty and in the love of the people, which his punishment had served to increase. He was looked upon as a martyr to their cause. In 1829 he offended again, and was again fined and imprisoned. The populace was indignant; a subscription-list was opened for his benefit, and the most illustrious men flocked to his cell. His Muse was not silent even in confinement, and the songs written while in prison are said to have had much effect upon the " Three Days " which so soon followed. In 1830, Béranger retired to the country, whence nothing has been able to move him. He even went so far as to decline representing the people in the Assembly, though elected to a seat by a vast majority. " My mission," was his answer, " is ended."

We cannot help admiring the manly independence of this great poet, nor can we refuse our testimony to the steadfastness with which he always took the side of the people. But we have thus far seen only one phase of his character. After having viewed the career of the individual, let us regard the merits of Béranger, the author.

The most striking characteristic we have to notice, is the eminent nationality of his songs. They reflect every shade of public sentiment: a far better history of the moral and social condition of the French, for the first part of the present century, might be formed from them, than could be gathered from the ponderous records and musty volumes lodged in the archives of the state department. He sought the people and probed their hearts, before listening to the inspirations of his genius. "My Muse," he says himself, "is the nation." True, many of his productions on this very account lose for us much of their interest; the daily questions that agitated the Parisian populace forty years ago can scarcely be appreciated at the present day; and many a *bon-mot* which for us has lost its point, may, before its spirit effervesced through time and exposure, have afforded keen enjoyment to the people, and have sunk deep into the heart of those against whom it was uttered. But the spirit of patriotism is still there, in every page, and enough remains comprehensible to enable us to understand the indignation he caused, and the love and admiration he awakened. This love of country pervades all his writings. They may be classed under three heads. First, his political songs; second, his amatory and bacchanalian songs; third, his national songs.

Of the first class we have already had occasion to speak. All of them are marked with keen satire, bold independence, and uncompromising defence of popular liberties. Though simple in form and expression, yet their very simplicity is one of their greatest charms. A child, one would think, might have written them, and yet each couplet contains proofs of the greatest sagacity and penetration. The three best of the kind are *Le Sénateur*, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, and *Paillasse*.

The second class comprise his amatory and bacchanalian songs. About these the greatest diversity of opinion has been manifested. While some call them worthy of Proper-

tius, Catullus, or Horace, others characterize them as the mere "offscourings of some nightly orgie, without soul, wit, or sentiment." One of these, *La Bacchante*, a beautiful little song, free in its morals, according to our standard, but in reality perfectly harmless, is accused by an English writer of being "a disgrace to its author, and to the country where it could have been tolerated." While upon this subject, we cannot help adverting to the absurd and foolish tone the British press, and especially the Quarterly Review, have seen fit to assume, when criticising French works. If English morality cannot stand the assault of such a writer as Béranger, it must be weak and rotten indeed. One would think, from reading almost any of their publications, that every French book is the direct fosterer of all that is vicious and depraved in human nature; that it was written for, the express purpose of subverting morality and of loosening the ties which should bind society together. Now this certainly is not the case. While we agree in the fullest condemnation of such works as those of Soulié, we cannot see the offensiveness of either Béranger, Georges Sand, or a host of others, who have been made to bear the brunt of so much virulence and criticism. Many books that have passed unchallenged into our literature are quite as immoral and deleterious in their influence as any we can name of either of these writers.

The great charm of Béranger's style is particularly visible in his amatory poetry. We allude to his sobriety and simplicity of expression. He never says too much or too little; his words are chosen with the most scrupulous care, and are just those best calculated to express his meaning. Nothing could be added, nothing taken away, from his songs without marring the beauty of their form. They are perfect in this respect. He never indulges in that exuberance of poetical metaphor which is the mark rather of an ardent imagination than of true poetical genius. He scrupulously avoids all mythological or classical fables and ornaments. His loves

are Lisette and Rose, not Amaryllis or Lycoris. This is a merit in which French poetry is very deficient. Even down to the time of La Harpe, France was always *Gallia* and England as invariably *Britannia*. This practice of copying the ancients was common even in England in Addison's time. "Many of our modern authors," says the Spectator, "whose learning very often extends no further than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, do not know how to celebrate a great man without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a Christian author to write in the pagan creed, to make Prince Eugene a favorite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and Marshal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen." An anecdote is told of Béranger, which illustrates the prevalence of this same false taste in France. An Academician once asked him how he would express "the sea" in a poem. "The sea?" answered he; "why, I should say, 'The sea.'" "Bah!" replied the Academician, "and not bring in Neptune and Amphitrite? You are no poet, my dear Sir."

But it is in his national and patriotic lyrics that Béranger stands pre-eminent. Blot, with his comic songs, Marigny, with his enchanting fugitive poetry, might have rivalled him in other departments; but his magnificent odes to Liberty, to the People, to France, raise him far above both in literary merit. Here his genius is unfettered; here he is confined by no influence of party or sect: all his powers are brought to bear upon his subject; his heart as well as his head speaks in every line. France is the theme; France, whose very name wakes a thrill of emotion in his breast. And what has he not achieved? Not one of these songs can be excelled. The following four lines Chateaubriand considers worthy of the greatest poet of antiquity for their solemn majesty:—

“ Un conquérant dans sa fortune altière
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois,
Et, de ses pieds, on peut voir la poussière
Imprintée encore sur le bandeau des rois.”

It is not too much to say that he stands, in this kind of poetry, as high as Shakespeare in tragedy, or Milton in epic song. The past cannot show his superior, nor will the future produce his equal. He ranks alone and separate, the master striker of those notes to which the great national heart of France beats responsive. It is useless to analyze these compositions. It is not the skilfully mingled gayety and pathos, not the grandeur, not the proud scorn, nor the spirit-stirring defiance alone, that give them their power and charm. Turn to the *Vieux Sergent* or the *Souvenirs du Peuple*, and then say where the secret of their beauty lies. You cannot do it. The rays of the sun that glorify all they shine upon are not more imponderable than the divine genius that illumines these songs. You may admire, but you may not criticize.

The fame of Béranger is already widely spread. Even in this country he is somewhat known, though the difficulties of rendering and appreciating the idioms of his style and those nice shades of meaning on which, to a considerable extent, the beauty of his poems depend, have as yet operated as a bar against a wide circulation of his books. His fame must increase in the same proportion as he is known. His works contain the elements of durability. Posterity will admire him, notwithstanding his own declaration to the contrary. “In spite,” says he, “of all that friendship has done for me; in spite of the approbation of illustrious names, and the indulgence shown me by the interpreters of public opinion, I have always believed my name would not survive me. Men have judged of the duration of my reputation by its extent; I have formed another calculation in my own mind, which will come true even in my lifetime, if I should live to grow old.” How true it is

that genius is not self-conscious! His reputation has been every day on the increase. His talents, only known at one period to the populace, have now been recognized by the highest literary authorities in every country. All his works are treasuries of enjoyment and poetical feeling. He is the greatest modern poet of France, and the greatest song-writer of the world.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES AGAIN.

WE have no desire personally to enter into a controversy in the pages of this Magazine. But our feelings were strongly moved,—our astonishment, rather, was great,—when we read in the April number of this “interesting miscellany,” an article which seriously impeached the utility of those old and popular institutions, College Societies. The accusations against them were grave, and the reasons plausible. Their defects and evils were brought out to the light, and unsparingly dealt with. The conclusion which the writer intended should be drawn from his representations undoubtedly was, that the evils outweigh the advantages of College Societies; a conclusion which, if correct, makes it of course obligatory on the students to do away with them altogether. But it seemed to us that there was another side to the question. At least we thought it could be shown that College Societies, if they do exert some evil influence, have yet a balance of good in their favor. In them, as in everything else, it should be remembered that the evils are the most prominent parts. They lie on the surface. There may be a good deal of scum and froth and dirt upon the top of the water; but let us see if it be not essentially pure,—needing only a little caution in the use and a little care in the keeping to make it palatable and wholesome.

In the article above referred to, we found College Socie-

ties accused of exerting an unfavorable influence on the *intellects* of the students who belong to them. The only consideration urged in support of this charge is the alleged hurtful effect upon the minds of young men of debate, which occupies, or is said to occupy, a large place in their literary exercises. Debate, it is said, gives young men words instead of ideas. Met for the purpose of debating, something of course must be said, and (no one, forsooth, having any ideas on the subject under consideration) some of the company are compelled to pour forth quantities of empty and bombastic words. Besides, men make no preparation for debate. Ignorant and conceited youths, "just out of the alphabet," "concoct powerful arguments in fifteen minutes," clothe them in "words as oddly arranged as possible," and, as might be expected, not only injure their own minds, but bore those who have the misfortune to be present. The consequences, allowing these premises, are plain enough. A debating society must be one of the greatest evils with which a young man can well meet. If this were a fair picture of them, they would richly merit all the opposition and contempt they often receive.

But this is not, we do not scruple to say, a fair representation of the case. It is a catalogue of the possible evils of such societies, — not a full statement of their merits and demerits. That many, perhaps all, of these evils, do exist in debating societies, may very possibly be true. But that they form their chief features, — their necessary accompaniments and main characteristics, — we do most emphatically deny. There may be much ignorance and laziness among the students of Harvard College, — we do not, of course, mean to say that there is; but it does not follow that, on the whole, the system of instruction is not beneficial, and that the students are not, as a general thing, paragons of wisdom and industrious to a fault. Not but that in both cases the existing state of things might be bettered, — it certainly could; but the existence of evils does not impugn either the

soundness of the principle or the general good effects of the system.

And if we consider with attention the objections against debating societies, it will be seen, we think, that the above remark holds good with respect to them also. These objections are founded on false premises. Exceptional cases are taken to show the ordinary state of things. Incidental evils are regarded as characteristic of and necessary to the working of the system. It is very true, that, if we consider Cambridge students as "boys just out of their alphabet," we may very justly opine that they might be better employed in getting in their stock of knowledge, and in maturing their crude ideas, than in dispensing in "high-sounding and long-winded bombast" their ample stores of learning and wisdom to admiring fellow-Freshmen. If our young men will take only fifteen minutes to prepare themselves for a debate on a difficult and intricate question, it is plain enough that they can know nothing about it; that their remarks, to say the least, must be extremely vapid and uninteresting, and the whole debate a farce. If the time allotted to a debate cannot be occupied in any other way than by bombastic and unnatural elocution, we wish to say nothing to encourage the delusion — which does yet prevail in some quarters — that a sensible, logical, useful debate is possible to young men.

But this is not the state of the case at all. In the first place, we do not believe that these alleged evils exist, even generally; and in the next place, we contend that those which do exist are mostly, if not entirely, incidental. It is of course difficult, perhaps impossible, to prove the truth of the first point. The materials for forming a judgment are in every one's hands. Each one must judge for himself, with nearly the same facts before him as his neighbor. We would, however, make one suggestion. We see debate here, in Harvard, in its most unfavorable aspect. But little attention, comparatively, is paid to it, and there is a very strong

prejudice against it. In other colleges the subject may be studied with more advantage. We ought not, therefore, to form our estimate of the general condition of debating societies from the experience we may have had of them here.

But we can affirm with a good degree of certainty, that the evils which do exist in debating societies are mostly, if not entirely, incidental, — not necessarily connected with the practice of debating. We need only consider what might be the case in every society, to be convinced of the truth of this proposition. If young men just entering upon manhood, enjoying all the advantages of a liberal education, form themselves into a society for the discussion of really important and interesting subjects; if they give due attention to the requisitions of the society, and bestow on the consideration of the subjects proposed for discussion the same attention which they give to similar literary objects; and show in their disputations as much good sense and good taste as they show in their other literary exercises, — and all these conditions we may reasonably expect to be fulfilled, — there are few who would deny that great benefits would accrue to all the members. And is there any insuperable obstacle to carrying on such associations? Are students generally too *young* to engage in them with profit? Are they too *lazy* to give the requisite preparation? Are they *mentally incompetent* to give, in a sober, simple, manly manner, to their classmates, their ideas on such subjects as may come up for discussion? Few would answer these questions in the affirmative. Yet, if we answer them in the negative, we admit the utility of debating societies in the abstract, and the possibility of carrying them on among us so as to be at once “pleasant and profitable.”

We might speak of the service which a slight experience in debate may render to us in after life, — a service, we would say, for which no amount of stage-declamation can ever compensate. And many are the arguments we might bring forward to prove that some experience in debating is

useful, is even almost necessary, to young men in College. But this is not our task at present. We close this part of our subject with reaffirming our position, that the existence of abuses in debating societies forms no valid argument against the continuance of the societies themselves; it should only lead us to remedy the evils complained of, not to break up our societies. A knowledge that a man is sick should lead us to cure, not to kill him.

But our cause does not rest on these arguments alone. The writer above referred to draws the sweeping conclusion that College Societies exert an injurious influence upon the minds of the members, from the single ground of the alleged evil effects of debate. This is evidently a case of "false induction," to quote the Archbishop. Debate, in our opinion, will have to occupy a much more prominent place in the literary exercises of societies than it now does, to justify any such conclusion regarding the merits of the societies themselves. It may be that in some societies — the Tiglath Pileser, or the Gimel Beth Daleth, perhaps — debate is the main employment and recreation of the initiated; but we beg to assure the writer of the article this is not the case with the $K \Gamma X$. Not by any means. Useful as debate may be in the abstract, and capable as the brothers of the $K \Gamma X$ undoubtedly are of carrying it on with the greatest success, it yet does not, somehow or other, occupy a very high position in their order of literary exercises. Perhaps it should not be so. Personally, we think it should not. But so it is. Our members prefer something else.

In short, every one knows that, however much our societies debate, they do a great deal besides, even in a literary point of view. *Writing* is an important part of their literary exercises. Their *libraries* exert an extensive and powerful influence on the College mind. And, in our humble opinion, the influence, whether good or bad, exerted by the debates in Societies upon the minds of the members and others, is very much less than that which springs from the

two causes above mentioned. Here, of course, we must call upon our readers to use the results of their own experience. But we cannot but think that the opinion above stated, regarding the prominence of debate, will be found to coincide with the opinions of nine out of ten of our Society men. And in this view of the case, leaving the question of the utility of debate to be decided as it may, it will yet be true that nothing of consequence has been proved against the utility of literary societies; while their beneficial effects in other ways can, we think, be easily demonstrated.

And first, the writing, required, in most or all the Societies, of the members,—is it not calculated to do good? Certainly it is. As far as our experience goes, men write with much more care for a Society, when their work will have to undergo the severe criticism of their fellow-students, than when the whole matter is between them and the Professor. This is but natural. Every man who wants to have a good reputation for literary ability with his classmates,—and there are very few that are really indifferent on this point,—knows very well that what he writes in his Society will be considered as the best he can do, and that judgment will be formed of him accordingly. Men will not receive as conclusive on this subject the marks of the Professor,—they want to see for themselves. They will readily excuse failure in the recitation-room, but they insist upon a man's being "up to the scratch" in the presence of the Society. If a man has anything in him, he is expected to show it in his Society work. And he does show it. Consequently the standard of excellence in the writing done for Societies is, we have good reason to apprehend, higher in most cases than in that which is required by the College authorities. At any rate, no one can doubt that the influence exerted by Societies in this way is in a high degree beneficial.

We surely need only to remind our readers of the Society libraries, to secure their verdict at once in favor of the good influence of College Societies on the intellect of the Col-

lege. What would most of us do without them? They supply the void necessarily — perhaps not *necessarily*, but still *actually* — left by the College Library. We get our heavy reading and our reference-books from the College Library, and our lighter reading from the shelves of our Societies. And when we consider that nearly every man has access to some Society library or other, we can hardly overestimate the amount of influence the Societies exert in this way. And as far as our experience goes, this influence is for good.

Again, our objector complains of the moral evils of Societies. We must here, of course, refer each one to his own experience for the facts in his Society. It is not a matter to be argued about. We can only say that such evils are obviously extraneous to the essential idea of a Society, and that, at any rate, they are the proper things to abolish, not the Societies.

But the social evils of Societies! The elections! The "Goose Question"! Here at least we are really afflicted by these institutions. We are portioned off into different Societies; we consequently quarrel with each other about things which we don't care a fig for. Fierce dissension exists in the once united Class. Rancorous envy and malignant jealousy fill the breasts of the true-hearted Tig-lath-Pileasers and the high-spirited *T A Θ*'s. We contend earnestly about ribbons and badges. In short, the peace of the Class is broken up on the morning of the Spring Exhibition.

This is certainly a dreadful picture, and founded on fact, perhaps; but pretty high above the ground. At least we never saw enough to justify such a representation. Perhaps the writer of the former article has. But we think we can confidently appeal to the great body of our Society-men, — we refer here to our Greek-letter Societies, — if we are not warranted by facts in saying, that very little actual jealousy and discord between man and man arise from separation

into different Societies. It is certainly true that differences do sometimes exist between members of different Societies; but the cause generally lies deeper than the Society. It is the character and actions of the men themselves. We never knew the case of a really good man being thought any the less of, because he belonged to one Society rather than to another. On the contrary, we know many instances of members of one Society having intimate friends in another. We should be ashamed of any man who allowed his Society spirit to carry him into such an absurdity as that of hating or despising men of other Societies. Such a man would himself be hated and despised by every one. And we run no risk when we say that this is the universal feeling with all honorable men throughout the College. Our members of Congress contend lustily in party contests, and give and receive plenty of abusive language; but no *gentleman* ever allows his private opinions, much less his conduct, to be influenced by what is said on the floor in the heat of parliamentary strife, and the irritation of a warm debate. So with the members of our Societies. It is true that the elections do occasionally give rise to a little temporary irritation, but it is not by any means deep or lasting. What is done at such times is generally, and very wisely, allowed to pass into oblivion. Most men are of the same mind with the writer of the article,—they “cannot rally with enthusiasm around three Greek letters and a bit of ribbon.” They are content to take care of their own Society, and let other men’s alone. Toleration is the generally prevalent doctrine and practice of our Societies, at least as far as our observation goes.

We would not deny that there are evils in the present system,—*sed errare est humanum*. Perhaps there are too many Societies. Certainly there soon will be, if the present mania for adoption from other Colleges continues. And there may be, possibly, too much Society rivalry. But still we think we are justified in saying, that, as a general thing,

the effect of our Greek-letter Societies is to unite more closely those in the same Society, but not to separate those in different Societies. And if we take into our consideration the fact that there are other and larger Societies where all meet on the same footing, we shall see beyond a doubt that the influences on the side of friendship and good feeling between the members of the same Class exerted by these, entirely overbalance those that may be exerted by the special and one-sided interests of the lesser Societies. And, in our opinion, these last are not really prejudicial to any extent to the good feeling which ought to exist among the members of a Class. Men are united closely to some, it is true, but that does not make them drop the acquaintance and lose the friendship of others. In fact, Society rivalry here in Harvard College is a thing but rarely carried to an injurious extent.

A word with regard to the affiliation which our objector dislikes so much. He complains of the disagreeable foreign brothers he is compelled to pay attentions to, when they visit this celebrated institution. But is he not likely to make two good acquaintances for one poor one in this way? And is it nothing that he is never without friends in every part of the country, — that, when alone and friendless in a distant city, some *Π Β Φ* brother, with his green badge, will kindly welcome him with all the hospitality accorded to an old friend? In our estimation, this affiliation is a "great institution." It is the revival of the ancient *ξενία*. It is an institution especially suitable to our colleges. It is attended generally with but little inconvenience, and is sometimes the cause of much gratification and real benefit.

In closing, permit us to express the hope that our Societies, instead of committing suicide, will commence a rigorous course of diet and exercise. Let us all set to work to cure the evils complained of. Our Societies can be productive of much good, — much more than we have ever got out of them; they can be free from abuses, — much more so than

we are apt to think. Let us each benefit by the rebuke that has been so well administered, and see to it that hereafter there be not even the shadow of a pretext for abolishing our College Societies.

THE CELESTIAL CHAMBERMAID.

OLIM femina, de lodice ejecta, volavit
Altius a terra Luna, sublime oriens, plus
Quam decies : omnes ut quo procederet illa,
Qui spectabant mirarentur, namque ferebat,
In manibus scopas : sed, clamans, sic ego dixi !
" Quorsum ane, quorsum ane, quorsom ane, tam sublime volas-tu ? "
" De cœlo," inquit, " dispiciam telas ut arane, —
Arum ! in tempore sed, spero, incolumis reditura."

THE ELECTROTYPE PROCESS AND ITS USES.

IN a course of experiments on the decomposition of alkaline and metallic salts by the galvanic battery, not twenty-five years ago, an important application was made of a discovery dating at the beginning of this century. This discovery was, that, under certain conditions, the metals could be precipitated from solutions of their salts in a perfectly pure state. The use of this discovery in the arts was made known to the world between 1837 and 1838 by both Jacobi of St. Petersburg and Spencer of Liverpool, each of whom claims the honor. This science of the Electrotpe, or, as it is otherwise known, Electro-metallurgy, or by the French name Galvanoplastie, has already been applied to many branches of art, and in several of them has rendered very valuable assistance. Theoretically considered, the process is a perfectly simple one, and is easily carried on in many of the

uses to which it has been applied ; but in the more delicate operations with which it is concerned, considerable skill and chemical knowledge are necessary to employ it successfully. The simplest apparatus which can be used consists of a small unglazed and consequently porous cell, such as is used in Grove's battery, which is placed in a tumbler which contains the solution of the metallic salt ; for example, sulphate of copper. In the cell, filled with water, is dropped one or two drops of sulphuric acid, if it is strong. The liquids are now prepared to act when the power is applied to them. In the cell is placed a piece of the common zinc of commerce, or, what is much better, though not at all necessary, an amalgam of zinc and mercury ; one end of a copper wire is placed upon the zinc, and to the other end, bent over the edge of the cell into the saline solution, is fastened the object to be plated. The circle is now complete, and the galvanic current, excited by the action of the sulphuric acid on the zinc, passes through the pores of the cell into the solution of sulphate of copper, which it decomposes into pure copper and sulphuric acid, throwing the metallic element on the object which is placed to receive it.

The most important application of this discovery is the purpose for which Spencer first thought it useful, namely, for copying engraved plates. Notwithstanding the superior advantages of the steel plate for purposes of engraving, on account of its hardness, which is capable of bearing greater delicacy of touch than another plate, and possesses the highly important quality of durability, still engravers prefer the copper-plate, because it is easier to work both in engraving and printing. The electrotype process applied to this art is no more nor less than a method of casting, and a method which possesses many advantages over the old-fashioned way of moulds and melted metal ; both because plates can be multiplied to any extent without injury to the original mould, and because the moulds are copied most faithfully, — so exactly, indeed, that the least fault, the least speck

or indentation, is transferred upon the cast. The metal thrown down, too, is perfectly pure, which is of great importance ; in fine, all the trouble of casting is now dispensed with.

To procure a copy of an engraved plate, it is obvious that two processes must be performed. An electrotype must first be taken of the original plate, which gives us the picture in relief ; this, of course, is itself of no use, but an electrotype from it will give us a plate precisely similar to the first. The plate coming from the engraver's hands must be so prepared that the copper thrown upon it by the galvanic current will not adhere, as it certainly and most effectually would do, unless prevented by the following process. Various plans have been tried, the object of all them being to keep the deposit from touching the engraved plate, which is called the matrix, by an intervening film of heterogeneous matter. In the beginning of the art, the matrix was covered with smoke, black-lead, oils, powders, and finally wax ; the latter was found the best of these, and is now used in the electrotyping for the British Ordnance Survey. The plate is first oiled, and then heated to the temperature of melted wax. As soon as the ball of wax is placed upon the edge, it flashes in a thin sheet over the plate, which is then carefully wiped to remove all the excess. But it is obvious that to prevent the filling up of hair lines and the finer parts of the engraving must be almost an impossibility, and an improvement in the art has been introduced in the United States Coast Survey. The electrotyping in this office is conducted on a grand scale, and very perfectly ; the purpose being to multiply plates of maps for engraving, and also to make copper-plates for the engravers.

To prepare the matrix for copying, it is first silvered, in order that the iodine which is afterwards put on may operate uniformly ; the plates are then exposed to the light, and are soon ready for the copper bath. Until covered to a certain depth with copper, the plates are held in a perpendicu-

lar position in the solution, since the copper forms in this way more evenly, and no impurities are deposited. When sufficiently coated, they are laid horizontally, and the batteries allowed to work freely. The batteries used at Washington are very powerful, economy of time and money being aimed at. Mr. Mathiot, the electrotypist of the Coast Survey, says: "I have lately formed plates of most excellent quality, at the rate of three pounds to the square foot, in twenty-four hours. This rate will require two days to form one of our largest plates, having ten square feet of surface, and one eighth of an inch thick." If the art has arrived at this perfection, surely the only objection ever made to the process, that it requires too much time, vanishes. Most establishments want the advantages of the public care, so that their operations are less perfect, and therefore slower, occupying eight to ten days in copying the matrix, and in again copying the obverse, as the second plate is styled.

In operations which are not so nice as copying map-plates, to avoid trouble and save time, an impression of the original plate is taken in plaster of Paris, or, better, in wax. But now a difficulty presents itself; as nothing results from placing the wax impression in the bath, it must next be coated with an electrical conductor, for which purpose we may use plumbago. Whole pages of type are prepared in this way, a wax impression of the stereotype plate is made, which is black-leaded, and then coated to the required depth with copper. This cast is then backed up with type-metal, and the page, after a little cleaning, is ready for the printer.

To this branch of the subject belongs an interesting process of surface-printing, technically called glyccography, and also a process of etching. For the first of these, a polished plate is covered with what is called the etching ground, through which the drawing is made, care being taken to lay bare the copper-plate wherever the wax is at all removed. The whole is now covered with plumbago and placed under the influence of the current. The result is a copper-plate with

the lines of the drawing raised, as is a wood-cut, and the plate is printed from in the same way as a wood-cut, and may be set up in a page like other type. The etching spoken of is performed by the other member of the salt in solution, that is, the acid. The copper-plate, prepared in a similar way as in etching with nitric acid, is placed in the copper-bath, without any connection with the battery. As the sulphate of copper is decomposed, the sulphuric acid attacks the exposed parts of the plate, and, decomposing it atom for atom, as the copper is thrown from the solution by the galvanic current, the drawing is etched on the plate. This process has two advantages, the lines are all equally deep, and no poisonous nitrous vapors are evolved, as in the other process. If the depth of the lines should not be even, those which are to be the deepest are approached to the negative pole.

The next branch in importance in the arts to which the electrotype has been applied, is in plating with the different metals. The method to be pursued is precisely the same as has been described. Copper has been of but little use in this art, on account of several disagreeable properties which it possesses. It is sometimes, however, used to coat plaster medallions, busts, etc., in order to preserve them, in which case but a thin coating is allowed to form upon them. A great deal of the gold and silver plating of jewellers is now done by this process. Silver is the most difficult metal to use in this way. Different salts are used by different operators; generally, however, the cyanides of silver and gold are preferred. It has been the opinion of those who are ignorant of the comparative merits of the old and this new process of plating, that the former is preferable,—that it lasts longer and looks better; but the reason is, that by the latter process a much thinner coat of silver or gold can be deposited, which, when new, cannot be distinguished from the plating by the old method, but which, being thinner, of course wears off sooner. The new metal aluminum can also be electro-

typed. As soon as the deposit of aluminum becomes dull, the object must be removed from the bath and brightened, then placed in again, and again removed when dull, and so on until the required thickness has been deposited. The advantage of this process of plating is its cheapness, being about half or two thirds the expense of the old method. If chemists succeed in manufacturing aluminum as cheaply as some of them expect, the poorer classes will soon be able to provide themselves with neat and cleanly household articles, by which their domestic comfort will be much increased.

The electrotype is used not only for plating articles, but sometimes for manufacturing them. For this purpose a wax model is made, which, when covered with plumbago, is plated with copper; the wax is then melted out, leaving the copper shell a perfect mould of the original model; silver or gold is precipitated into this by the galvanic current, and when the mould is entirely filled, it is taken out of the bath, and placed in diluted acid, which gradually dissolves the copper, leaving the required ornament. This roundabout process, though possible, is not of much practical use.

In 1854, Messrs. Morris and Johnson of Birmingham discovered a method of throwing down alloys by the electrotype process. To a solution of carbonate of ammonia and cyanide of potassium are added the carbonates or cyanides of the metals which form the desired alloy; the whole solution is placed under a more powerful battery than usual, and the results are very satisfactory. They have succeeded in depositing brass, bronze, German silver, and several alloys of silver and gold, with other metals. This process is more complicated and difficult than those before considered, but its usefulness is very great.

Perhaps the most interesting use of the electrotype to the amateur experimentalist is in making seals from impressions on wax, and in copying medals and coins. The simplest, and, on that account, most satisfactory apparatus to be used for this purpose, is the one before described, and the solution

of sulphate of copper is the best to begin with. An impression of the engraved seal is first to be taken in wax. A copper wire bent to the form of the seal is now heated and sunk into the wax until half covered by it. The whole is then black-leaded with a brush slightly moistened with alcohol. Care must be taken to cover all the wax up to the wire, as well as to brush the plumbago until it is smooth and shiny. The seal is now ready for the solution, and, after it has remained in it three or four days, will be found of sufficient thickness for use as a stamp, if the battery has been kept in operation. Medals are treated in the same way. Had the Highland chieftains in the days of romance been acquainted with this process, they might have copied the seals of intercepted despatches. There is another method, but not so practicable as the former, for taking the impressions of medals and coins. It consists in pressing the medal between pieces of sheet-lead with a strong power; the lead, being soft, receives the impression very distinctly. The electrotype is thus of great value to antiquarians, for they are enabled to exchange copies of old and valuable coins; the copies for historical purposes answering as well as the originals. The geologist, too, finds it of great assistance. With it he copies fossil remains and impressions in sandstone or slate; the impressions in chalk strata cannot themselves be copied, for the acid would dissolve them.

There are still other branches of natural science — Botany and Entomology — in which this process is very useful. Though the varied hues and beautiful contrasts with which Nature has adorned the flowers and insects are to most persons their attractive and admired qualities, still the naturalist looks farther into the subject, and, though he would gladly preserve these shadows, is satisfied if he can secure the substance when these fade. In 1849, at a meeting of the London Society of Arts, Captain Ibbetson introduced a process for preserving natural objects by coating them with metals by the electrotype. The objects to which he applied

the process were delicate insects, animals, and flowers, whose forms it would be difficult to preserve from injury. As it is impossible to cover every part of these minute creations by the brush with plumbago or iodine, even with the greatest care, the object is dipped into a solution of phosphorus, and then into a second solution of nitrate of silver; the silver is precipitated in a minute state of division over all parts of the object, and forms a metallic conductor upon which a thicker layer of metal can be thrown by the galvanic current. A few apertures are then made in the coating, and the moisture expelled, when the objects are ready for the cabinet.

This discovery is certainly not the least in importance which has been made in chemistry applied to the arts during the last twenty years. The process has as yet neither been thoroughly studied nor fully explained; but, judging from the advantages already derived, a wide and interesting field is opened to the practical or amateur experimentalist of chemistry.

TO MY INFANT COUSIN LOTTIE.

DARK flash thine eyes,
 Lottie,
Brimming full of love;
And I love thee, cousin mine,
When thy little fingers twine
Round my hand in playful mood:
And thy company I prize,
And thy friendship I have wooed,
 Pretty little dove.

Soft is thy hair,
 Lottie,
Curling round thy head,
Floating like the morning mist,

E'er the summer sun has kissed
It from the silent plain,
Parching all the thirsty air,
Till it sighs for it again,
As we mourn the dead.

Merry is thy laugh,
Lottie,
As it rings around,
Filling all the air with glee,
Sounding ever merrily,
Like the murmur of the fountain,
As the thirsty travellers quaff
It, leaping down the mountain
With a lightsome bound.

And I watch thee,
Lottie,
In thy childish play ;
And I join with all my heart,
And my older thoughts depart
'Mid thy frolics and thy fun ;
And I may not help but be
Blithe as thou art, little one,
All the livelong day.

Yes, I love thee,
Lottie,
With a brother's love ;
Playing wilt thou ever say,
"Be my brother just to-day" ;
For I love to hear that sound,
Thou breathest it so sweetly,
That calls the accents round,
Of a sister dove.

Thou art too bright,
Lottie,
For a creature of our earth :
Art thou not a playful fairy ?
For thy step so light and airy
Scarcely sounds upon the floor ;
And I fear lest from my sight
Thou may'st flee, thy earth-life o'er,
On the wings of mirth.

Still I love thee,
 Lottie,
Whatsoe'er thou art ;
And the glances from thine eyes
Like the very sunlight prize ;
For they make it daylight here,
Filling all my soul with glee,
And they bring my far home near,
 Even to my heart.

Never, never,
 Lottie,
May thy life be joyless ;
May no sorrow pale thy cheek,
Grief too deep for soul to speak
Gnawing at the heart within,
Till the tender life-chords sever,
And the soul, uncloyed with sin,
 Flies to holiness.

L. A. T.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

READERS of newspapers, not to speak of books, and, above all, of American books of travel, must have sadly misemployed their time if they are not familiar with Samuel Rogers, — the Banker-Poet, the Nestor of Literature, as he is generally styled in that sort of writing.

Banker-Poet is a pleasing paradox, attractive to the moralizer who would descant upon the interdependence of men's out-door and their closet life. But Mr. Rogers would be a poor example to illustrate the theme; for that gentleman's connection with stocks, discounts, and deposits, and such humdrum matters, was little more than nominal. The practical business and serious cares of life seem to have had no charm for the poet, after serving his turn as subjects of his verse; and even there he does not seem well acquainted with them.

Nestor is the better title, for Rogers was at home with the men of several generations, and, like Homer's garrulous old fossil, rejoiced in harping upon illustrious giants of the past. Or, to leave mythical longevity, he reminds one of Isocrates, whom De Quincey calls the *long man*, and compares to the cylindrical part of a dumb-bell, since he connected what may be considered as the globular parts of that instrument, — the mighty Greeks of Pericles, and the miserable victims of Philip. In like manner, Rogers may serve as a link with which to connect two races of men so strange to each other as the heavy-headed English of Sir Robert Walpole, and the wide-awake Britons of Sir Robert Peel. London, he says, almost grew up around him; its streets were all a cemetery to him, and buried among them our Banker might find the little village where nearly a hundred years ago he was born, and where, nearly a hundred years earlier, the bankrupt De Foe learned his letters and dissent. What wonderful scenes passed in procession before him! what changes he witnessed, in war and government, in society and manners, in literature!

A few months before his birth was signed the Peace of Paris, secured by the success of British over French arms; he lived to behold the "natural enemies" become fast friends, and could foresee that a few months after his death they would conclude another Peace of Paris, to the cost of a nation Rogers as a boy could not dream would ever prove a match for his country's power. Before he could talk, the sham patriot, John Wilkes, was denied the benefit of habeas corpus, and Jack Ketch burned the North Briton; before he ceased to talk for ever, Chartist processions had made London hideous, and Layard and Dickens were addressing the electors upon the imbecility of ministers. He saw the heads of English rebels rotting on Temple Bar, and other English rebels put down simply by Punch and the special policeman's stick. For a mild political libel he saw gentle Leigh Hunt put in prison, and stark-mad Feargus

O'Connor put in Parliament for flat democracy. He heard Sheridan declaim against Warren Hastings, and lived to learn of Colonel Cautley and the Ganges Canal. He had seen young girls carted to Tyburn for looking on at the Gordon riots; was the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, and might hear of the total abolition of hanging in some of those colonies which rebelled when he and Washington were young. The Independence of America, the great French Revolution, and how many other French Revolutions; good, stupid George III., and gross, stupid George IV., Sailor William and benign Victoria; Uncle Bonaparte and Nephew; great Pitt and Burke, little Dizzy and Lord John; the Reform Bill, the Tests Repeal and that of the Corn Laws;—national events and national characters of this magical variety furnished Rogers with matter for talk from day to day and generation to generation.

In society Rogers saw the change from that condition in which a high and mighty oligarchy were all in all, to one in which merit of many kinds, and wealth of all kinds, have taken social rank by the side of Norman blood, in which plebeian Hudson has found wider worship than a monarch of the Heptarchy, and the Book of Snobs been exalted above the Book of the Peerage. Father Matthew and the Maine Law fanaticism have succeeded the times when some of Rogers's friends, without offending anybody's sense of propriety, might empty three bottles under their waistcoats. A dozen glowing dances of the Casino have put to flight the ponderous minuet, — he once saw Marie Antoinette perform that graceful solemnity. Everybody rides in the omnibus that frightened the ladies of Rogers's youth, where there is no horse-railroad; and everybody defies a drenching with the umbrella which he knew when a rare luxury. Ranelagh and Vauxhall, too, have long, long forgotten the palmy days when the aristocracy flocked to their delights; when Goldsmith and Reynolds, as Captain Will Booth before them, sauntered through their lamp-lit avenues thronged

with the rank and fashion of the time, tricked out in all that ancient bravery of dress-sword and red heels, shoe-buckle and cocked hat, the skirts and coats and fortifications of the head, which move our irreverent age to ridicule and wonder.

He outlived several schools of literature. When Rogers was quite a big boy, Dr. Johnson was still the arbiter of taste and sovereign of letters, — Dr. Johnson, whose clumsiness of diction and pompous commonplace every witling has had his fling at these many years. Our Samuel once knocked at the great Samuel's door in Bolt Court, — he wanted Aristarchus to pronounce upon some juvenile verses; but with the summons pale fear seized upon his soul, and he took to his heels. Tom Jones and Humphrey Clinker he saw give way to Thaddeus of Warsaw and the Minerva Press; Waverley make room for Bulwer and G. P. R.; these give place to Pickwick and Copperfield; and the best of them shouldered — shall we say surpassed? — by the author of *The Newcomes*. And with what astonishment must this Nestor of Literature have watched the rapid changes in taste, and improvement in manly sense, which reversed the poetical canons of his youth, and those, too, of his riper years, smashing the idols of old, dethroning friend after friend, taking little or no notice of himself, and setting up in the high places of poetry "Olympian bards" whom bilious Byron and *petit-maitre* Jeffrey, and all the elegant *dilettanti* of Holland House, — laying to their souls the flattering unction that beyond them in depth of feeling, strength of judgment, or purity of taste, mortal man could not go, — had voted simpleton singers of low degree.

This bloodless revolution is quite as interesting, and, though not directly affecting the sway of dynasties or the price of bread and butter, may be quite as important, as those of states. It is worth stopping a moment to look at it. In an off-hand estimate of the rank of contemporary poets, Lord Byron, who sometimes snubbed Rogers, and sometimes paid him the most extravagant compliments, put

Sir Walter Scott at the top of the tree, and on the bough below, of all persons in the world, "melodious Rogers"; beneath whom chirped Moore and Campbell, in turn more lofty than Southey, who, with Wordsworth and Coleridge to bear him company, was only one degree removed from the vulgar tribe of songsters of lame wing and scrannel pipe. Lord Byron, doubtless, was not eminently sincere in this estimate, — so modest in self-forgetfulness and so contemptibly unjust to poets from whom he was not ashamed to pilfer. Still it fell in pretty well with the notions about poetry which then prevailed, and which obtained almost up to the days when Mr. George Warrington laid down the law to Colonel Thomas, and shocked his honest antediluvian understanding with the profane heresies of modern criticism. Scott has had to "come out of that," now that people look for thought and feeling and nobleness of soul, for "the vision and the faculty divine" in poetry to deserve the name, — not pretty stories merely, and graphic descriptions of romantic scenery. And along with Sir Walter all the rest, down to Campbell and Southey, including Don Juan himself, have suffered. High over their heads now sit enthroned glorious Burns, the slighted Wordsworth (*magnum et venerabile nomen*), Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, and, thanks to the kind stars that our age possesses him and honors him, Tennyson, the sweet and true, the wise and noble. These have something better for us than countless Marmions, or Pleasures, Lalla Rookhs, Corsairs, or Madocs. The writers of those pleasant verses have, however, one consolation in their distress; mighty classics, such as Pope and Gray and Thomson, have been awfully damaged, as well as they, by this audacious criticism, that gives its highest praise to a book or two of the Excursion, to some divine Odes, to Locksley Hall, a few Idyls, and In Memoriam.

In 1792, a period when the glory had not yet departed from the poetaster Hayley, and Cowper's natural style had yet to wait for full appreciation, after nine years spent in

its elaboration, Mr. Rogers published his "Pleasures of Memory." That tender, lackadaisical poem took the town by storm, if so harsh an expression may be used of verse so soft. Its success threw open to the accomplished writer the doors of the highest society of the day; and he laid aside his graceful pen to take up the part of a fashionable man-about-town, the companion and rival of wits, the patron of letters and of art. From this time forth he is "ever in the world's eye"; dressing-gown and slippers are unknown to him; he is always in full costume, always with the lions for the time being, a clattering Athenian on tip-toe to hear some new thing, to exchange fresh pleasantries or repeat old ones. There is nothing tragical, nothing romantic, in his life; it is almost singularly destitute of incident; but the society he moved in, the famous persons he met with, and the famous persons whom he knew at second-hand, enabled him to set up for a walking cyclopædia of a century of anecdote and personal reminiscences.

The origin of a fashion which the working-day character of American society prevents from being transplanted here, — the breakfast-party, — is attributed to Mr. Rogers; and, indeed, to breakfast-parties, dinner-parties, suppers, walks and drives, balls, concerts, tours to the Continent, — all in company, and the selectest company, — with the graceful gossip, the pert sayings, clever compliments, the repartee and laughter, the neat story-telling and thousand barren bagatelles of professed pleasure-seeking, — he seems to have devoted the best energies of his mind and all his moments. Volumes of diaries and memoirs, which record the history of the highly artificial English society of the last sixty years, — volumes which one should have the spare hours of a Methuselah to go through with, and then find the game not worth the candle, — show him to have been almost ubiquitous. Feeding together appears to be the practical Christianity of that aristocracy, and to sit at its tables or have it sit at yours is honor and happiness and usefulness enough for mere man.

Accordingly, when not himself Amphitryo to a brilliant circle, you are sure to find the legs of Rogers beneath somebody's else distinguished mahogany. Mr. Rogers was rich enough to enjoy this seductive sort of life with impunity; but it is fatal to the genius, to the self-respect, and the happiness of literary men whose pen is bread and butter, as well as fame, to them. Poor Moore was shipwrecked in this way, acting what he calls the farce of gentlemanship. It was a tragedy, rather. Lord John Russell was his friend, it is true, and has deigned to give Moore's Journal the dubious assistance of his editing, and many other lords were hail-fellow-well-met with Thomas. But for all that, the Irish versifier, born to bright parts and to poverty, seems to have been little better than a compound of the *scurra* of the ancients, a witty parasite, and the minstrel of later days, not Scott's Minstrel, but him of the Coal-hole and the Strand. Jem Bags entertains the great unwashed with "Villikins," the "Rat-catcher's Darter," or the like moving ditties, and receives his praise and ha'pence; and Tom Moore, the Jem Bags of high life, pipes to the *salsi lautique* his "Rich and Rare," or "Believe me, if all," and is rewarded with the costly privileges of fashion while he has not five pounds in his pocket. Rogers, thanks to the paternal banker, never knew what it was to want that sum. On the contrary, he could supply, and he often did supply, needy men of letters with much larger amounts. He could afford to take a leaf from Horace Walpole's book, and with serene affectation look down upon literature as a charming relaxation only. He has a business-like eye for the romance of literature, has Rogers, and blames penniless Campbell for not fettering his free Pegasus to a well-paid three-legged stool. But his purse was more generous than his counsel, and we find Campbell, melted to grateful enthusiasm, shouting, "Let the name of my brother Poet Rogers be for ever sacred!" Why for ever sacred? "He has bought me a share in the partnership (of the Metropolitan Journal), and refused a

Scotch mortgage!" Abbott Lawrence was a good man, a noble friend to Science, but we do not rank him with Agassiz; and there may be a reasonable doubt whether refusing the mortgage of all Scotland could make a sacred poet.

Well-to-do, with an enviable reputation, feasted and feasting, amused and amusing, what a good time Rogers had! If of the least stoical virtue, here you may stop to ask what is a good time, rightly understood. Bishop Butler and a thousand other teachers have the answer ready. It is a sort of life that will hardly bear moralizing, this perpetual doing of elegant nothing, this trivial frittering away of intellect and accomplishments; — the taste of dust and ashes is in its frivolous pleasures. The sourest, stiff-necked Puritanism commends itself more to our reason. We must not examine its fascinations too seriously, if we wish only a moment's amusement from the view. Yet when one looks at the splendid list of men and women of rank, of talent and of genius, the statesmen and warriors, the fashionable beauties, the men of letters, the artists and wits, with whom it was Rogers's fortune to be continually thrown, himself honored of them all, it seems a bold word to say he could have passed his time better than in making the enjoyment of their delightful society the business of his life.

He has a hundred agreeable stories of Fox and Sheridan. George, Prince Regent, was not so precious a friend to shabby Dick. Fox has him into the country, and in his company the illustrious statesman hurries on from reciting Euripides to look after the pigs. When his Royal Highness could raise the wind, the Duke of York and his merry Duchess would invite him to their romps at Oaklands. To Fanny Burney, now grown venerable Madame D'Arblay, he introduces Scott. He danced and drove and dined with free-and-easy Queen Caroline, who bored him. Talleyrand and Lucien Bonaparte tell him myths of the Emperor their master. Madame de Stael goes to his dinners; is to meet

Lord Byron there, who is whimsical, and can't stand seeing a female handle a knife and fork. His tender eyes moisten at beholding a ribbon of Nelson, and Lady Hamilton kisses him. Mrs. Grattan is jealous of his long walks with her orator. Scandalous Lady Jersey is quite intimate with him; and that excellent Queen of Blues, Lady Holland, permits her lord to count Mr. Rogers as one of the most favored guests of that motley coterie that have made Holland House so celebrated. Frightful old Cœlebs as he is, he likes the ladies to make much of him, and pouts if he misses attention from the prettiest in the company. The Duke of Wellington instructs him in military tactics. At Naples, Murat and his Queen flatter the inspired bard. In Edinburgh, on the same Sunday, he breakfasts with Charles V. Robertson, dozes under Dr. Blair's rhetorical sermon, and sups with Adam Smith. Philosopher Malthus talks heresy with him on the origin of evil. With Byron and Moore he was on terms of the most intimate friendship; the noble poet's letters and the pretty songster's memoirs are full of him, and show him to great advantage. After Moore's ridiculous leadless duel with Jeffrey, he reconciled those divine heroes. Dr. Parr, too, the pedantic big bow-wow and "Brummagem Johnson" of his party, he was the means of re-establishing upon friendly terms with Sir James Mackintosh. That admirable philosopher particularly sends his love to Rogers from Bombay, and, in a review of his poems, stamps him as beyond question an enduring classic. Jeffrey also has a kindly criticism. How else could the Edinburgh Review speak of an amiable Whig, who had been blackballed for his politics at Dr. Johnson's Club? Ward, better known as the accomplished Lord Dudley, damned him with faint praise in the Tory Quarterly. Had he not been Ward's friend and a fellow man of fashion, there would have been nothing but scorn for his schoolboyish sentimentality in that grim Review. Crabbe, "Terentius" Cumberland,—a volume full of famil-

iar names suggest themselves as admirers of Rogers. All literary men he made a point of knowing, and among the rest was honored with the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and with the esteem of Charles Lamb.

In such brilliant setting Mr. Rogers would appear only a little jewel. But he was so praised and petted by this host of famous persons, and by a legion more, that the uninitiated, measuring him by the company he kept, made the lowest of bows to his reputation; and people are surprised, now that he has passed from the stage, at the little substantial ground he has left for his fame.

"Table-talk," remarks the ingenious writer of one of Maga's happiest articles, — "table-talk is not to be despised." And it was in table-talk that Mr. Rogers was especially ambitious to shine. It was a difficult thing, if you consider that, beside the sprightly fluency of gay Tom Moore, there were such favorites of society to contend against as dear, witty Sydney Smith; "Conversation" Sharpe; Theodore Hook, a wag for a livelihood, and marvellous improvisatore of well-studied merriment; Jekyll, the brilliant hero of countless bon-mots and epigrams, the delight of all London, whose convivial and colloquial powers, despite his ignorance of the law, won for him a Mastership in Chancery; John Hookham Frere, who had tasted to some purpose of the Attic salt of Aristophanes; Mr. Henry Luttrell, another royal wit; the Smiths of the Rejected Addresses; and Macaulay, too, who is as brilliant in monologue as with the pen.

Little more than vague tradition remains to attest the powers of some of these men, who in their day received as much applause as often falls to the lot of the world's greatest benefactors. Stray crumbs of their wit have been picked up here and there; but its bead and sparkle have long ago effervesced. The delicious bouquet of this wine is so subtle, it must be quaffed at the moment of pouring out. The wit of Rogers passes away as that of so many others; in vain are the many "old Joes" which the newspapers were fain to

father upon "Sam"; and the queer little medley of odds-and-ends which his Boswell lately put forth is wooden enough. Table-talk indeed! Why we have the recorded wit and wisdom of Luther and Selden, Johnson, Goethe, and Coleridge,—and here comes this weak prattle of Rogers about a horse-heaven for the walloped donkeys that would n't go in this world, and what he thinks of clairvoyance, claiming the same noble style. Even taking it with all its entertaining recollections of *other people's* talk and ways, how gladly would we exchange it for a short record of Hazlitt's talk at the Southampton Coffee-house,—for some details of Lamb's Wednesdays,—for a glimpse into the "Fielding Club," when Thackeray and Jerrold and Reade speak without their masks,—or, best of all, for an hour with the Latter-day Prophet of Chelsea!

Mere anecdote soon becomes dismal, stale, and wearisome. For this reason, perhaps, Mr. Rogers, who, although steeped to the lips in anecdote, was but mortal, and could not help sometimes repeating himself, in the course of time grew tiresome to many of his friends, and, losing his amiability, in order to compel attention, had frequent recourse to the unworthy arms of asperity and sarcasm undeserved. To fresh acquaintances, especially to foreigners, who went to see him as they went to see the Tunnel or St. Paul's, he was the pink of courtesy, and nothing could be more charming to his occasional guests than their host's exquisite urbanity and amusing chat, so fragrant with personal interest. They were well pleased to be borne away in the sluices of talk which he opened up; but familiarity is fatal to such admiring patience, and breeds indifference and mutiny. The plea of an old age spoilt by the praises of a past generation would excuse his occasional irritability. A man crowned with so many compliments from golden mouths may be pardoned being pained, or even acrid and ill-natured, when his remarks fell upon inattentive ears. Necessary as attention was become to him, it is no wonder that he sometimes sought to secure it by

spicing his talk with satire, which everybody likes to hear, whether it be fair or unfair. And yet Moore writes, nearly forty years ago, when the Fates could not yet claim Rogers as their lawful prey, that he was habitually sarcastic as well as amusing.

The kindness and generosity of his deeds, it is gratifying to know, redeem these blemishes in his words, and leave a noble balance in his favor. Not only was his purse freely open to men of accredited genius, who were his friends and might spread his praises, but thousands of unostentatious charities are attributed to his liberal hand, and many a desponding soul, it is said, was cheered by his encouragement. A letter of Charles Lamb bears witness to his generous behavior to young Mr. Moxon, and good Sergeant Talfourd wishes also to be heard testifying that this instance of Mr. Rogers's potent interest in obscure merit was only one of many that marked the whole course of his life. A good word from such frank, genial souls as these, is a claim to respect which all lovers of literature must cheerfully honor.

Mr. Rogers was justly distinguished as a connoisseur of the most refined taste in art. His paintings — for a private gentleman, a most splendid and extraordinary collection — included works by all the most famous masters, from Raffaele down to Turner, and were of such importance that a German critic, Professor Von Waägen, found it worth while to make a detailed catalogue of them. His modest mansion in St. James's Place overflowed with these treasures; choice paintings were gibbeted upon its staircases, and condemned to chambers and dark passages, and its rooms were adorned besides with every sort of elegant and costly curiosity to delight the heart of a virtuoso. The story that this temple of beauty was profaned by the vulgar spectacle of a bank-note for a million pounds, is entitled to the benefit of a serious doubt. Newspaper statements are always more or less apocryphal, and the most respectable authorities say nothing of such a desecration.

Now that death has removed Mr. Rogers from his immense vantage-ground of wealth and high social position, it is likely that his fame as a poet will slide down hill faster than it went up. The friendly critics of the brilliant Mutual Admiration Society at Holland House go into the great silence also, and all puffing, coarse and noisy, or fastidious and elegant, has its day. The merely popular poetry of an age with the culture of ours cannot find its way to posterity; its pleasing jingle and dreamy fancies, like the twanging of jew's-harps and the scraping of fiddles, will be lost in the grand organ-swell of that genuine poetry which high-souled philosophy "strictly meditates" and hallows with an insight into man and nature and God's purposes with both, not feeding us upon agreeable inanities and vapory feelings, but

"Filling the soul with sentiments august."

Dr. Whately may be satisfied to give the name of poetry to all writing in which every line begins with a capital letter; but his authority is hardly final. Still, so long as people are content to put up with any measured words that answer that definition, and fancy themselves enjoying true poetry, not being braced up to a severer judgment, it is well if they amuse themselves with no poorer metrical performances than those of Rogers.

As gift-books, especially the edition of "Italy," on which he lavished £10,000, young ladies will find his poems sweetly pretty. They are marked by a dainty tenderness of fancy and of feeling, occasionally rather dirge-like. The notes are masterpieces of elegant, pointed condensation, well worth a little study. He was more painstaking than Gray to achieve the exquisite melody native to Goldsmith, giving to "Italy," for instance, the laborious correction of sixteen years, and hammered and filed his compositions until they were as thin and flat as they were round and smooth. A few of his lines have found their way into "Familiar Quo-

tations," and "Ginevra" is likely to hold her own with the "Elegant Extracts." But it is hard to recall a single masculine line, one impassioned thought, from writings so carefully filtrated of vigor. His "Human Life" is written in a free, harmonious measure, but the title is extravagantly fallacious. "Columbus" is a fragment it was as well not to finish. The "Epistle to a Friend" is pleasant reading, meant to be Horatian, so that it may fall far short of its aspiration, and still be commendable. "Jacqueline" was first published in company with Byron's "Lara," and may be pronounced quite equal to that fervid absurdity. These, with the "Pleasures," and a few short effusions, form Rogers's Works, and will doubtless serve to keep his name alive long after the gay, prosperous gentleman, the thin table-talker, the accomplished dilettante and generous patron, is forgotten. But genius is too precious to be thrown out of window to every writer who claims it; *poeta nascitur*, after all, and no amount of mere sweetness and polish can create a classic. So that in the divine galaxy of English classic poets, one would say, Mr. Rogers, if he shines at all, must twinkle as a very little and dusky star.

NEW BOOKS.

The Heroes. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IN the little volume bearing this title, Mr. Kingsley has followed out the idea which Mr. Hawthorne developed in his "Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales,"—of modernizing in pure and simple style the good old, incoherent, stand-by stories of Greek and Roman Mythology. We cannot say we think Mr. Kingsley has been fully as successful as his predecessor, but the book is still pleasingly written, and well adapted to set the young idea shooting on the road to classical lore. We doubt not, too, there are many besides children to whom these revamped stories may both afford

amusement and serve to revive the faded erudition of the days of the Latin Reader, *Viri Romæ*, and Virgil.

It appears to us, that the plan of these works is not only ingenious and beautiful, but also of real practical utility. The Classical Mythology constitutes an important element in a refined education, furnishing a store of beautiful illustrations, images, and allusions. At the same time, it is of such a nature that it must be attended to early; for only a youthful acquaintance with the old gods and heroes will surround them with that reality which can make them and their histories either familiar or interesting. It is one of those things which, like Mother Goose, The Arabian Nights, and Pilgrim's Progress, leave a sad gap in one's experience, if neglected, but which can never be done well after one gets out of his button-up breeches. Conceive the unhappy condition of a man who had never read Robinson Crusoe! Do you think, though, that even an illustrated edition of it would fill him with the genuine enthusiasm, — the luscious shipwreck, Newfoundland-dog, barren-island sort of feeling, — if he bent his callous imagination to the task at twenty-one? The fact is, that if we suck it all in for gospel truth, and make Robinson and Sinbad the honest and real friends of our bib-and-tucker period, the matter is done, — neither time, nor circumstance, nor subsequent illumination, can blot them out. And the case is as strong for Venus and Hercules. It is like vaccinating or tattooing, — it won't come out.

Now this infantile familiarity and love for the heroes and divinities constitutes the most convenient back-door to the Temple of Science that can be imagined. There is nothing like cheating a child into knowledge, — it's almost the only practicable way to proceed, to get him taught before he knows it. So we like Mr. Dickens's English History, — aside from our grateful recollections of its utility as our last term's text-book, — and the rather washy imitation of it that appeared on this side the ocean. All these books go on the enticement plan, and confute successfully the ancient and stupid principle of "giving" instruction like a pill. For these reasons, we consider that to clothe the old legends in an attractive, lifelike form, such as they wore to the Greek and Roman youth, and especially to divest them of that impurity which makes Lemprière a rather unsafe companion to the prurience of boyhood, is a real benefaction.

And to us senescent collegians, who unhappily got through Ovid before these modern inventions, it is at least pleasing to have our old acquaintances brought before us purged from the stains of their somewhat doubtful reputations.

We are happy to learn that the Faculty have requested Mr. Bartlett to furnish a copy of "The Heroes" to each member of the Freshman Class.

OBITUARY.

On the morning of the 7th of June, Hazen Dorr, of Boston, a member of the Sophomore Class, was found in his room — dead.

Every one who knew him loved him ; for no enmity and no prejudice could hold its own against his pure, unselfish nature. Every one who knew him respected him ; for he possessed, besides the abilities of a high scholar, the lofty, guiding principles of a true Christian. Every one who knew him mourns bitterly his death ; for one has left us whose place no other can be found to fill.

A meeting of the Sophomore Class, on Monday, the 9th, adopted the following

RESOLUTIONS.

"In assembling together again so soon to mourn the death of another classmate, we feel that it is impossible for us to express in words merely how great our grief is, and how awful and bewildering the shock. But we may express our deep love for our friend who is no more, and our deep sense of the loss to our brotherhood.

"We mourn for him as a classmate, whom for two years we have each day held in greater and greater esteem.

"We mourn for him as a friend and companion, who never uttered an unkind word, nor was guilty of an unjust action.

"We mourn for him as a scholar, to whom we looked up, and in whom we took pride.

"We mourn for him as one too amiable ever to make an enemy, and too true ever to lose a friend.

"To his family in this terrible trial we give our whole sympathy, feeling only too deeply that consolation can be obtained from the Word of God alone.

"As a mark of respect and esteem, it is voted that the Class wear crape upon the left arm during the remainder of the term."

EDITORS' TABLE.

A FEW days ago, wearied by our severe and prolonged labors in preparing this present number, we requested a brother editor to go home and write an editorial for us. Fancy our astonishment when that most sober of mortals, our senior editor, instantly broke forth with, —

“Our trials are over, our tasks are all done,
All care to the winds let us fling.”

The fact is, during this warm weather, the whole Senior Class has been in a most lamentable state of mental and bodily inactivity. All the vital energy of that potent, grave, and reverend body has been absorbed in the attempt to sing their Ode in such a winning manner as to please the dear creatures who will listen to them on Class-Day. All conversation is carried on in scraps of College odes. Our noble old song is on everybody's lips. The privacy of one's morning meditations, formerly broken only by the shrill whistle of the exuberant Sophomore, is now disturbed by constant snatches of *Fair Harvard*.

Everything among the Seniors seems pointing to Class-Day. Men with photographs are seeking men with autographs. The cars are pervaded with a sensation of '56, — men with portfolios under their arms, wending their way to Whipple's; others with pencil and pocket-book, calculating the price of “spreads” for fifty. To-night, however, all is silent in the Greek Room; they are off in various vehicles for the Class-Supper. Every other evening *Fair Harvard* rings out from Harvard Hall upon the patient air. Many a man professes great joyousness at the near approach of his emancipation. Come upon him unawares, and he is almost tearful. Class-Day is the extreme line of his youth, — a Rubicon which, the nearer he approaches, the more he shrinks from in his heart. Like Don Quixote, though he wears an outward show of mirth, the day, if read aright, is one of deep sadness. “Farewell to boyhood,” it says. “Come manhood and responsibility and [translating *equitem* by “graduate”]

‘post equitem sedet atra Cura.’”

But the day is close at hand. Already the green has thrice been smoothly trimmed, — useless preparation for the Class-Day dance: the waving grass would scarcely bend its head beneath the pressure of those fairy feet.

One new attraction we must speak of. The fair women and brave men who throng Harvard Hall on the 20th of the present month will not spend all their time in dancing. A small room on the left of the entrance to the Hall contains something more attractive to many eyes than the delightful waltz or the insinuating redowa. Certain flags and oars which are there displayed will, we feel sure, afford much gratification to our visitors, and will recall to the minds of many some of the pleasantest moments of their life. It is to be hoped, however, that the sentiment inspired and awakened by those flags may not waste itself in words, but that every one will remember that our new boat, that *the* boat, is yet unpaid for. In conclusion, we wish all our readers a happy Class-Day, and trust that, after the departure of the Class of '56, others may be found who will prove as valuable contributors to our pages as the little knot of writers to whose exertions our Magazine owes a year and a half of its existence.

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 BACK NUMBERS WANTED. — *Thirty-seven cents each will be given for copies of the HARVARD MAGAZINE for December, 1854, being Vol. I. No. I.*

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1856.

No. 6.

THE "URN-BURIAL."

"A little, little grave, an obscure grave." — *Richard II.*

AMONG the multifarious productions of Sir Thomas Browne, the *Religio Medici* and the *Hydriotaphia* are the special favorites; and though he touched nothing that he did not adorn with an exuberant fancy, and enrich with a varied as well as a profound learning, his fame as one of the most extraordinary of the old Elizabethan writers rests chiefly on these two, rather than on his more fantastic treatises. The *Urn-Burial* is a discourse on the grave, and, indeed, on almost everything connected with

"that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

The awful mystery under his magical treatment is vivified with a meaning so deep and attractive, that his manner of handling the subject is singular, and peculiar to himself. He was born a poet, and his most recondite speculations are tinged with a vein of poetry. His subtle thoughts are always elevated by the poetical cast of his mind, and consequently he has not deigned to consider Death in the commonplace and conventional manner of most poets and phi-

losophers ; but, with no conductor save his own wonderfully excursive imagination, has followed fearlessly in an untried direction the rich suggestions of an inquiring intellect. He measures Time, not by generations or centuries, but by vast periods of conquests and dynasties, by whole cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies. Death to him is not something indefinite and shadowy ; on the contrary, not only is "the lean fellow that beats all conquerors" a most portentous reality, but the most trivial of his regal concomitants is symbolical of man's immortal destiny. Apart from that quaint and charitable humor which finds some reason, be it ever so mystical, for the most opposite rites and ceremonials, his poetical tendencies alone would keep him above the repelling, and, too often, canting misanthropy that loves to sigh over worms, epitaphs, and putrefaction, and to moralize on the base uses we may come to at last. He neither depicts in sombre, Rembrandt colors the agonizing parting asunder of soul and body, nor summons up dreary

" images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house" ;

this department of the subject, which even at his day was preoccupied, and had already been much abused, he leaves to sentimental divines and those authors whose taste inclines toward bathos. Even Blair and Young, and such other authors as have the most universal and intense thoughts on the subject of Death, have shrunk with involuntary dread from entering the grim King's penetralia. The superficial and trite exclamation, " How populous, how vital is the grave ! " is all that the topic suggests to Young ; with that frigid generalization he dismisses it, without advancing a step into the specific details.

But, unlike them all, Sir Thomas Browne regards the Destroyer only when he is laden with his spoils, and his victims are at rest ; and, not content with the contemplation of the grave's external insignia, he with due reverence opens

the very sepulchres themselves, and unveils their material treasures.

As to the liberal number of quotations from the original which have been introduced for the sake of illustrating our own remarks, we would say, by way of explanation, that it is otherwise impossible to present an adequate conception of the character of our subject, and that mere descriptions, were they ever so appropriate, must necessarily be vague, and must necessarily omit the "rich embroidery" of our author's language. We wish, therefore, to give, as much as our space will allow, not only Sir Thomas's "thoughts of gold," but the "pied flowers" with which he has enamelled them.

The year 1658 beheld the death of Oliver Cromwell and the publication of the *Hydriotaphia*. The disinterment at that time, in Norfolk, of some earthen jars, containing, as Sir Thomas most learnedly proves, the ashes of the Roman conquerors of Britain, is the spell which calls up a complete kaleidoscope of sparkling visions, the changes and contrasts of which are inexhaustible. "In a field of old Walsingham, not many months past, were dugged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, not far from one another; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion; besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs, handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal." Placing these "sad, sepulchral pitchers" before him, he seems to use them as alembics, and, so great is his comprehensiveness, to fuse all nature into them; upon this *hint* he, like Othello, speaks. The field of his fancy is subterranean. Mole-like, it burrows beneath the ground, yet is so sharp-sighted as to discover the priceless jewels "in those holes which eyes did once inhabit"; and, while it dignified the humble grave of the peasant, describes in gorgeous rhet-

oric the resting-places of kings, and expands with the dimensions of the pyramids. He is the laureate of Death; and, as Byron called Fielding "the prose-Homer of human nature," with equal correctness we might entitle Sir Thomas Browne the prose-Homer of the grave.

He first offers us a bird's-eye view of the immense region of grave-land through which his opulent fancy is about to guide us. And with what a grand exordium he opens the august subject! "The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. *That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.*" Water has been "the smartest grave," he tells us next; and, though men generally "have been most fantastical in the singular contrivances of their corporal dissolution," "the soberest nations have rested in two ways, of simple inhumation and burning." The stream of history flows in review before him, as he deliberates upon the ancient methods of burial. We learn what were the funeral practices of the Greeks and Romans from the earliest ages; what the Chinese, Mussulman, and Jewish modes of sepulture were, and the Egyptian custom of embalming; how the ancient Thracians and the old Northern nations of Europe and Asia burnt their dead; that the Chaldeans abhorred the burning of their carcasses; that the Egyptians were afraid of fire; and that the Scythians made their graves in the air. When he discusses the different funeral observances of different nations, he does not with partial emphasis prefer any one, but exalts them all. He supposes, with a wide, philosophic charity, that "all customs were founded on some bottom of reason," and detects marks of noble imagination and wisdom even in those which we still are prone in our sweeping criticisms to pronounce barbarous and wholly false.

After fixing the date of his strange cinerary vessels, he passed to the antique urns themselves, dwelling mainly on their forms, colors, juxtaposition, the materials of which they were made, their coverings and their enigmatical contents, — such as rings, coins, chalices, pieces of wood, bay-leaves, blackened ivory, coals, iron pins, bits of brass, and the like. Satisfactory causes are assigned for the presence of all these things; for the smallest minutiae cannot evade the depth and accuracy of his research. Not only this, but there is at times as gentle and quaint a humor as ever mortal indulged in; witness the following. "Some," he writes, "find sepulchral vessels containing liquors which time hath incrassated into jellies. For besides these lachrymatories, notable lamps, with vessels of oils and aromatical liquors, attended noble ossuaries, and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them; which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity; liquors, not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them!" As if the grave were the best cellar, and Death the most excellent of butlers!

Sir Thomas Browne was pre-eminently a master of language. The scope of his style is so vast and so happily suited to the range of his fancy, the structure of his sentences having such a musical rhythmus and periodic involution, that De Quincey, himself the first writer living of dignified English prose, has stationed him in his regard by the side of Jeremy Taylor, as one of the "Prolagonistæ in the amphitheatre of English rhetoric." Besides De Quincey, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, and Hazlitt have each commented upon his style, — the noble, self-poised rhetoric and melodious power of which are nowhere better shown than in the *Urn-Burial*. Dr. Johnson says of it, that "there is, perhaps, none of his works which better exemplifies his reading or memory. It is scarcely to be imagined how many particu-

lars he has amassed together in a treatise which seems to have been occasionally written, and for which, therefore, no materials could have been previously collected." He is of opinion, further, that the world will not let the *Hydriotaphia* die, "while *learning* shall have any reverence among men; for there is no science in which he does not discover some skill, and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with success." Dr. Johnson, as is well known, was no critic of the higher orders of poetry. His Crispin criticisms on Shakespeare, by their obtuseness, shock the taste of scholars, and clearly prove that mere common sense, in however great a degree, and an *understanding*, however vigorous, are of themselves alone utterly incompetent to discern the true merits of imaginative poetry. For this reason, or rather for the want of *reason* (as the Transcendentalists would express the defect), the Doctor is positively incapable of perceiving the poetical beauties which teem in almost every line of the *Urn-Burial*; we need not wonder, consequently, that, while the erudition displayed in it attracted his admiration, he should have been blind to the higher excellences which pervade it. It is decidedly ridiculous in Dr. Johnson, whose buckram style is sometimes but a tympany of sound, to complain of the "mixture of heterogeneous words" in Browne's style; and, were the complaint well founded, absurd for *him* to denominate it "rugged" and "pedantic"; De Quincey, accordingly, taking up the gauntlet in Sir Thomas Browne's defence, finely retorts upon the Doctor his own strictures. He protests that Sir Thomas never employs the Doctor's machinery or antithetical balances, and that his style, though majestic, is not a turgid composition of mouthy grandiloquence, but an exquisite equilibrium between eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy.

To the charge of being "hyperlatinistic," and of coining words, Sir Thomas Browne is certainly amenable, though much might be urged in extenuation of his offence. Dr.

Johnson, however, confesses that he "augmented our philosophical diction," and is so kind, even, as to acknowledge that "his innovations are sometimes pleasing, and his temerities happy." He, in common with Milton, poured into the language a multitude of foreign words; yet many, the Doctor thinks, are "useful and significant, which, if rejected, must be supplied by circumlocution, such as 'commensality,' for the state of many living at the same table"; but some so obscure, "that they conceal his meaning rather than explain it, as 'arthritical analogies,' for parts that serve some animals in the place of joints." Strange inconsistency! The idea of Dr. Johnson's objecting to the adjective "arthritical"! Hides the meaning, does it? Why, then, did he himself use it? Turning, with the indignation of Nemesis herself, to our adjacent Boswell, — the Johnsonian "Odyssey," — we find this stiff couplet, which Bozzy calls a "*learned* description of the gout":

• "Unhappy, whom to beds of pain
 Arthritic tyranny consigns"!

Who in the world, except an encyclopedist or a lexicographer, would have known the gout was meant, if it had not been for the obliging preface of "such an honest chronicler as Griffith"? It did not answer, you see, for the first man in England to throw stones, any more than it does for us pigmies. In justification of Browne's habitual usage of exotic words, it may be said that they invariably have an expressiveness which common language cannot convey; and it should be remembered, that, as his ideas and sentiments were extraordinary, the tame words which bear the stamp of authority were no suitable vehicle for them. He was, besides, unwilling to use a wordy periphrasis when a single term or a few "*verba ardentia*," culled from the Latin or Greek, would render his meaning much more forcibly to those for whom he wrote, — the learned.

The criticisms of Coleridge are not what we might have expected. He does not rightly apprehend the quality of Sir

Thomas's mind, and culpably mistakes the poetical play of his fancy for a grave humor, in cases where this want of appreciation prevents him from perceiving the very essence of what is written. The distinguished philosopher's remarks on one of his "first favorites" are, in our opinion, as good as worthless; he shows too evident a desire to write something delicately eloquent, and we question nearly every word. Hazlitt, too, the acute thinker, the brilliant critic and earnest lover of the old English writers, grievously disappoints us. He is one-sided, confining himself totally to the extravagant crotchets and extreme conceits of our author; he is even grossly unjust towards him, as when he draws a disparaging comparison between him and Lord Bacon, when he declares he "gains a vertigo by looking down on impossibilities and chimeras," and would have us believe that he delighted in nothing but contradictions and "the spectral apparitions of things." For although this unmodified judgment, harsh as it is, may be a true one, when he treats of the mysterious Cabala and the secrets of the heavenly quincunxes, it cannot in fairness be applied either to the *Religio Medici* or the *Urn-Burial*. Hazlitt finds fault with him also, because he preserves in mature age the childish passion of curiosity! — which we have yet to learn is a defect.

But the urns furnished Sir Thomas Browne with profounder thoughts than any yet alluded to; from our mortality he deduces our immortality, looking with rapt yet clear vision from the mournful trappings and suits of Death to a life beyond the grave, — from what was seen and temporal, to the unseen and eternal. In these his deeper and more metaphysical speculations, which in strictness constitute the second division of the *Urn-Burial*, he appears to carry with him the principles of that ideal philosophy which looks upon every material thing as emblematic of a spiritual meaning; for the dusty, sad ornaments of the tomb — discolored by exposure and decayed with years — impel his rhetoric to flights as sublime as the contemplation of obelisks and

arches. Both are of equal significance to him. A few bones or a lump of charcoal, a ring or a bay-leaf, stir him no less than marble sepulchres and brazen pillars; for the stupendous monuments of man's vanity dwindle when viewed in connection with Time, the great Abolitionist, and endure no longer, — no, not so long, many of them, as the contents of his urns. "Now, since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and, in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three conquests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

'Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim'?"

That is a sentence not to be matched, *quod sciam*, in the English language or in any other! Where will you find an antistrophe fit to be its contrast? Jean Paul, in his wildest rhapsody, does not surpass it; the Ciceronian "*Quousque tandem*" cannot compare with it, and the Demosthenic bravura about the dead at Marathon beside it pales an ineffectual fire.

There are sentences in the latter part worthy of being engraven in gold. As a balm to our restless inquietude for length of memory, he assures us that "we cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons." "To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages." Besides, "Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles's horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the 'entelechia' and soul of our subsistences?" "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the mem-

ory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity." "In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?"

In one instance, however, we think he has tripped, and will by no means agree with him. "There is nothing," he argues, "strictly immortal but immortality. *Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end*; which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction." The present Reviewer, for one, is most doggedly disinclined to surrender up the eternity of his spirit for any such sophistical reason. It might be answered, in the first place, that Sir Thomas is pushing his metaphysics immeasurably beyond the pale of his, and every mortal's, faculties; to adopt Horatio's reproof, 't is to consider too curiously to consider such a matter. Then, in the second place, hear this, Sir Thomas: —

"But if I grant, thou might'st defend
The thesis which thy words intend, —
That to begin implies to end;

"Yet how should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould?" —

or, indeed, ever had a beginning? We know no more what we have been than what we are, and no more what we are than what we shall be.

From lofty speculations on the memorials of the dead and the "wild enormities of ancient magnanimity," he finally recalls himself to the nobleness of man, as exhibited in his solemn shows of grief; and, taking the gravestone for

his faith to lean on, exclaims, with an intonation truly Miltonic, "But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, and not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" And with what a sublime burst of enthusiastic rapture does he close! "To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysium. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 't is all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six feet as the 'moles' of Adrianus!"

DEAN SWIFT AND SYDNEY SMITH.

IN the numerous articles to which the late publication of Sydney Smith's Memoirs has given rise, a good deal has been said of the resemblance between him and Swift. There is much in the outward situations of the two men to suggest the comparison, and they are alike in some of the chief peculiarities of their minds; but in character they are totally dissimilar. They were both clergymen, both political writers, and quite distinguished as such; both owed their fame and influence much more to their reviews and pamphlets than to their sermons. Sydney Smith commenced his career as the advocate of reform, and continued to write on subjects connected with it throughout his whole life, and with much success. Swift was always involved in controversy; at one time he dictated the political measures of his party in England, and at another he was the chief

support of the liberties of Ireland against the government at home. They both began life poor, and were obliged to make their way up to wealth and station slowly, and with difficulty. Both were desirous of advancement in the Church, although, for different reasons, neither was able to have his desire gratified. Finally, they were both men of strong practical common sense, and brilliant satirical powers; and the use of these powers was one of the principal means by which their reputation was acquired.

But here the resemblance ends; in all other respects, in their conduct in private life, their characters as clergymen and as politicians, in their behavior towards others, and in the way in which others treated them, no two men could be more unlike.

Neither Sydney Smith nor Swift entered the Church voluntarily, but rather as a means of support; a more active life than that of a clergyman would have been better suited to their tastes. But, when once established in it, one became a real clergyman, while the other did not deserve to be called such. Smith performed all his duties faithfully and conscientiously; he made great sacrifices of his own comfort for the benefit of those who had been placed under his care; he became interested in them, and they in him. The fact that his new functions were in a manner forced upon him, made no difference; he endeavored to render himself popular with his people,—to come down to their level, to talk about the same things as they did, to increase their happiness, while, on his part, he gained some benefit through the little scraps of practical information or knowledge of character that could be got from his strange acquaintances. He learned to adapt himself to circumstances; though placed in a situation for which his previous mode of life apparently disqualified him, he yet contrived to disregard the disagreeable features of it, to make the best of all the advantages it afforded, and to continue cheerful at times when impatience and fault-finding would have been per-

fectly natural. In his preaching, too, he displayed the same sensible, well-balanced mind; he was frank, honest, and independent, an earnest teacher of practical morality; preaching what he saw was needed, and saying what he felt it to be his duty to say, without regard to the opinions of others.

When Swift, however, was settled down in a small parish, which could not have been much worse than Sydney Smith's, he felt that he was out of his place, but made no attempt at acquiring new tastes and living a different life from that to which he had been accustomed, in order to improve his condition. He let matters go on as before. He kept himself above and apart from his flock; he went his own way, and let them take theirs; he was discontented and restless, and ended by neglecting his parish altogether, going away to London, and plunging into political discussion. This was one way in which his conduct was inconsistent with his duty as a churchman; but he displayed his disregard for the religion he professed, and the obligations which his station imposed, in a manner still more offensive. He wrote books which the arch-unbelievers of the day considered to be powerful satires upon Christianity; he advised the author of the "Beggars' Opera" to turn clergyman by way of getting a living; and his most intimate friends were notorious as the holders of atheistical principles. His character for infidelity was such as to prevent his being advanced to a bishopric, in spite of the strong claims which he had on the government, and the powerful influence by which his pretensions were supported. As he had become a clergyman from necessity, he sunk the church dignitary in the satirist and pamphleteer; he never seemed to have any very lively sense of the duties required of him, nor any wish to acquire a hold upon the hearts of his people. He seldom preached, and when he did preach, his sermons, by his own admission, contained little more than politics; in fact, his occupying a high station in the Church was in-

jurious to others and to himself; for he did no good there, and would have been far happier somewhere else.

Although Smith and Swift both wrote on political matters, there was a vast difference between the motives that actuated them, and their entire method of carrying on the controversy. Smith was not a mere politician; he had very different objects in view from those generally pursued by men of that class. He wrote out of the goodness of his heart, — wrote because he saw many wrongs existing which he believed he could remedy. He was the advocate of toleration, the champion of humane and liberal principles in legislation. He opposed the unjust and ill-contrived system of the game laws, the narrow-minded policy pursued towards the Irish and Dissenters, and endeavored to lessen the evils under which people labored in consequence of the many other unfair regulations then in force. In all this, he was actuated by as disinterested motives as it is possible for a man to have; although he may very likely have indulged hopes that some time or other affairs would be changed, and his own support of these principles would be favorable to his interests, still that could have been nothing more than a vague expectation, and could have had nothing to do with directing his course of action. At the time when he wrote, there was nothing to gain, and everything to lose, from the advocacy of these principles; and it required a great deal of independence, and a strong conviction of the justice of his cause, to maintain the side of humanity, with the prospect of poverty and obscurity for many years to come staring him in the face. With all this strong sense of duty, and this deeply seated belief that his principles were right, he did not allow himself to be carried away into any extravagance, such as feelings like his frequently lead to. His good common sense, the most marked feature of his character, kept him entirely free from that.

Swift's motives for action were perfectly selfish; in everything he did, he was thinking of himself, although, in conse-

quence of the strangeness of his character, he did not always seem to be doing so. Of course, any man who takes part in political contests, and tries by his writings to change other men's opinions, has his own advantage more or less in view, as well as the immediate object of the writings themselves. In Swift's case, the care for his own advancement was the chief cause for his proceedings; with Sydney Smith it had very little influence. Swift's first object in writing was to exercise control, to make himself prominent as a leader and guide for his party. He loved power for its own sake, rather than for what it would do; he liked to appear to possess it too. On account of this liking, he used to assume a superiority to all the great men with whom he associated, sometimes carrying it even to rudeness. His own life, and that of those about him, would have been much happier, if fortune had placed him in some high station, where he would not have thought it necessary, in support of his character as an independent man, to try to lord it so over everybody. As it was, however, this desire was a ruling principle of his conduct; and this, combined with a real love for controversy, in a great degree determined his course in regard to political matters. He was not a real patriot, like Sydney Smith. His exertions in behalf of the Irish arose not from any love for Ireland or its people, nor from any hatred of injustice or sympathy with distress. His character was too cold and hard for that. But he saw a chance of placing himself at the head of a great movement, of making a figure as their champion; and therefore he took up their defence. He corresponds very well to the name "agitator," though a very much greater one than has ever been seen before or since. But he had none of the benevolence, liberality, or self-sacrificing spirit, which were such prominent traits in Sydney Smith's character.

The wit of these two men was of an entirely different character. Both had a deep insight into human nature, a contempt for all cant, a lively appreciation of absurdity or

inconsistency ; therefore their way of setting these forth was forcible and animated. But they looked at a subject from opposite sides. Smith took a cheerful view, and Swift a gloomy one. The one ridiculed good-humoredly, the other went to work malignantly, crushing everything and everybody by the bitterness of his satire. Smith's wit was simple laughing at folly ; it was pleasant and genial : he took pleasure in nonsense for its own sake, nor did he ever use his powers to inflict pain.

Swift's wit, on the other hand, was nothing but a clear perception of man's follies and weaknesses, and a bitter dislike for them. The vigor and liveliness of his exposure of these follies corresponded with, and was caused by, the intensity of his disgust. If affection makes a man blind to any failings in the object of it, Swift's sight was not dimmed by any such weakness. For his fellow-creatures he had but little sympathy, and therefore he was keenly sensible of whatever in them was susceptible of abuse or ridicule. But for the ludicrous he had no fancy whatever. Smith could talk nonsense for other people's amusement from one week's end to another ; but Swift was incapable of spending his time in any such innocent and undignified way ; and any little trifles he might occasionally write, were done rather to show his wit, or to say something ill-natured, than to amuse others or himself. His wit is something to be wondered at, rather than to be enjoyed.

In the rest of their respective characters, the separation between them is still wider. In Swift, the amount of kindly feelings, of the qualities that make a man loved, was reduced to the lowest possible standard ; with the exception of one or two slight glimpses of what seemed good-nature, but which may not have been such, after all, he was thoroughly cold, selfish, and unamiable. Smith was overflowing with kindness of heart and sympathy for others : he was popular among all classes of men, — the country people of Yorkshire, as well as the most polished society of London.

Swift's conduct, indeed, seems to be full of inconsistencies. Judging from some of his actions, you would think him a miracle of good-nature: he gave away much in charity, he was always ready to oblige his friends; and the attachment of Stella and Vanessa would lead us to expect to find in him warm and lovable qualities. But the main tenor of his life gives no support to this opinion; and those actions of his which seem at first to be exceptions to the rule are found, when examined, to be owing to the same motives that influenced the rest. Those which appear to be benevolent are very far from it. For instance, he was active in the cause of his friends, and apparently attended to their business before his own. This implies a kind and generous disposition in most cases; but with him, the main-spring of such behavior was the pleasure of conferring an obligation, of having people dependent upon him, and gaining a reputation for influence at court. To attend to their affairs was in reality to attend to his own: he was looking after his own interest all the time, for he was trying to build up his own power and credit. He counted up his friends like so many pieces of property; he made lists of them, marked down as grateful, ungrateful, or indifferent, and seemed to consider them necessarily bound to him for favors received.

Nor did he forget any favor he had conferred, however trifling, or allow the recipients to forget it either. He once obtained for Steele a continuance in the office which an indiscreet piece of satire had nearly caused him to lose. Most men would have said no more about the matter; but soon after, they happened to quarrel; and then Swift came out publicly charging Steele with ingratitude, and throwing this obligation in his face to prove the truth of the accusation. Even in the smallest matters, he had as good a memory and as little delicacy; and, in a dispute with the Princess Caroline, reminded her Highness as pertinaciously of a little present of silk, or some such thing, he had once made her, as he did Steele of the greater obligation. On the same principle,

too, he acted, when he paid two of his friends for the supper they would have eaten had their visit been made a little earlier. It was a reckoning of favors, not by the kindness implied in them, but by a money-standard, or some such equivalent; but he never did a kindness from mere friendship, and almost always accompanied it by an insult.

His behavior in the whole affair with Stella and Vanessa is marked by utter selfishness and hardness of heart. He carried it on as an intellectual amusement; real affection for them he had none; or if a glimpse of it appeared now and then, it was at once checked as a foolish and unworthy weakness. He could not appreciate their feelings towards him; and, from not appreciating them, trifled with them. He would never answer decidedly the questions Vanessa asked, to put an end to her anxiety, because it would not be agreeable to him that the connection should be broken off; nor did he think the scruples of Stella important enough to compel him to inconvenience himself at all, by doing what he had once resolved he would not do, i. e. by marrying, though no other objection existed to it but his own whim. His conduct in this affair is alone sufficient to stamp him as a morose, selfish misanthrope, utterly without sympathy or affection for others, and wholly wrapped up in himself, the great Jonathan Swift.

After the contemplation of such a disagreeable character, to turn to Sydney Smith is a decided relief. In him there is none of this pride and bitterness, none of this supreme disregard for common mortals, none of this regard only for his own interests. He had enough obstacles and ridicule to encounter in the course of his life to bring out any such qualities, if he had them in him; though his trials were not so severe as Swift's, whose temper was a good deal affected by the difficulties he met with, especially by his failure in the pursuit of his grand object. But Sydney Smith, when placed in circumstances which were certainly trying, showed not a trace of the bad qualities which a similar situation brought out so strongly in Swift's character.

Smith's life was an even, consistent course: he did not, like Swift, grow worse-tempered as he grew older, but retained the same easy, cheerful disposition, the same liberality in his opinions, and the same faithful regard for duty, in age, which had marked his youth. His conduct was regulated by principles that continued to influence him at one time as well as another; kindness towards other men, and a really Christian spirit. He was obliging to poor as well as to rich, and his readiness to oblige arose in both cases from the same motives. While Swift disliked children, and coolly argued with the unfortunate women that devoted themselves to him so passionately about the conditions on which he would consent to marry if such an arrangement was agreeable to them, Smith was an affectionate husband and father, and a most attentive friend. But I might go on, and specify points of difference for ever.

The whole effect of taking a general view of them is perfectly distinct in one case from what it is in the other. Smith seems to form part of the society in which he moves, sympathizing with what goes on in it, and loved and respected by those who compose it; differing from them in nothing but in the superiority of his talents. But Swift stands out alone, by himself, above all others, even the greatest men of his time. No affection felt for him by the world about him, connects him with it; people admire and obey; but, further than that, neither party desires any close intimacy. Sydney Smith is not the great, striking, original genius that Swift is, nor does he make so deep an impression upon the imagination; but in everything that tends to make a man honored and respected, — to place him in a position such as every right-minded man would wish to hold, — he has an immense advantage over Swift.

FATE'S MESSENGERS.

WHAT fletcher makes such arrow-shafts as Fate ?
 What archer of his arrows is so choice,
 Or cleaves the wand so surely ? They are men,
 The chosen of her quiver ; nor for her
 Will any reed suffice, or cross-grained stick,
 At random from life's common fagot plucked :
 Such answer household ends, but she will have
 Souls straight and clear, of toughest fibre, sound
 Down to the heart of heart ; from these she strips
 All needless stuff, all sap-wood, hardens them,
 From circumstance untoward feathers plucks,
 Crumpled and cheap, and barbs with iron will :
 The hour that passes is her quiver-boy ;
 When she draws bow, 't is not across the wind
 Nor 'gainst the sun her haste-snatched shaft rings forth,
 For sun and wind have plighted faith to her ;
 Ere men have heard the sinew twang, behold
 In the butt's heart her trembling messenger !

J. R. L.

PLAGIARISM.*

(Continued from the April Number.)

"A 'strange coincidence,' to use a phrase
 By which such things are settled now-a-days."

"May my candle be put out, when I refuse to confess at whose torch I have lighted it."

"ONCE observing Byron with a book full of paper-marks, I asked him what it was. 'Only a book,' he answered, 'from

* Some explanation for the abrupt termination of this article is due the injured public, our fellow-sufferers. The crafty Inspector, immediately upon his release from collegiate service, fled with the earliest beams of the morning from his editorial creditors. The exasperated "we" proceeded in a body to his former apartment, that, by attaching any "articles" left in his precipitate flight, they might

which I am trying to *crib*, as I do whenever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an original poet." We refuse to coincide with Moore in thinking this a jest on the part of his noble friend. He does not give the name of the author in whose works Byron sought for originality; but perhaps it was Dryden. We have already called in one little debt to Glorious John, for which his Lordship had *not* given a note; and we now select another, which it required more boldness to appropriate, since it is not only familiar to many, but has its owner's name indelibly stamped upon it. Who would not know this to be Dryden's?—

"This is the porcelain clay of human kind."

Don Sebastian, Act I. Sc. 1.

But not every one knows this to be Byron's:—

"The precious porcelain of human clay." — *Don Juan*.

For it is quoted verbatim on page 138 of *Salad for the Social*, and ingeniously ascribed to Jeremy Taylor!

A part of the atrocious fun in Prior's ballad of *The Thief and Cordelier*,—the poor wretch who

"Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart,"—

was artistically worked out from a hint in Montaigne's *Essays*, Chapter XL., as the reader may see by comparing the two passages. Among the *bon-mots* of some persons led to execution, who "passed jokes to make the by-standers

satisfy their just demands. It may be of slight satisfaction to know, should this ever meet his eye, that we searched his drawers, his portfolios, his books and papers, leaving not one cranny unexamined. His interesting correspondence was first appropriated, and is reserved for future publication; next, a bundle of returned forensics saw light, appraised valueless because mostly stolen; finally, the above fragment was dragged from beneath a dumb-bell in the shoe-box. The typographical demon immediately clapped his paw on his legitimate prey, and so is it

unfinished, sent before its time
Into this number, then scarce half set up.

POLICEMAN X.

laugh, and drank to their companions, just as well as Socrates," the Sieur Michael records one of a criminal that "answered his confessor, who promised him that he should that day sup with Our Lord, 'Do you go, then,' said he, 'in my room ; for I, for my part, keep fast to-day.'"

Prior, with more propriety, has transferred the clinch to the ghostly attendant : —

" 'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.'

" 'Alas !' quoth the Squire, 'howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat ;
I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.'

" 'That I would,' quoth the Father, 'and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit ;
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste,
For to-night, by our Order, is marked for a fast.' "

One of our own contributors (*Tros Tyriusve nullo discrimine agetur*), in a published work, speaks thus of the poet Whittier : —

" Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights
For reform, or whatever they call human rights,
Both singing and striking in front of the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thór ;
Anne hæc, one exclaims on beholding his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox !
Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid-din,
Preaching brotherly love, and then driving it in
To the brain of the tough old Goliath of Sin,
With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's spring,
Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sling ? "

There is something more than a simple coincidence between the point of these lines and that of the following very ancient anecdote, which may be found, among a great many other very ancient anecdotes, in the *Social Salad*.

During one of the wars in the Middle Ages, a belligerent Bishop, clad in complete steel, was taken prisoner by the Emperor of Germany. The warlike Man of Peace hap-

pened to be a favorite with the reigning Pontiff, who sent despatches to the Emperor commanding him to "release his son"; but the only answer received was the empty coat of mail, with the pithy question, *Anne hæc vestis filii tui?* Whether this be thy son's coat or no?

In these two instances the point seems precisely the same, — a fighting Quaker and a bellicose Bishop, — with the same witty application of a verse from the Bible-story of Joseph.

Posterity has consented to remember but one line from Beilby Porteus's once celebrated prize-poem on "Death," and that one the future Bishop did not scruple to — (What shall we say, mine Ancient Pistol, and be respectful to the cloth? "*Convey*, the wise it call. Steal! Fah! a *fico* for the phrase!") — did not scruple to convey, then, from Dr. Young. He had the merit, however, of condensing into one line the Doctor's four, and lazy posterity took the lighter load, and asked no questions.

"One murder makes a villain;
Millions, a hero." — *Poem on Death*, line 154.

"One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name, —
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame."

Love of Fame, Sat. VII. lines 55 – 58.

The *Poem on Death*, like many prize-poems of a later date, exhibits every mark of judicious reading. In fact, not a single striking idea contained in it is original. Young, Gray, and Milton are his favorite authors. Well-selected passages from some one of these there appear in every paragraph; and the change from one to the other is so frequent and so startling, that one inquires, with Mrs. Malaprop, if he is not, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once? Take a specimen or two: —

"In sober state
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way."

Poem on Death, line 108.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Gray's Elegy.

"To make a death which Nature never made."

Poem on Death, line 144.

"Man makes a death, which Nature never made."

Night Thoughts, iv. 15.

And so forth. Not that we would be understood to imply that the Bishop narrow-mindedly restricts himself to these three only. Others receive a share, but a less liberal one, of his attentions; for instance, Tickell:—

"To teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson! how to die."

Poem on Death.

"There taught us how to live; and (O too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die."

On the Death of Addison.

Which couplet Tickell himself stole from — But we must not digress. We have not space for any further illustrations; suffice it to say, that the Bishop's transformations are so numerous and incessant that one can hardly help altering the *Porteus* to *Proteus*, but *pereat* Porson, who has said this before us, in allusion to his political changes.

We received in early childhood an indefinite impression that Campbell, in respect of literary honesty, was sometimes no better than he should be; and time has confirmed the opinion. The true source of perhaps the most hackneyed line from his writings has already been indicated in a former number, and the origin of another has been pointed out by Willmott, in his *Summer Time*. In Campbell's description of Adam wandering restless through Paradise, before the creation of Eve, occur these lines:—

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man? — a world without a sun!"

The last is the most striking of the four, but it is at least

twelve hundred years old. Luther quotes the phrase from St. Augustine: "A marriage without children is the world without the sun."

For another admired line, we think a note was due to Thomson. Recounting the sad story of La Perouse, he says:—

"He came not back, — Competura's cheek grew pale;
Year after year, in no propitious gale,
His lilled banner held its homeward way,
And Science saddened at her Martyr's stay." *

Thomson, too, is describing an expedition which "came not back." It is a caravan, overwhelmed by the terrible sand whirlwinds of the Sahara. After painting their living burial beneath the moving hills, the scene is changed to the places where the unfortunate pilgrims are in vain expected:—

"In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay."

Campbell had, perhaps, been reading Hume before he wrote *Lochiel's Warning*.

"The violent Jefferies now set out with a savage joy, as to a full harvest of death and destruction." — *Hume's England*.

"And like reapers descend to the harvest of death."

Lochiel's Warning.

A much more palpable plagiarism occurs in the second part of his principal work:—

"But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in."

Pleasures of Hope, II. 357, 358.

"The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever." — *Tristram Shandy*, Vol. VI. Chap. VIII.

The couplet is so literal a rendering into verse of Sterne's prose, that one turns involuntarily to the Notes to look for the proper acknowledgment to *Tristram Shandy*. But he

* P. S. Query: Are these lines Campbell's? I. B.

turns in vain. He will, indeed, find a note there, informing him that "the prophet's hand" which "at Horeb's rocks unlocked a generous store," &c., was that of Moses, and that the account of the miracle may be found in "Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6"; and another, kindly explaining that the "Swedish sage" mentioned in the text as being rather addicted to the study of botany and "wingéd insects," was not Charles-le-Douze, or Kubla Khan, or Bernadotte, or Aristotle, as the incautious reader might suppose, but — LINNÆUS! Since then he has given notes upon matters so very obvious, and refused his readers credit for the scantiest stock of common information, we do not consider him entitled to the charity which might at first pronounce the couplet an intentional appeal to our acquaintance with Sterne.

FOGYISM.

It is a common thing to hear of the decline, in our age, of everything which is great and noble. The same disaffected spirit under the influence of which fathers grumble over the extravagance of boys of the present generation, and which causes mothers to complain of these days of flirtation and frivolity, so different from their own, — this same spirit of decrying the present and extolling the past, — reveals itself on a larger scale among those who are accustomed to compare our character, genius, and institutions with those of other times.

Many of these desponding spirits can find nothing to admire in the present age, except the rapidity with which everything is done. They compare the romantic spirit of the ancient Greeks with our utilitarian tendencies; their love of poetry and the arts with our love of money. They can find no virtues in modern times to place by the side of

the courage and martial spirit of the Romans. They are rapturous in their admiration of the heroism of the days of chivalry, when men travelled over the world fighting to establish a lady's claim to beauty, while the achievements of modern science and art meet with sneers alone. They grant that the ends of the earth are brought within an instant of each other; that nations rise up in a moment; that the Englishman in his own home hears, as it were, the roar of artillery in the Crimea, and that Napoleon watches every movement of his troops before the walls of Sebastopol as plainly as if they were parading on the Champ de Mars.

Perhaps they will even admit, that, if the present system of progress is continued, there may yet be an air-line communication between our earth and the planet Herschel, or that hereafter it may not be an uncommon thing for a merchant to do business in Venus during the day, and pass his evenings at home with his family.

But how dearly do we purchase these improvements! At how great a cost have we banished the darkness of the Middle Ages, since the noble spirit of chivalry has gone with it!

It is true that we no longer, like the ancients, mingle superstition with our religion. Destitute of everything which gave a charm to ancient mythology, our religion has in it nothing attractive or poetical, but, like all modern institutions, it is cold and practical.

It is true that no corner of the earth remains unvisited, that every quarter of the globe contributes to the gratification of our tastes; but while we have no reason to suppose that other ages have felt the want of these advantages, how wofully have modern improvements in navigation taken away the charms of ancient voyages, when mariners were lured by sirens' voices, — when often a god appeared from heaven to guide their bark, and sea-nymphs sported around the prow!

In our age the stars are counted and weighed, their distances are calculated and their courses are marked out with

mathematical precision. But in other days those stars were gods, to which mortals looked up in awe and adoration. What benefit do we derive from a knowledge of their true nature? Was not their light as lovely when it was believed that they looked down from heaven to protect the objects of their care? Of what advantage is knowledge at all, that chief, almost only boast, of our time? It robs all objects of the charm of strangeness, and substitutes for the creations of imagination fact and utility, which, after all, do not add to the aggregate of human happiness. All that we have acquired makes us discontented that we have not acquired more; however far we may advance, there is that wall of impenetrable darkness somewhere, which we cannot look beyond. Why, then, do we pass our lives in striving to remove this barrier, which at best can recede but little?

Strange as it may seem, there are many who profess to regret all that progress of modern times which has tended to supplant fiction with fact. They would fain see the world restored to those ages when men were pleased with childish things, when they were filled with consternation at the signs of the heavens; or to those times when there were Don Quixotes, fired with the spirit of adventure, to pass their lives in search of deeds of chivalry. They would banish all the progress which the present age has made, from an idea that with the advance of civilization men have lost all their nobler feelings and poetic impulses.

They do not seem to realize that the days which they regard with so much admiration were the infancy and childhood of the world. If, when these lovers of the past say that men have lost their nobler qualities, they mean that we no longer consider it worth our while to pass our youth and early manhood in preparation for the lists,—that it is no longer our highest ambition to display our skill and courage before admiring crowds, or to receive at the tournament the prize of valor from the queen of beauty; if, when they

declare that we have no appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, they mean that we do not accept the senseless mythology of the ancients, however much of sublimity and beauty it may have contained, — that we no longer receive as heaven-sent omens those wonders in the skies which we can explain by natural laws; if, when it is asserted that there is no longer any enthusiasm in the world, it is meant that whole nations are no longer roused at the crusader's call, to fight for an empty shadow, — in this sense we have lost our enthusiasm, our poetic feeling, our appreciation of the sublime and beautiful. When we admit all this, we say nothing more than that we have ceased to entertain ourselves with the fancies of childhood, and have put on the wisdom of age.

But though we have so far outgrown in wisdom and knowledge those ages which have gone before us, we have not laid aside all the superstitions and weaknesses which existed in the infancy of the world. We regard it as incredible that it should ever have been believed that Cæsar's shade appeared to Brutus, or that Æneas heard a voice from the grave of Polydorus. Yet many of us listen with credulity when we are told that our wise men, our orators and poets, who have passed away from earth, are not content with their present condition, but sneak back into the world, and hide themselves under our chairs and tables. We are asked to believe that in the other world they have given up the intellectual pursuits through which in life they attained to eminence, and now devote themselves to athletic exercises and feats of legerdemain. In future ages it is probable that this delusion will be looked upon as we now regard the descent of Ulysses or of Orpheus to the shades below.

When we are inclined to reflect despondingly on the decline of what is great and noble in our time, we should remember that we cannot justly compare our own with other ages, any more than one can fairly compare himself with other individuals.

Those things, which seem to us to have been eminently poetical, may have seemed wholly practical in the age in which they existed. And those things which are now tainted with utilitarianism may have the charm of marvellousness hereafter. Far off in the future, when men shall have lost the knowledge of the scientific improvements which we have made (if that time shall ever come), will it not seem more wonderful that we should have conversed with each other over thousands of miles of intervening country, than the story of Dædalus's flight, on wings of his own manufacture, from Crete to Sicily. More incredible will it be that we should create horses of inconceivable strength and fleetness, than it seems to us that old Atlas should have borne the earth and heaven upon his shoulders.

In future mythologies, Professor Morse may, like Prometheus, have his vitals daily torn by a vulture, as the penalty for having appropriated, for the benefit of the human race, the lightning of heaven, and Franklin be admitted into the councils of the gods, nigh to the throne of another "*Zeus τερπικέραυνος.*"

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

THE BETROTHAL.

"A worthy hymn in woman's praise."

PERHAPS the most marked characteristic of recent poetry is the slight importance attached to the stories offered the world. Our poet is not now a novelist. Narrative furnishes him a thread only on which to string brilliants of

* 1. The Betrothal. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

2. The Espousal. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

thought. His endeavors are to produce the higher delights of a mind aroused to poetic activity, rather than to engage passing interest with new fictions. And so with this poem of Coventry Patmore; a simple narration of an interesting, every-day occurrence, is the warp on which is woven some very fine and pleasant poetry.

Instead of watching the heroine from the moment when Lucina's services were at an end, through the long panorama of childhood, youth, and maidenhood, till we see the lovers hand in hand journey toward the altar, twelve graphic sketches (the "Idyls"), taken at interesting periods of a love experience, are exhibited, and the emotions and sentiments excited (the "Accompaniments") softly chanted the while.

There is nothing in the whole twelve Idyls so improbable that it is not likely to happen, some fine month, to you, susceptible masculine, or me,—if it has n't occurred already!—excepting those college laurels with which the faithful Felix came off "three times crowned." Indeed, the whole story so coincides with common experience, that it has been fairly questioned whether this is not a chapter of personal history; a view of the composition which, while detracting not at all from the author's meed as a careful observer and skilful painter, determines the value of the work as a poem,—a new creation. And after all, in its deliberate judgment of what constitutes *poetry*, the world has hardly advanced beyond those keen critics who stereotyped their theory in the word itself; the first meaning of the term is still the best definition; for the gift of poetry is still the power of making, originating, as much as when the wondrous workmanship of a hero's shield, or the mysteries of a descent to the infernal world, were the themes for the stately measure of the bard.

* * * * *

In this poem, *The Angel in the House*, one is first struck by the marked influence of Alfred Tennyson's poetry on

the mind of the author, which is everywhere perceptible; a fact not so strange when Coventry Patmore, a friend and admirer of the poet laureate, was announced as the author. Apart from the decidedly Tennysonian pitch of those key-notes of each section, called, by way of eminence, the "Sentences" (where, it has been wittily remarked, the author fails of being obscure), the very spirit of the poem, a manly tribute to true, exalted womanhood, accords with the leading idea of that noble production, "The Princess."

In the Prologue and Epilogue, the origin of the poem and its first reception are cleverly told. The author, desiring for his wife's sake to earn a name, determines on their wedding anniversary to sing this first of themes, — his love, his wife.

It was agreed (*vide supra*) the song should have no incidents, they are so dull, but its scope should be the heart's events; and when a year has passed, this "Betrothal," his "leisure's labor," is submitted to the kindly criticism of the wife, with many forebodings of what the "Times" and "Blackwood" (literary Grundies) will say. The "Accompaniments" of the first section of the poem are also introductory: the reality of love, the propriety of singing the praises of this immortal theme, confidence in the subject, tempered by modest doubts of his own skill in numbers, and the "Sentences," expressive of the morality, wisdom, and boundlessness of love, prepare the way for Idyl I., "The Cathedral Close." Felix, the writer, returns to his guardian's roof, after six years' absence; the mansion and all about it are unchanged; but within, the prude, "who, kissed at Christmas, called me rude," the invalid, and the romp, had developed into lovely womanhood.

There has been another change; the Christian mother has passed away, and in returning to these old, familiar places, he seems to feel her shadowy presence, unperceived of others: the sainted image is softly mirrored, too, in the eldest daughter.

"She seemed expressly sent below
 To teach our erring minds to see
 The rhythmic change of time's sweet flow
 As part of calm eternity.
 The years, so far from doing her wrong,
 Anointed her with gracious balm,
 And made her brows more and more young
 With wreaths of amaranth and palm."

But the holy influence of the mother was still vital in the peaceful, happy home, whose inmates, every one,

"On tranquil faces bore the light
 Of duties beautifully done."

By far the most interesting passage of the next section, and one which, I risk me, will come home as personal experience to most candidates for the baccalaureate, is the concluding stanza of the second Idyl:—

"Each Beauty blossomed in the light
 Of tender, personal regards;
 And, in the records of my breast,
 Stood ~~sixteen~~, who beyond the rest
 Up to that time had been my care."

The mere number, more or less, can be altered to suit individual history; confess the application,—else, what means that fragmentary collection so carefully hidden in the back corner of your bureau-drawer?

To go on, however, Idyl by Idyl, would be at once insipid and exhaustive, as the course of their love ran smoothly enough in the ancient channels. The story can be shortly told. A little anxiety at the presence of a seafaring cousin, a delightful morning call, a tremor of excitement on receiving an invitation to tea, lead trembling Felix to a realization of his position. A formal proposal to the Dean, her father, meets with approbation, as a consummation hoped for by the lovers' parents in the old time. (How differently conveyed to the reader, however, from a similar agreement in Maud, Section VII.!) The next six Idyls continue the gentle game, and the "Abdication" brings Felix and consenting Honoria to their betrothal, when the mistress of his

reverent thought owns that she too loves, and, "by love unsceptred," is crouching at his side, while he submits to the crown.

Love,—the inexhaustible and ever delightful theme,—which, pure and holy, darkly unites the hearts of man and woman in body and soul, is then the subject of our author's song. It were brave indeed to essay a theme, since Muse Erato began her sway, the fountain-head of the Pierian spring,—a theme so nobly chanted by the noblest bards, so feebly piped by every weakling likewise, seeming threadbare from the empty words of affectation, so shamed by the immodesty of the bawd, False Sentimentality, scandalized even by corruption. And the poet, "girt with thought and prayer," with devotion and humility has won a glorious success indeed; these lays *are* "lovely, good, and true," and lead the willing reader to that pure ideal character with which we love to invest woman. But such lovely images, it will be objected, are unreal, and find no counterparts in life, yet declaration was fairly made that it is an angel whose presence in human habitation inspires the song; nor is this beatification an unheard-of hyperbole of the lover. Has a noble ideal been set forth, let us rejoice therein, nor do our allies of the sex the injustice of believing it wholly false. And if, in his admiration, the poet asserts the superiority of woman in certain virtues, in spite of your indignation, jealous males, *magna est veritas*, etc.

For to declare that woman is possessed of the gentler graces, confidingness, humility, faith, which the masculine character in its "gross regality of strength" lacks, is to declare that woman is not man. Surely, of the following traits of feminine character, none can be rejected, or rather there are none which we do not gladly accept:—

" Her disposition is devout,
Her countenance angelical;
No faithless thought her instinct shrouds,
But fancy chequers settled sense,
Pure courtesy, composure, ease,

Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed ;
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride ;
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek,
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet,
How candid in discourse."

Stress is laid upon the humility with which woman receives her lot, contrasted with the uneasy strivings of man. The exemption of woman from manly toil is regarded as her privilege, not the result of her weakness, and her capacity, it is argued, is equal to that of the working sex, — a point so vexed, it must be left to individual prejudice. But he has missed the flavor of the wine, who has enjoyed a cultivated, talented woman's company, and failed to perceive something more than mere cleverness or learning, an harmonious union of mind and affections where the intellect loses its angularities in womanly qualities.

Instead of abdicating, as he declares, the poet rather makes the sexes share the glories and responsibilities of human nature, each supreme in his own scope ; thus love, for example, is her special crown, as truth is his. The iron will, the pride and self-satisfaction, the noisier courage, the unwearied perseverance, the rougher nature fitted for the world's buffets, and all that constitutes masculine character, fall short of the highest human development, unless united to the patience, gentleness, humility, and modesty, the confiding, loving spirit of woman. The male elements of character, because disjointed and at strife, do not bring rest : —

" But ever groan and gasp for dearth
Of that in her with which they agree,
Like rude base notes, of little worth
Till married to their melody."

At least, that age of the world in which the position woman occupies in society is the best criterion of its civilization, as, on the other hand, the highest enlightenment is to be attributed directly to the superior regard paid to her sex, will not fail to admit the notable truth expressed by the poet Tennyson, that

“The woman’s cause is man’s; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.”

Another degenerate philosophy, which would reduce human nature into egotism in the one sex, and vanity in the other, will croak that disappointment and unhappiness can be the only fruits of such exalted notions of human affection. Sham sentiment, sickly paragon-worship, and the pernicious devotion of knee-breeches and small-swords, — ay, and of curled moustaches and quizzing-glasses, — are everywhere contemptible, and only tolerated as brain is dispensed with; and as long as avarice lasts, or wickedness holds by, no end of selfish, heartless, mercenary connections will take place.

Yet, while folly and wickedness meet condign punishment, who believes the less in manly and womanly love, noble, disinterested, holy; at once refining and strengthening the better nature in us. Such tender plants shun light, but still do they bloom and shed the fragrance of kindly action around many a family altar, where coldness, selfishness, and wickedness do not penetrate. Sadly are the disappointments of true affection — martyrdoms in love — recited; food for interest in the novel, for poignancy of pain in the sufferers. How many times it comes to pass, as the volume hath it,

“That trifling shades of temperament,
Not love, but love’s success, prevent.
How manners often falsely paint
The man; how *passionate respect*,
Hid by itself, may bear the taint
Of coldness and a dull neglect.”

Before passing to the one or two scenes from the life-

drama, which I shall have space for, notice the lesson, repeatedly enforced, that virtue and purity, products of affection, are necessary to its perfection, — teachings indisputably true, though masculine conduct may not always coincide with the belief. And do not these lines present forcibly the influence which woman, less susceptible to the wickedness of the world, may exert over man for the better? After stating how hard it is for man to attain holiness, but harder to be less than his mistress loves him for, the moralist continues :—

“ Ah, wasteful woman ! she that may
On her sweet self set her own price,
How has she cheapened Paradise ;
How given for naught the priceless gift,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine.

“ High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, had thou,
Just to thyself, been worth's reward.”

Learn, ye marriageable maidens, the power deputed to your hands, and so often suffered to lie unexercised. Listen, ye who would not wed from the vulgar commonalty of men, how to confer upon the chosen partner patents of nobility from above. Be to some loving heart an angel indeed, and let scorn choke in reviling your sacred sentimentality.

The change in outward action — perhaps sometimes in inward regard — between the come-live-with-me-and-be-my-love period, and actual married life, — the difference between the lover and the husband, — is often great, though not so unusual that its occurrence excites remark. Perhaps this change is sometimes the result of disappointment in the life-partner, or the just reward of unholy matches ; but it is frequently the bitter result of thoughtlessness, especially on the part of the husband, involved in the toil and anxiety of active life. “ Frost in Harvest,” and “ The Wife's Tragedy,” are chapters rich in reflections for so careless a husband. The first concludes with this appeal :—

"The gentle wife who decks his board,
 Who finds her own in his delight,
 Is she another now than she
 Who, mistress of her maiden charms,
 Committed them to his proud arms?"

To this can only be added, while such a priceless jewel ought never to lose its value in its possessor's eyes, yet Rosalind's theory included both sexes: "No, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives."

The good Samaritan spirit of the last strophe of the "Daughter of Eve" recalls immediately the "Bridge of Sighs," never too often quoted. The heartlessness with which the *unco guid* close the door of Christian charity on the unfortunate, who, more sinned against than sinning, would gladly return, is rebuked, while such dejected one is promised future comfort, and taught to think that God is just, though the tempter goes unharmed, for

"Guilt's a game where losers fare
 Better than those that seem to win."

The allusion on page 185, —

"May I, for my reward, be borne
 To earth, like Henry Frauenlob," —

is to Henry of Meissen, a German doctor of theology, and founder of the "Meistersingers," whose lays in honor of the ladies won him this title, *Frauenlob*, Praise of Woman-kind. On the evening of St. Andrew, 1318, states the Chronicle of Albert, he was buried at Mentz, in the parvis of the church, with great solemnity. His corpse was borne by women unto the place of burial, and surrounded by female torch-bearers, and loudly they moaned and wailed because of the infinite praises bestowed on womankind in his verse. So much good wine was poured into the grave, that the church-floor was flooded with these affectionate libations.

A prominent beauty, yet to be noticed, is the exquisite

finish, the pre-Raphaelite touches in all descriptions, and even casual sketches. A large number might be quoted in illustration, but the novelty of seeing in verse that most practical of human events, the departure of a rail-train, must suffice.

“ the bell tolled ;
And, with a shock and shriek like death,
Link catching link, the long array,
With ponderous pulse and fiery breath,
Proud of its burden, swept away ;
And through the lingering crowd I broke ;
Sought the church tower, and thence, heart-sick,
Beheld, far off, the little smoke
Along the landscape kindling quick.”

The poem is presented in the quaint type in use among printers a century ago, and which we see in old books, with italic titles, — quite refreshing for a couple of volumes, but frightful in prospect as a revived fashion ; for already another firm issues novels in the same letter. The first impression had several painful typographical errors, misplaced caps, false punctuations, etc., proving conclusively, that without an excellent proof-reader an author may become fearfully obscure. For example, in the third line of *Idyl XII.*, the little verb “mars,” by usurping the big M, became the fiery planet of the bloody god, — a reading of such exquisite point, that a friendly critic could but reprint the passage *literatim*. These errors have been corrected in subsequent copies, and the listless reader need not fear any marvellous astronomical revelations, should he be trotted along unconsciously by this easy-gaited Pegasus.

NEW BOOKS.

Colomba. By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856.

THIS is a lively translation from the French, which we have read with unusual interest. The scene is laid in Corsica, — land of Virgil-quoting banditti and bloodthirsty virgins, — whither an English officer and his romantic daughter are attracted, the one by love of sporting, the other delighted to essay what never lady tourist had before. On the passage, Ors' Anton', a Frenchman in education and sentiment, is introduced, returning to his native island. On his arrival, his sister, Colomba, a young hawk in ferocity and grace, demands, in accordance with the Corsican custom, the destruction of their father's assassins by Ors' Anton's hand, — an act most abhorrent to his sense of right.

Along trial follows between conscience and custom: the constant demands of the sister, the expectations of his countrymen, the imputations following a departure from the island's custom, almost bring him to the vile deed, when his better training, and the encouragement of brave Miss Lydia, conquer; and he determines, come what may, to remain innocent of blood.

His hereditary enemies, however, plan an ambuscade for the hero; but both fall without consummating the murder, by his double-barrelled Joe Manton, — a shot eclipsing in coolness and skill the marvels of Gordon Cumming.

By this *dénouement* all parties are satisfied; principle triumphs, Lydia and Ors' Anton' are moral conquerors; the enemies of the father met their doom at the hands of the son; Colomba, her retainers, the banditti and Corsicans generally, are gratified; and finally, the Colonel is perfectly satisfied with the sportsman-like double shot. What, then, prevents a match between the young Corsican and the noble English girl? and with a happy prospect of infantine Orsos, the last chapter closes.

As might be supposed from this imperfect skeleton, the story is quite exciting. The view of Corsican habits, forty years since, will not be read in vain; the accounts of the funeral solemnities, of the *voceratrice*, and giving the *rimbecco*, were especially interesting to us.

We think the book must be, as it deserves, very popular.

Vassall Morton: a Novel. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," &c.

"Ecrire qui voudra ! Chacun à ce métier,
Peut perdre impunément de l'encre et du papier." — BOILEAU.

Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856.

THIS is not so good a book as we could wish. It is a novel of but ordinary merit, the scene of which is laid in our own times and in familiar places. We, at least, ought to know all about it. The book opens in the — College Library ! Those of the personages who are students are first brought to our notice at a "social gathering," otherwise called a "punch," which commences immediately after evening prayers, and lasts till "only a lonely light or two glimmers from among the many windows of the academic barracks which overlook the college green !" This slight anachronism, so to speak, of a "spread," we learn, took place only a short time before Class-Day, and we suppose, from the following circumstance, on a Monday evening. For during the entertainment was seen "a bonfire blazing with peculiar splendor under the windows of a chamber where the Faculty were at that moment in solemn session. Three proctors and a tutor were hastening towards the scene of outrage, when a stentorian voice from the adjacent darkness roared forth a warning, that there was a canister of gunpowder in the fire expected every moment to explode. The prudent officers therefore kept their distance, busying themselves with noting down the names of several innocent spectators, while the bonfire subsided to a natural death, the gunpowder hoax having perfectly succeeded." We commend this unheard-of, and we fear inimitable trick, to the attention of the Freshmen.

Our readers no doubt will find the book amusing, although not very highly so. We cannot accord to it very high praise as a work of art, but we think it on the whole superior to many of a like stamp ; still we must say that, in our opinion, Mr. Parkman does not write so good a novel as he does a history. And we mean no disparagement to him when we say this. His History is one of the few *local* histories, by American authors, which, as standard works, compare well with any of those on more interesting subjects. Mr. Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac" will always take a very high rank as an historical production ; but we doubt whether his novel will

be equally successful. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. We should be inclined to alter the motto above quoted a little ; — “*Chacun à son métier*,” is evidently the motto for him. C.

Berenice : A Novel. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

“BERENICE” belongs to a class of books for which, while we are willing enough to allow their temporary fascination, in practice, — as one is ashamed to find himself lingering over the penny-a-line stories of the “Saturday Evening Gazette,” or “Ballou’s Pictorial,” — we yet, theoretically, entertain no other feelings than those of contempt and disgust. They are becoming as thick as the frogs of Egypt at the present time, and are doing more harm to the intellects of the large number of persons who make them their almost exclusive reading, than all the plagues put together did to the cities and farms and bodies of Pharaoh’s subjects. Of its sort, however, — and we must judge it by its own standard for the present, as one does homely babies and unsuccessful pudding, — *Berenice* has impressed us as one of the best. Its prevailing style is what might be called the intense, or exclamation-point, — the style which Charles Reade has been exaggerating beyond all the limits of decency, — and in many parts the autobiographical conduct of the story has given the author opportunity to display considerable power of depicting the secret strivings of the heart, — with a salvo for the phrase, but big words are the only ones that can be used in such abstruse connections.

As to the mechanical execution of the book, its excellence and tastefulness are guaranteed by the mere names of its publishers. If there is any department of mechanical art in which we may pride ourselves on our progress, it is certainly that of book-making and book-adorning. Publishers are finding out that simplicity is the great beauty, both as to print and binding, — a lesson which the gaudy, heavily-gilded, and ugly-looking books of a few years since were well adapted to inculcate. Perhaps we, after defining our position in regard to cheap novels, ought to say we regret that by comely exteriors they are enabled to find their way among decent people, who would turn pale at the sight of the “Red Revenger,” or the “Cruiser of the Spanish Main,” sewed between yellow covers, and wood-cuts outside.

EDITORS' TABLE.

At a meeting of the Class of Fifty-eight, holden Wednesday, June 25, for the election of Editors of the Magazine, Messrs. JOHN O. BURT, Syracuse, N. Y., JAMES C. DAVIS, Greenfield, and WILLIAM G. GORDON, New Bedford, were chosen as the representatives of that Class.

On receipt of the glorious intelligence prosaically told below, it is expected that every son of Harvard, from the grayest on the Triennial to the recent Alumnus [of last Class-Day ?] will immediately elevate his crural extremities in systematic gyrations through the ether, beat music into the dull resounding earth with his toes, to the explosive snap-snapping of his digitals about his occiput, and agitate his whole corporeal structure with uproarious outbursts of exultation, till the expectant universe stands still to hear.

In the Regatta of the Fourth on Charles River, the Second Prize, a goblet valued at fifty dollars, was awarded to the University Club's eight-oared boat, "Harvard," pulled by S. B. Parkman (stroke), B. W. Crowninshield, W. H. Elliott, Thorndike D. Hodges, C. F. Walcott, F. C. Ropes, W. G. Goldsmith, and A. E. R. Agassiz. (No coxswain.) The time in making the three miles was 21 minutes 8 seconds, though the crew labored under the disadvantage of a thorough ducking by the shower. They also won great praise for the grace and perfect time with which their oars rose and fell upon the water, impelled as though by the impulse of a single machine; and in the opinion of competent judges, this boat would have gained the first prize had a less unreasonable demand than the enormous twenty seconds per oar been exacted by the winning six-oared boat, though the trial was not restricted to amateur oarsmen. The Harvard boat and crew made the finest appearance of any on the water, and the delicate "Lady-killers," eclipsing all ordinary boatmen, proved almost a match for the brawny arms of a St. John's training.

U. P.

The trivial task of preparing this number for the press, and clipping the plumes of facetious book notices, being finished, the editor returns his tomes to their shelves, arranges his chairs in their places, selects a new quill, and having accomplished "Table" with a deal of flourish at the top of the last sheet of "superfine cream-laid" before him, gazes vacantly at the hat-rack, and is lost in profundity of abstractions, pure "inanition."

Had not our rabid politician retired to the snowy crests of the White Hills, his characteristic reflections on the real calamities that threaten the country would be the seasonable and serious theme of this monthly conversation; yet this we can well reserve for a cooler month. "St. Fourth of July" has seen his day, with the immense sulphuric and alcoholic combustion usual on the occasion, and patriotism should be ripe for plucking; but as the rain descended, our enthusiasm percolated through our boots, and, like the pyrotechnic display, is postponed. Vacation is near, and sage Curtis's warning of "all baggage at the risk of the

owner" might be rehearsed to inexperienced Undergraduates, premeditating the breakers or the springs.

The crowning glory of our devotees to boating has found an enthusiastic chronicler above, perhaps to be mockingly quoted by some innocent bumpkin in a newspaper squib. However impracticable a challenge to a knock-down fight may seem to ordinary sagacity, we would explain, for the benefit of Dogberry, that a trial of skill and strength on the water is not an unheard-of event, nor one which would be interfered with by college authorities.

The Term, at least the work of the Term, is over. We have only to enjoy the delightful shade of the College elms, be watched by those parietal spiders who lurk beneath the windows in the chapel, and tempt admonitions a day or two longer, gratify a commendable pride in exhibiting our proficiency in the studies of the past few months before those innocent spectators, the committee men, while said gentlemen peruse catalogues and determine the influence of climate on scholarship, listen with rapture to the winged words of orators and poets, in the old hall so long dedicated to this service, and we shall shake hands and be off for a six weeks' lease of enjoyment in accordance with our several tastes.

But when we return to another and final year's labors, it is to be without the kindly encouragement from the familiar faces of the departing Class. They, the jovial, the thoughtful, the noble and true, to whom our *Infant Magazine* owes its origin and so much besides, will "all, all be gone." Success and felicity ever attend the never-to-be-forgotten men of Fifty-six! We are sounding no annual "Vale" to the Graduating Class; it is the farewell of the youngling as the parent leaves it for ever. Turning naturally from our predecessors, it only remains to welcome, with all the cordiality of the editorial trio, our neoteric brethren of the Sophomore Class to their new labors, and wish them the encouragement and pleasure that have uniformly attended us.

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THE
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ETRURIA.

WITHIN a few years past an unusual interest has been excited in the scattered remains of ancient civilization that have survived to our day. Greater zeal has been shown than ever before manifested, in bringing to light the relics that fortunate accident or enthusiastic research had not yet disturbed in their repose of centuries. Nor has the zeal of recent explorers been without reward. The European journals have lately recorded discoveries interesting in the extreme to the antiquary. More and more has been revealed to us of the institutions and achievements of nations whose written history is either entirely wanting, or brief and unreliable. Facts, which partisan historians perverted, have been established, without the shadow of a doubt, by some ruined temple, some moss-covered, time-eaten inscription, or buried monument. The memories of heroes whose names were barely known to us through the mists of tradition, their deeds and very persons, have been brought before us with startling distinctness. It is not long since, that the name and other mementos of the prophet Jonah were discovered in the mounds that have so long buried mighty Nineveh; and recent intelligence from Asia informs us that the body

of her greatest monarch, Nebuchadnezzar, has been disinterred from the same vicinity, together with a likeness carved on his sarcophagus, — the likeness of one whose very existence we realize far less than the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. And strangest of all, the annals, for long centuries, of nations enlightened and prosperous in their day, as Thebes and Etruria, — of whom hitherto we knew little more than that they once were, — have been literally recovered from the tomb. The dynasties, the conquests, and the arts of the Ante-Mosaic Egyptians have been deciphered from the catacombs of the Thebais, and the whole domestic life, we might almost say, of a race that flourished when Evander tilled the Palatine, are seen pictured to-day in the rifled sepulchres of Tuscany.

Before these tombs were opened, Italian antiquarians seldom went back farther in their researches than the time of Augustus. It was the great wonder of the age, when Pompeii was discovered, that so perfect a miniature of the Roman world should have been preserved sixteen centuries for our study. Yet we had full records of those times, and felt familiar with Seneca and Pliny, to whose contemporaries we were so suddenly introduced. But when Pompeii flourished, a nation as gay and prosperous as its inhabitants had perished and been almost forgotten. Since this nation fell, dictators and emperors, serried legion and steel-clad army, have swept over their graves, and a world-wide empire has slowly risen and passed away ; yet these tombs have survived the desolations of thousands of years, as fresh as when the last urn was interred. It seems like going back to the fount of time to attempt realizing the truths that these Etruscan relics bring home to us. Historians resolve Romulus and Tarquin into poetic licenses, and question whether Lucrece ever bled, or Cincinnatus ever guided his plough ; but we can almost show the pateræ, lamps, and vases that were used before the remotest date of these mythical personages.

We have stepped back many centuries from the Augus-

tan age in our antiquarian knowledge of Italy, and begin to look upon Rome as of yesterday; we become deeply interested in this people, who have lived for posterity only in their sepulchres; we study records of private worth, or of private misfortune; we learn their science, their superstitions, their rites, their customs of life and burial; we become familiar with their institutions, while tradition faintly echoes of their downfall. But we also meet with the relics of a race that lived before these institutions arose, whose name and story are utterly lost. Ages before the dawn of history, in the primeval times of Italy, this race built citadels and reared walls, whose gigantic ruins have received the name of Cyclopean.

The difference between the Etruscan and the ante-Etruscan periods is clearly marked by the character of their mural remains. The Cyclopean towns were set on elevated sites, upon mountain slopes, or on the crests of hills, whose craggy sides seem only to be scaled by the eagle's wing. This feature shows a state of society where each isolated hamlet was in constant war with its neighbor, and men lived in almost aboriginal barbarism. Such is

"Volaterræ, where scowls the far-famed hold
Built by the hands of giants for godlike kings of old."

The Etrurian cities are found in valleys, in the midst of fertile plains, seldom on hill-tops, and sometimes on the sea-shore, like

"The proud mart of Pisæ, queen of the western waves,"

showing comparatively peaceful relations between them, and the more settled state required by agricultural interests; indicating too, with other facts, no little attention to commerce. The style of their workmanship also attests to Etrurian superiority. The Cyclopean walls are irregular, built of huge blocks generally of calcareous rock, piled together at random, and often untouched by the chisel. The later walls are usually made of blocks of volcanic stone, cut to a rec-

tangular form, and neatly fitted together. A total lack of ornament, and a general rudeness of design, always mark the older masonry.

But the broadest distinction in their architecture is, that the Etruscans seem to have first discovered the principle of the arch. The gates of Cyclopean cities are square, with a huge stone across the two upright pillars. There are also triangular gateways, where the stones gradually approach till they meet. But only in the subsequent age do we find perfect arches of uncemented blocks. Of these there are many still standing, as the gates of cities or as vaults, whose antiquity is unquestionable. More frequent examples are found in many bridges and vaulted sewers, which are now as firm as when they were laid. Some of them are of extraordinary size. A fine specimen is the bridge near Vetralla, "of one arch, wide, well formed, based on the rocky banks of the stream." One side, being more elevated than the bank, "is approached by a gradually ascending causeway of masonry, extending thirty or forty yards from the bank. The whole structure is of blocks of reddish tufa, cut from the cliffs around, each course being about eighteen inches deep. The bridge is about fifteen feet wide, and retains traces of parapets, which have been overturned." The largest vaulted sewer of Etruscan make, and by far the best known to travellers, is the famous Cloaca Maxima at Rome. It was built in the later age of the Etruscan period, and finished in the most substantial manner. It is fifteen feet high, and has three courses of blocks, each of enormous size. "Earthquakes," says Niebuhr, "and the neglect of the last fifteen hundred years, have not moved a stone from its place; and for ten thousand years to come these vaults will stand as uninjured as at this day."

Besides these walls and bridges, some road pavements, tunnels, and a few other similar remains that can be safely attributed to their time, their sepulchral monuments are the only relics of Etruscan civilization. But these are of the

greatest importance. A few huge blocks of plain stone, eloquent historians of mystery and darkness, alone tell us of the antecedent age. But the Etruscan cities are peopled by imagination from the countless memorials which, fortunately for us, they buried in their graves, and which now fill the museums of Europe. The Etruscans owe their preservation in history to the singular attention that they paid to their burial-places. The Egyptians piled up massive pyramids to immortalize their famous dead. The Greeks and Romans built enormous mausolea, and spent extravagant sums on private tombs. But the Etruscans have surpassed other nations by imitating in their cemeteries the dwelling-places of the living, furnishing them with the conveniences and luxuries of refined taste, and making them in truth *nekropoleis*, — cities of the dead. They also differed from the Romans in the position of their tombs. The latter sometimes buried their dead within their walls, but generally placed their sepulchres immediately outside the gates, along the public roads, or scattered without much order around the cities. The Etruscans invariably placed their tombs together, in districts specially designed for them, at a distance from the towns, often on elevated sites, and arranged them in a similar manner, probably, to their streets of dwelling-houses. Like the Turks, whose enormous cemeteries around Constantinople are the wonder of every traveller, they occupied vast tracts with their burial-places, often more extensive than the cities of the living. One of the most notable is said to measure over thirty square miles. These tombs in their form also are totally unlike those of the Romans, or of any other race, except, perhaps, of the Egyptians. The Romans built their monuments above the ground, of blocks of stone, often of marble, brought from a great distance. The Etruscan tombs are, without exception, hollowed out of the living rock, either in the face of cliffs, or below the surface of the ground. This invariable distinction is singular, as the Romans derived very many of their arts and customs from their

Tuscan predecessors ; but it marks some near connection of origin with Asia and Egypt.

Suppose that, some pleasant morning, we make an excursion through one of these *nekropoleis*. We saunter along the streets, and examine the tombs, whose discovery has thrown such a flood of light on the mysterious past of Italy. We walk the streets, — for the tombs are often arranged so as to make long and regular avenues, narrow, of course, like those of Pompeii, and of the mediæval Italian cities. These sometimes branch off into alleys, — in one remarkable case cut out from cliffs, which are of the very convenient height of fifteen feet, nearly uniform. That these are not accidental is evident, since the rock is hewn into smooth, perpendicular walls, and the corners of the streets are rounded off, and surmounted by elegantly carved cornices. We pass tombs, row after row, each standing out distinctly, with sloping roofs, overhanging eaves, and large central beams. Step within one of them, and you feel as if intruding upon the old Etruscans, whose ashes rest in the urns around. Though you are not here impressed with that vivid reality which the Pompeian dwelling-houses force upon you, yet these rooms are perfect, their walls and ceilings unbroken, which can never be said of the remains that Vesuvius has preserved for us. We see in many tombs the broad beam, and gently sloping rafters, in distinct relief; the sides ornamented with fanciful carvings; often an inner room with windows near the connecting doors, and triclinial benches like those in the funeral triclinium outside of Pompeii. Other houses are on a large scale, with broad steps leading up to the door, and occasionally flights leading to an upper story, or to a cellar, like the house of Diomedes near the triclinium just mentioned. In one place had been found a portico of three arches hewn out of the rock, and topped with a cornice of masonry. Then we may often enter broad atria, — which the Romans adopted from the Etruscans, — with their longitudinal and transverse beams, and ornaments in relief be-

tween ; rooms beyond and around, finished in different styles, are open to us ; niches for urns, and slabs for sarcophagi, occur constantly ; around the rooms are carvings, sometimes statues, and often paintings, illustrating, probably, the lives of the occupants, their daily business, and distinguished acts ; shields, swords, and spears, — in stone, — hung against the wall, mark the martial character of their owners ; battle scenes and funeral processions tell of their deeds.

But the crowning charm of these sepulchres consists in the various articles of furniture, which, however, we can see in their original position only in newly opened tombs. These are the objects that impart the greatest interest to the Etruscan discoveries. The quantity already exhumed is immense. There are in Europe museums of vases and utensils that might engage an antiquary's study for years, and there is scarcely a large town throughout Etruria that may not boast of a respectable collection. As at Pompeii, we find all the conveniences of every-day life, amphoræ, goblets, mirrors, perfume-bottles, rings, bracelets, articles for the toilet, every sort of culinary instrument, lamps, tripods, caldrons, parts of harnesses and of chariots, arm-chairs with footstools, and bronze and earthen vessels of almost every description. It would surely seem that the old Etruscans believed in the resurrection of the body, or, at least, were persuaded that the dead were susceptible, in the grave, of the feelings and gratifications of this world. Probably they aimed to divest death of its gloom by thus robing it in the cheerful garb of life, to ward off thoughts of the real terrors of dissolution, and to keep fresh and tender the memories of departed friends.

On the innumerable funeral urns that have been brought to light, many volumes have been specially written ; prints of their most interesting paintings are in every extensive library. Like the Greek vases and urns discovered in Southern Italy, and farther east, these are almost always covered with ornamental or descriptive paintings, representing the

daily life and domestic habits, the public forms and religious ceremonials, the styles of dress, armor, and furniture, and a thousand other particulars of the customs of this singular people, — so that we feel at once as familiar with them as if we had lived in their day. It would be a pleasant task to describe the wonderful revelations of these urns and tombs, but it is a subject that cannot be adequately handled in a magazine article. Those of our readers whom this imperfect sketch has interested in Etruscan antiquities, we must refer to the numerous descriptive works and volumes of prints, which are readily accessible to all, hoping they will find in their study as much food for antiquarian curiosity and instructive thought as we have. Should we begin a formal disquisition on this boundless theme, we should never find an end. So let it suffice for the present to review briefly the general results of Etruscan researches.

After studying the mural and sepulchral remains of this people, we cannot reasonably doubt the existence among them of a very high degree of civilization. Eminent authorities have ventured to affirm, that they were not surpassed in refinement, and even in luxury, by the Romans in their palmiest days. We know they excelled in the arts. The skilful workmanship of their walls, the exquisite finish and beauty of some of their tombs, were perfected when Rome was really in a state of barbarism, and Greece had made but a meagre progress in art and science. We are told they were well acquainted with astronomy and mathematics, and had an extensive literature. The Romans attributed much of their civilization to the Etruscans, and, no doubt, owed a vast deal more than they were willing to own. Cicero speaks of their colleges with reverence; and it is recorded, that, from the earliest times to the later ages of the Republic, the noblest of the Roman youth were sent there to study, just as the chivalry of Spain, and of all Christendom even, was sent to Granada, among the polished "Paynims," to acquire a complete education. So great an advance in civilization

argues a long and prosperous history. Such an amount of knowledge as they possessed, and the institutions that fostered it, could not be the sudden growth of a few years; centuries must have elapsed, with periods of progress and retrogression, before they reached their prime. We cannot wonder, then, at the statement of Latin historians, that the Etrurians had long native annals, and that the Emperor Claudius compiled a history of the nation in twenty books, now unfortunately lost.

We have evidence, too, of their being a powerful and warlike race. Although Latin writers try to disguise the fact, there can be no doubt that the Romans were for a long time under their yoke. The early kingdom had a time of prosperity and power, as the kings were in close alliance with the Tuscan confederation. After their expulsion, Lars Porsena, at the head of all Etruria, became the enemy and conqueror of Rome, and caused a retrogression in its civilization which it took centuries to recover.

The few hints that we can gather of Etruscan history remind us somewhat of the fortunes of the Roman empire since the time of Christ. An alien race grew up and strengthened on the borders of each of these nations, while they were gradually declining. A few years saw in each case a conquest and a partial relapse into barbarism in a formerly highly civilized community, — some seeds being still retained, which, in a more genial soil, were the germs of a more healthy and fruitful growth. The Northern nations supplanted the Romans, as Rome supplanted Etruria.

OUR VILLAGE.

To the Student, tired with the labors of his last college term, and wishing to enjoy his vacation quietly and without much excitement, a small country town like ours has many attractions. Our moderate pleasures of hunting, riding, and fishing, with an occasional picnic, "trainin'," or political meeting, are enough for an idler who does not want to live fast or expensively. We are not so far from civilization as to be quite in that state of primitive newness and simplicity which people ascribe to country folks. We do not regard the squire and the deacon as the greatest men in the county, nor have we any old-fashioned church with square pews, high pulpit, and sounding-board, nor school-house with sloping floor and whittled desks, such as are described in the books. I know these are much more romantic, but I must pay more regard to truth than romance in this veracious account of Our Village.

To begin, then. Our Village, one of the oldest in Massachusetts, is situated on the bank of a clear, still, beautiful little river, and is about an hour's ride from Boston by railroad. A celebrated author—for Our Village has been the home of many of America's most famous writers, and still boasts of possessing two or three whose fame is world-wide—says: "It is one of those still New England towns whose few white houses, grouped upon the plain, leave but a slight impression on the mind of the busy traveller hurrying to or from the city; but it is yet one of those quiet country places whose charm is incredible to all but those who, by loving it, have found it worthy of love."

It is a shire town, and twice a year, for three or four weeks at a time, is full of strangers: lawyers in black coats and white hats,—the concentrated wisdom of the county; witnesses, looking about as much like rascals as the criminals themselves; and hungry-looking jurors, always wearing

a puzzled, mystified expression, as if continually balancing testimony and considering arguments. Of course we have a jail; and this jail and its keeper are found to be as useful and powerful auxiliaries in the management of children as the traditional black man in the cellar, or the celebrated she-bears which avenged the insulted prophet. This jail, except during the session of the court, has usually but one occupant, — who deserves particular mention, because of the romantic story which is told of him, and generally believed by the villagers. This man, who goes by the name of Jansen, is a State pauper, and an idiot, and has for many years been kept in our jail. It is said that he was a Norwegian sea-captain, who left his native land, more than twenty years ago, on a voyage to this country, leaving behind him a wife and child, and intending, on his return to them, to give up his hazardous profession. But alas! for him the day of return never came; he was prostrated by a sun-stroke on the passage, and deprived of his reason, and the sailors, on reaching port, left him to his fate. Such is the commonly received account; and some imaginative individuals have even presumed to embellish it, telling many things about the suffering of the unhappy wife and daughter. Nobody can tell where they got this account; but going on the principle that "tradition is as good as history," they believe in it as implicitly as they do in the catechism.

The church of Our Village, a small white edifice, of that order of architecture which Curtis calls "the purest Yankee Greek," stands on one side of the square, near the courthouse. Hither on Sundays come the farmers, the "hard-handed men" of our community, — rough, it is true, and unused to the refinement of city life, but still as honest, well-informed, and generous men as you will often see, — the true nature's gentlemen, veritable descendants of the Pilgrims. After morning service, while the children are at Sabbath school, and the women are congregated in the vestibule of the church, the men seek the post-office to read the

papers and discuss the exciting topics of the day,—the weather, politics, and the crops; for Sunday is the only day on which it is possible for men who live so far from one another to meet and exchange opinions, and this is probably one reason why Sunday is so universally observed in the country. In architectural beauty, Our Village, like most country towns, is deficient. The houses, built by plain, practical men, with more regard for durability than for appearance, are for the most part neat, unpretending buildings, and without that unpleasant air of newness and instability which is apparent in some of the younger towns on the lines of our railroads. There are also many of those dilapidated old farm-houses, built long before the Revolution, which make agreeable pictures, but are decidedly unpleasant to live in. Before the railroad was built through the town, we were entirely free from the Irish population; but of late years these people have invaded Our Village, and in many places their unsightly shanties deform our landscape and pollute our atmosphere.

The scenery around Our Village is beautiful, though monotonous:

“’T is a goodly scene:—

Yon river, like a silver snake, lays out
His coil i’ the sunshine lovingly,— it breathes
Of freshness in this lap of flowery meadows.”

The town is built mainly on one side of the river, which flows through a broad plain, from which rise four or five hills of no great elevation. One of these hills, about two miles south of the centre of the town, is a range of rough cliffs from forty to a hundred feet in height, overlooking the river, which here spreads out and forms a pond about a third of a mile in width; the other hills are smooth, even elevations, covered with grass and trees. From one of these, the highest, which was called by the Indians Annursnuc, and still preserves that name, twenty-four towns and villages may be seen on a clear day, with the help of a glass;

and blue Wachuset and old Monadnock in the distance are plainly visible to the naked eye. From this hill the outline of the White Mountain range may also be seen, appearing like a faint line against the sky. I know of no view within thirty miles of Boston equal to this, except, perhaps, the view down Boston harbor from the cupola of the State-house. Two other hills, Nashawtuck and Ponkatasset, have preserved their Indian names, which are quite as musical as any in Hiawatha, though the village folk mangle them without mercy in pronunciation.

The main feature in our landscape, however, is the river. "It is the string on which all our pearls are strung." The author from whom I have before quoted describes it thus: "The river, upon whose winding shores the town has scattered its few houses, as if, loitering over the plain some fervent day, it had fallen asleep obedient to the slumberous spell, and had not since awakened, is a languid, shallow stream, that loiters through broad meadows which fringe it with rushes and long grasses." It is well that it is languid and shallow, for the peaceful denizens of Our Village would hate to see "our meek-eyed, modest river" degraded into a canal or mill-stream, and to have the town invested with corporations, hunting for "privileges," and erecting factories, though these might give us more importance in the commercial world, and make us as widely known as Lowell or Lawrence. So commerce has passed further down, to the river's mouth, and has left our stream as we are well pleased to have it,—not useful in any way, but pleasant and beautiful; agreeable to swim in, and pleasant to look upon; never adding a penny to the riches of the town, not even does it reward the fisherman's toil, and the shad and alewives, which once used to throng its waters, now turn away discouraged, to seek streams which have not been dammed by the enterprising spirit of the Yankee. The river has retained its Indian name, Mosketaquid, the grass-ground, or meadow, stream, as it is the most appropriate and

poetical. "To an extinct race it was grass-ground, where they hunted and fished, and it is still perennial grass-ground to the farmers who own the great meadows, and get the hay from year to year."

In the shallow places, where the bottom is sandy, grow long, grass-like weeds, gently bending down the stream, and swaying gracefully with every breeze that agitates the surface. Nearer the shore, the water is covered with the smooth, leathery pads of the water-lily, with its fragrant white blossoms scattered thick among them. Then, on the marshy ground at the edge of the river, flags and rushes stand like a hedge, interspersed with the flaunting red cardinal-flower and blue pickerel-weed. In many places willows, alders, and other trees, fringe the stream, and the meadows are dotted with oaks and ashes. The sides of the hills near the river are covered with maples, overrun with wild grape-vines, and their tops are crowned with groves of pine and hemlock.

In the autumn the water rises and overflows the meadows to the depth of three or four feet; and when this freezes, we have an unsurpassed skating-ground, varying in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half, on which you can skate seven miles in either direction from the village.

Beside the river, we have four or five small lakes, all of which have, unfortunately, lost their Indian appellations, and are known by such commonplace names as White's Pond, Goose Pond, and the like. On the shore of one of these, a beautiful lake, entirely surrounded by low, wooded hills, once dwelt a poet, a worshipper of nature, whose quaint thoughts and fancies have given delight to many readers; but he lives there no longer. Another pond, in the north part of the town, is worth visiting, both on account of the scenery and the fishing, which are both very fine. On the shore of this pond is a flat rock, bearing marks which, with a little help of the imagination, very much resemble the print of a gigantic foot. When Robinson Crusoe discovered

a footmark on the sea-shore, he laid it to the Devil, until he found out that it was made by a savage ; we call our mysterious footprint "the Devil's track," and when we find out that this individual had nothing to do with it, we shall repair the injury by changing the name.

A little more than two centuries ago the place now occupied by Our Village was a large and powerful Indian town, and numerous relics of the ancient inhabitants are still found here. Many arrow and spear heads, made of flint or quartz, does the ploughman turn up on the "great fields," and not unfrequently a stone tomahawk or pestle is found, just where it dropped from the hand of its Indian owner two hundred years since. As early as the year 1630, the inhabitants of the colony of Massachusetts desired to obtain Mosketaquid, because fish and game were abundant here ; and in the year 1635, a company from Boston purchased the land from the Indians, at a bargain perhaps, but honestly, and with punctual payment, unlike most of the settlers of this Commonwealth, and lived at peace always with their savage neighbors.

Such is Our Village, plain, quiet, and retired, but pleasant and charming beyond measure ; and one who loves nature and rural life would do well to spend there a few of the leisure days of summer.

H.

HEYNE.

THE life of Christian Gottlob Heyne surely ought to possess peculiar attractions to every one of classical tastes, for he it was who first taught men to look in a translation, not only for the bare meaning of the author, whether Greek or Roman, but from it also to obtain an insight into the spirit and modes of thought among the ancients. The same good

service which Sir Walter Scott has done for us in regard to the ages immediately preceding his own, showing them to have been filled by actual men and women, not by "protocols, state papers, controversies, and abstractions of men," — this same service has Heyne done in regard to the men of older time. While it has ever been the province of the historian to deal with the people as a mass, on no account to be separated into its individual parts, both of these men have made us know just how these very individuals worked, and talked, and thought. The one has done it by historical fictions, wherein we see men clad in "buckram or other coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men"; the other, by exhibiting the every-day life of the ancients as depicted by their own writers, not in fictions, but in true records. In Carlyle's vigorous words, Heyne carried the "torch of philosophy into all the mysteries of olden time." Nor did he tread the path of critical investigation, and give us only the results; but he has made a way for us to follow, has removed difficulties and obstructions, and has guided us to rich fields of historic interest, and has taught us how to gather for ourselves much precious fruit. In looking at the life of this man, so justly claiming the admiration and gratitude of every scholarly mind, there is perhaps no one thing which more amazes us, than the vast amount of work which he accomplished, during a long life of eighty years. A great part of this work — that part relating to the duties of his university professorship — cannot well be estimated. As occupant of this office, he had three classes to teach daily, Burschen difficulties to settle, letters to write to all possible persons on all possible subjects, was a superintendent of the public schools, and, for many years, had the charge of the Freytische or Students' table! But this is by no means all; and when we consider the long series of essays, translations, reviews, (of which there are eight thousand!) and books which he has left, Hazlitt's as-

sertion, that "human life is long enough to crowd into it all the arts and sciences," seems quite reasonable. Somebody says, were it possible to "think, and write, as well as print, by steam-machinery, one could scarcely calculate upon a literary engine, of average practicable power, being brought to the capability of producing more." Somebody else, perhaps thinking of this remark, has very irreverently called him a perfect "Gerund grinder." Indeed, we can remember but one author who has excelled Heyne in point of quantity, and he is that Spanish "wonder of literature," Lope de Vega, whose remains amount to about five millions of lines. But very many men write much, not so many write well, and fewer still write both much and well. Herein was Heyne's pre-eminence. The great bulk of matter which we have received from his hand is not literary rubbish, nor "classical ore and slag, but regularly melted metal," exhibiting the "essence, and only the essence, of very great research, enlightened by profound philosophy." This is the verdict passed on him by one of England's most acute critics, — high praise, but not undeserved. But we are not stupidly to wonder at this extraordinary facility which Heyne possessed, as at something beyond our comprehension, for the agency of natural causes alone was employed to produce in him these astonishing results; causes which may produce in each of us, in some degree, corresponding results. Nothing can be more useful to the ambitious student, or the maturer man of letters, than to learn, in order that he may imitate, the mode by which this prince of scholars did so much, and did it so thoroughly. In the first place, he knew that there were just twenty-four hours in each day, — a fact which some men seem, in practice, to ignore, — and he knew precisely the amount of work which could be well done in that time, and that amount he always accomplished, not when it was agreeable to do so, or convenient, but *always*. A biographer tells us, that he rose at five, summer and winter, and worked steadily all the day and all the year. Here

is one great secret: this quick, steady, systematic working, year in and year out, how much more it accomplished than men will ever believe. He kept himself, too, in the highest attainable state of physical health and strength, understanding, as all Germans do far better than ourselves, the meaning and force of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*." And again, the tools of his craft were never missing, nor blunted, nor rusty, but always available, bright, and keen. He first made himself perfect master of all that would assist him in his researches, and then, when he wrote, he had only to draw from his own deep wells of accurate knowledge and solid thought. This, until the late exposition of his real character, was supposed to constitute that remarkable facility of composition which characterized the pen of Alexander Dumas. And here consider, for an instant, if this is not the most effectual way, — to work beforehand, then to write rapidly. No one doubts that hard labor, the "soul's travail," must be endured at some time before anything of excellence is produced. Milton, strenuously wrestling while he wrote, Goethe, having "nothing sent him in his sleep," and a host of other worthies, have proved that whatever is to live must be wrought out with labor and pain. But shall a man work while he writes, or before? Is it not the better plan first to think intensely, to "let the hot furnace long work and simmer, then let the pure gold flow out at one gust"? But to return to Heyne: he has been likened to Don Quixote, ever cased in complete armor, and ready to do battle against everything, giants and windmills alike, that fill his path; and certainly this armor of much learning sometimes seems cumbersome enough, and we may heartily wish that he would come out of it, and appear in his natural self. Yet perhaps this is too much to expect of one to whom this very learning was generally indispensable. Enough, however, has been said of Heyne's claims to the respect of all educated men; he appears in another character beside that of the profound scholar, — a character appealing to the heart rather

than the head, — and in which he excites a throb of generous sympathy and interest in all, without distinction, learned or unlearned.

This kind world never fails to praise, with wide-open mouth, him who has battled courageously and successfully with difficulties apparently insurmountable, however coolly and silently she may have looked on during the strife. If we wished to represent Genius struggling with adversity, we perhaps could not do so better, than by painting the strife between Heyne and the disheartening circumstances of his early life, through which he manfully made his way, arriving triumphantly at the desired object of his ambition. Even where the man is overcome, disease throwing its leaden weight against him, as in the case of Kirke White, or when, like Chatterton, despondency drives him from the earth before his appointed hour, a pensive interest ever clings to his name. But when, like Heyne, the man succeeds, — when he, “fighting Fortune like a very Ajax, laughs in her face till she ceases frowning and laughs too,” — we doubly rejoice. In Heyne we have a proof of the wonderful power of perseverance, of the omnipotence of the human will, — a proof that man never need be the creature of circumstances, — a proof that hard battles with adversity only serve to strengthen and invigorate a man, provided he have the necessary stamina, so as not to be crushed and overcome. Heyne had set his heart on obtaining knowledge, and neither poverty, nor want of books, nor lack of friends, nor cold, nor hunger, could quench this burning desire. “Fortune had cast him into a cavern, and he was groping darkly round; but the prisoner was a giant, and would at length burst forth as a giant into the light of day.” Heyne himself tells us, that it was not ambition that sustained him under his protracted miseries, but a certain defiance of fate, a resolution to try to the uttermost whether he was doomed, without remedy, never to rise from his degradation. We are fortunate in possessing some considerable account of

Heyne's early life from his own hand, — fortunate, because the narrative, though rather barren, is a reliable, modest, straightforward account of his struggles and sufferings, showing not even a trace of self-conceit, and affecting from its very simplicity. Perhaps a very brief sketch of his history, touching on some of the salient points alone, may not be entirely without interest. Born of poor parents in Saxony, in 1729, his advantages of education were of the most limited description. Indeed, when we read that his family were often stricken with hunger-pangs, we may well conceive that his father had but little to spend on his schooling. His godfathers, however, in the selection of whom he appears to have been fortunate, stood him in good stead, and obtained for him a grammar-school instruction. Hard and wearisome were the early years of this poor student; sometimes teaching to support himself, sometimes assisting his father at his trade, and again serving in the capacity of a private tutor to a young man, — with whose pretty sister he of course fell in love, writing to her praise innumerable "Greek and Latin verses"! His wages here were small enough, but he had, beside, an inestimable possession, an indomitable spirit, and soon we find him at Leipzig University, with exactly two *gulden* (Anglice, five shillings) in his pocket, and not the slightest prospect of obtaining more.

Now, in what way Heyne contrived to live and study for the next five years at the University, we are utterly unable to tell; and we may well be excused from so doing, for he declares that it is to him a perfect mystery. This, however, we do know, — that sometimes he dined on boiled peascods, sometimes he starved; sometimes a few folios in a wretched garret furnished him with a pillow, and sometimes the ceiling of his bed-chamber was the "universal canopy." Pursuing life with such difficulty, it was not natural that his pursuit of knowledge should be easy. The "crumbs" of knowledge which he did pick up were obtained by attending free lectures, and by intruding into "ill-guarded" class-

rooms. Such was his assiduity in reading the books which he could borrow, that for six months he allowed but two nights in the week to sleep. Thus he lived on from day to day, in a "dreary vicissitude of want," sometimes translating for the booksellers, sometimes teaching private pupils. And so he arrived at his twenty-third year, where we most unexpectedly come upon an "oasis" of romance. While tutor to the son of a certain German at Prague, he met a young orphan by the name of Theresa Weiss. He describes her as "dignified in aspect, of fair, slender shape, not regular in features, yet soul in every glance. Good sense, good feeling, disclosed itself in all she did." What were Heyne's feelings towards her we may readily discover from this description, but he was a man of distressing bashfulness; yet, in one way or another, he and Theresa were brought to consider themselves as lovers, and five years after their first meeting they were married, both of them being at the time as poor as can well be conceived. Nevertheless, Theresa made an admirable wife, and Heyne had never cause to regret this marriage, however much it might expose him to the censure of the "prudent."

But it was a "giant" that fortune had shut up in this cavern of darkness and want, and ere long he was to burst forth into the bright light of day. It came about in this wise. The chair of Eloquence at Göttingen was vacant, and, on the recommendation of a distinguished friend, the place was offered to Heyne, and by him joyfully accepted. And now prosperity set in toward him in full tide. As a stationed professor, he has become a person of "civic consequence" and elevation. He has a respectable income, and multifarious affairs to settle. At Göttingen he lives the rest of his days, rising each morning to new intellectual exertions, continually storing knowledge, until he became a walking library.

His chief labors consisted in preparing elaborate editions of the works of the ancients, and he has left not less than

twenty such editions of Greek and Roman writers. Thus happy in his domestic affairs, enjoying the reverence and respect of the learned of all countries, he has fulfilled in himself the prophecy of a friend, uttered long before the time was to come, when "all Europe should ring with his praises." But we hasten to a close. In the eighty-third year of an honored and peaceful old age he died, calmly and painlessly, like the "last of winter nights falling into the mild embraces of the spring."

MY OLD ROOM.

It is dusty and dirty and dingy. Spiders have spun their webs on the ceiling. The paper is faded with age, and discolored with stains of many hues. Long experience in Cambridge has taken away from my furniture all that was breakable, and my chairs are marked deeply with the initials of half my classmates and a host of friends. Queer odors linger about the closets and the bedrooms, as though their former contents had been embalmed and laid on the shelves, like the urns in the old Roman tombs.

In winter the winds howl around me, and rush over my head, without the slightest regard to the walls which should keep them away. No amount of heat yet attained will prevent the water which stands in my pitcher from freezing inches deep in the cold weather of the winter term. In short, my room is the coldest, the dirtiest, and the gloomiest in Cambridge.

But what do I care for the cold, so long as a good fire burns in the grate? Or what do I care for the dust that whitens my pictures and hats and books, or the stains that mark my walls, or the cracks that run through the ceiling, so long as they stay on the walls and ceiling, and give no

discomfort to me? Or what do I care for the darkness and gloom, when, in the long December evenings, the cannell snaps and blazes in the fireplace, and shines merrily on the gilded books that line my shelves?

Rumor takes the place of authentic history about my room. Traditionary legends paint here scenes of wild revelry and intemperance. It is whispered, that at a time when College laws were lax, and its penalties disregarded,—when such reckless dissipation as we of modern day have no idea of was carried on openly and with impunity,—when rules and regulations were despised, and students played cards in the President's anteroom, and swore at the tutors in their very faces,—then these rooms were the centring point with the wild and careless, and the very focus of riot and drunkenness.

Its character was long since changed. As the strong hand of the College government closed the doors of the University against such dissipation, and drew tighter the reins that curb the license of us students, my room has felt the effects of the discipline, and its walls have for years ceased to resound to the singing and shouting of olden time. Its inmates ceased to regard recitations as farces, and prayers as mythical institutions, which they had heard of but never seen. They have become, I flatter myself, a quiet, gentlemanly, and a very respectable set. With them, the days of dissipation having passed away, the days of respectability began. A little reading, a little study, a little smoking, a glass of wine occasionally, a select acquaintance which frowns gently upon vice, and various homœopathic doses of negative virtues, enter largely into the composition of a respectable student. He is one who excels in nothing, though he can (of course), if he tries, do anything he chooses; he commonly stands fairly with the Faculty, and not otherwise with his class; he enters College without much ambition, and leaves it without much disappointment. Of such as these, there are getting to be more and more every year;

some more and some less cultivated ; some of more, some of less importance in our little world ; but whether they have a good effect upon the community is a question.

My room is in an old house which seems to have witnessed guest after guest come within its doors when Freshmen, full of ambition and hope, and leave them at last when Seniors, downcast and disappointed. I cannot discover who has lodged under its roof, except for a few years back ; but sometimes in winter evenings, when the clock strikes twelve, and I put out my light before going to bed, I have sat looking into the mass of glowing coals in the fireplace, trying to conjure up the faces of my predecessors, and imagining to myself a long procession of forgotten figures trooping through my room, like the old governors at the Province House, in "Howe's Masquerade." But records there are none, and the procession long since passed over the threshold, and vanished into the labyrinth of the world's pursuits. It will not be long before I too give way to those who follow me.

But my room has value in my eyes for another reason. It stands on classic ground. If it be true, as the story goes, that the hawthorn-bush which Goldsmith celebrated became an object visited by travellers, and venerated by pilgrims, I see no reason why, in future time, the spot of ground that my windows look out upon, celebrated as it has been by the greatest poet of the day, should not become a shrine to which multitudes shall come and bow.

Here, then, in this old room, have I lived while years have passed by. In the winter I have set up my household gods upon this hearth, and many a time when in the bright, frosty forenoons the sun has cheerfully shone into my room, and the fire blazed warmly in the grate, I have asked myself whether life here is not as full of enjoyment as life can be, and whether negative happiness, the absence of all real discomfort, is not, after all, the best that is granted to man ; that

"Philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where, if we cannot be gay, a passionless peace is our lot."

For College rooms, as for many other things in this world, there is a romance and a philosophy. The romance lies on the surface. It tells of the events of the past. It counts up the years that have glided away since "Massachusetts" was built. It exercises the imagination in conjuring up men who have no business here, and actions that no one ever was guilty of. It abounds among the students, and furnishes their best topic of conversation. There are legends of old exploits which linger round the College buildings, transferred from class to class. How, at such a time, a man risked his neck in escaping the pursuing Tutors, or was rusticated for ducking a Professor, or how some wonderful deed of bravado was done, and the author never known, though the whole power of the College government was exerted to discover him. Many an evening has been passed in listening to tale after tale of this kind, till the youthful auditor secretly aspires to perform some kindred action, that shall be told down the long avenue of future generations.

The philosophy of College rooms! How many misunderstand it! How many take their degrees, and depart, without having such an idea enter their heads! Yet few satires would be more bitter than a history of the thoughts of the inhabitants of these rooms, of their actions, and of their failures or successes, as the case may be. How great a proportion of those who have left their names on the catalogues should we find acknowledging that here they have wasted their time, have thrown away their opportunities, and have disappointed their friends? Not that they have done wrong. No. They have simply done nothing.

But College has been very much abused; much more so than it deserves. Stories of the past — told by fathers and grandfathers over their walnuts and wine, or handed down in venerable manuscripts, or laughed at in the works of brilliant and famous writers for centuries back — have cast

a shade of doubt upon the respectability of College life. Visions of midnight suppers and Deipnosophoi Clubs, spectres of irreligion and blasphemy, of utter and irretrievable corruption, of sensuality and brutalizing debauchery, in the imaginations of very many who live near and among us, would rightly be the only recollections that a College room could call up. They insist upon condemning the whole upon the testimony against a few, and must have it that I am thoughtless and extravagant, because such may have been the vices of my predecessors.

All students know that these ideas are mistaken ones. We all know that dissipation is the exception, and not the rule. Here and there a person may be led away, or lead himself away. The bright air-castle that his friends built for him may be undermined. That great column of fire and cloud that led him forward always, when he first trod these College paths, the vast outline of his hopes filled in by his boyish ambition, may be overthrown and vanish for ever. But was a rational system ever invented that admitted of no failure? Did ever the most earnest enthusiast, even in his wildest conceptions of universal happiness, imagine a world where temptation should exist, and yet no sin? With such a system Paradise would indeed be regained.

One of the common systems of education is little better than another. If the College is dangerous and hurtful, the store or the counting-room is as bad, or worse. Fortune does not favor alone their occupants, but her cornucopia showers its gifts equally upon all men. The standard of morality, which some say is so low among us, is not raised by confinement to the counter and the ledger. Temptation and vice are citizens of the world, and wander at will, — no more confined within College walls than shut away from monks and nuns by their deep vows, or by the bolts and bars of their cloisters.

No doubt this old room of mine has heard many a deep oath and bitter execration; has echoed to profanity incalcu-

lable. But, my word for it, whatever inmates it has had, never has it heard one whisper of infidelity or designing wickedness. Carelessness and thoughtlessness enough exist among us, but no actual villany. I do not believe that there is a monastery or a cathedral of the old religion, with its beads and images and Latin services, — nor a Mohammedan mosque, with its Koran and its continual call, “To prayer! to prayer!” — nor any of the many groves that have echoed back the Methodist’s frantic appeals, — which hears petitions to the Almighty more heartfelt and more solemn than are heard in these old buildings of ours. If at any time stray professors of infidelity have come among us, their opinions have arisen in another soil, and have found here nothing kindred to themselves.

I am about leaving my old room to seek another resting-place, and I hope a better one. It has been very pleasant to me, however, and I am very sorry to go. To me it will always be haunted by my companions who have been there, by the books that I have read there, by the pleasure and the pain that I have felt there, and by a laughing group of bright, fresh faces, that have rendered it sunny in my eyes for ever. I have learned there what College really is. I have learned there one part of the great secret of life. I have learned, too, however late, that College rank is *not* a humbug, as some pretend; also, that nothing can be done without study, though some suppose that “smartness” is sufficient. If a boy appreciated all this before he entered College, his life there might be a success, and not, what it usually is, a failure.

And so I have bidden my room good-by. I have spent my last evening there. I have studied my last lesson there. I have seen the pictures taken down from the walls, and the carpet torn up from the floor. Since I entered it, the world has not stood still. Many of the greatest events of the century will be associated in my mind with my old room. My acquaintances are gradually departing. Many of those

whom I have known best are scattered far and wide over the country; some are wandering on the other side of the ocean; some even rest in quiet and peace under the green sod of the grave. The years have been spent here very soberly, and indeed profitably, though neither I nor many of those who came here at the same time with me have used them wholly as we ought. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that our generation of students, making but one step, as most of us do, from school to college, bring with us a little too much of the feelings of schoolboys. Not seeing, or blinding ourselves to the sight, that the stored-up literary wealth of every age is at our nod and beck, we waste our time and fritter away our mental strength over books that are the very trashiest of trashy trash. As apprentices at this noble old forge of learning, we are necessarily laborers of little strength; but, with most of us, even our strength is greater than our will. We read the grand old masterpieces of antiquity only to catch a few distant glimpses of their grandeur. We do that which is given us to do, not with the "eager thirst for knowledge" that seems to me to belong to romance more than to reality, nor yet with the strong and steady effort of men who see that life is before them, and that they must struggle hard for an honorable rank, but rather with a schoolboy's desire to do as little as possible, and a schoolboy's dread of the master's ferule.

Perhaps all this has nothing to do with my subject, though indeed I have often thought over it in my old room, and over many other things kindred to it. Perhaps, too, it is out of place to introduce such a topic into the pages of our Magazine. Yet certainly there is nothing which ought to interest us more. However it may be, these thoughts will be deposited henceforth, together with my room itself, among the reminiscences of my first few College years.

And now I commend it to my successors; and when each one, as time passes away, bids farewell to it, as I do now,

my best wish is that they may leave with as much regret
as I do the quiet shelter of

“OUR OLD ROOM.”

ENGLISH TRAITS.*

IN these days of deference to public opinion, “English Traits” is especially attractive for its manliness and independence. There is no attempt to hide the individual behind the matter. Every statement is clear and distinct,—the candid expression of the writer’s honest opinion. The concise sentences, pruned of every superfluous word, admit of but one interpretation. Obscurity of style, a fault of which Emerson is often accused, cannot be urged against him here, however just the accusation may be with regard to his previous writings. The many striking defects of English character are boldly portrayed, without any attempt at concealment. Praise is freely bestowed where it is justly deserved; but it is never offered as a bribe to conciliate those whom blame has offended. We find in “English Traits” a just and impartial exposition of a national character which is well worth our most careful study, and we close the book with a much higher opinion of England and the English than we had hitherto entertained. If they would lay aside their indomitable pride and reserve, and allow the noble English heart full sway, they would find the world far more ready to yield to them the superiority which they boast. But their assumption of superiority is the surest way to cause their claim to be disputed.

Their reserve is a part of their nationality. Separated

* English Traits. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856.

from the rest of the world by a natural barrier, — which very seclusion binds them the more closely together, — it would be strange if they were not reserved toward strangers. The years of tyranny through which England has struggled, and the dangers to which free speech subjects him who dares to employ it where tyrants rule, taught the English a lesson of caution and reserve that the comparative liberty of modern days has not yet effaced. Exulting in the thought that they have made their island empire wealthy and powerful beyond all other nations, — that the sun never sets upon their possessions, — that the dominion of the seas is their undisputed right, — what wonder that they are proud? It is not in human nature to be otherwise; and English nature is intensely human. The English laugh at American loquacity, while they lay themselves open to as just ridicule by their obstinate taciturnity. Dickens accuses us, as a nation, of universal distrust. Did he suppose that the distrust with which he was treated as an individual was universal? We cannot expect men to be frank and open with those whom they know to be seeking for every vulnerable point in their armor, with spear ready poised for the attack. The English have never given us reason to treat them with unlimited confidence; and it is unaccountable that one of Dickens's penetration and knowledge of human nature should have mistaken distrust of a critical stranger, with note-book in hand, for universal distrust of our fellow-men.

We await the opinion of the English reviews upon this book with some curiosity. It is too just to offend the most irascible Englishman, — too true to admit even of a partial refutation. It bestows far more praise than blame; but it will be a revelation to many English minds, that blame of anything English can be just. Ridicule of America, and everything American, is a trait of English character too manifest to pass unnoticed. The English regard America as a proper object upon which to exercise their sarcasm; and none know better than they do the power of sarcasm.

They delight in a strife of wit, and its wounds are often as severe as those the English arm deals with the English steel. War, with word or sword, — it matters not which, — is the birthright of the nation. Love of country has been cherished in the national heart, until, through the very excess of care, it has deteriorated into admiration. Country is still the Englishman's idol, and for it he is ever ready to lay down his life ; but it is the call of duty, rather than of love, that rouses him.

Of late years the public papers have directed the attention of the people to many radical defects in their social and political government. Reform novels have made the world at large familiar with life-scenes in England, that make the American reader shudder as he reads, thankful that England is not his country. Punch, kindly in his severity, has laid bare the heart of the nation, and with playful wit cloaks the most stinging sarcasm. But their knowledge of their own faults only makes them more vigilant in their search for faults in others.

Prejudice, that bane of society, is a predominant trait in their character. The Englishman comes to America, not for the purpose of studying American character, — he is already familiar with that from the notes with which English travellers in America have favored the public, — but to confirm his previously established opinions. Everything in America, distorted by his prejudice, strengthens his convictions. American courtesy he misnames toadyism ; he pretends to be disgusted by American slang and American manners ; he laughs at republican simplicity ; and finally he returns, convinced that America is the humbug he had always imagined it to be.

Americans are wont to sneer at the English aristocracy ; titles are not associated in the republican mind with nobility of character. We look upon a title rather as a license to its possessor to disregard the laws which bind the common people, when these laws are at variance with their own in-

clinations. But the time is past when the nobles were their own lawgivers. The progress that England has made in education and religion has drawn the chains of law around noble and commoner alike. There have been men in high and honorable stations in England, whose lives would disgrace the most ignorant savage, — men whose foul deeds have cast a blot upon the English nobility, that will remain so long as the nobility itself lasts. Villany is limited to no time or place ; for where temptation goes, sin follows. But public opinion no longer sanctions the excesses of the aristocracy ; all alike must bow to that mightiest sovereign, the people. The superior education of the nobility, the advantage that they have in associating from childhood with men of the highest education and most distinguished talents, and an agreeable grace of manner that a familiarity with the most cultivated society creates, would give them a prominence without the aid of social rank. Emerson considers the aristocracy as the backbone of England. In support of this opinion, he cites the deeds of many patriotic and whole-souled nobles. He points to the splendid parks and palaces ; the galleries of art ; the castles of the nobility, — memorials of the endeavors of the peers to render their island empire a paradise of beauty. But the power that the aristocracy have held undisputed for so many centuries is gradually waning. Untitled education has proved itself as capable as titled education. Unless nature has endowed a man with the qualities of true nobleness, no rank can supply the deficiency. But education, combined with natural refinement, needs no attractions of rank to fascinate the people. Worth is gradually finding its true level in society, even in aristocratic England ; while mere rank without worth is only tolerated where it had ruled before.

To one accustomed to the easy manners of the Americans, the English reserve is particularly striking. Emerson says, " Every one of these islanders is an island in himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable." Curiosity forms no part

of their character. They never speak when they can as well remain silent ; never talk from the love of hearing their own voices. Their inexhaustible patience is one cause of their success in every undertaking ; they are content with small profits, and the prospect of a future competency. While the American risks his whole fortune on a single chance of great profit, the Englishman, more wary, keeps aloof from rash speculation.

The English as a nation detest a lie. Emerson dwells with emphasis upon this trait, making it the groundwork upon which to build the final superstructure of the national character. He describes them as more cheerful than the Americans, but cold and silent. When they love, they love with all their heart, and their hate is proportionately strong. The portrait Emerson draws is the same that every writer upon England has drawn for years. There is the same stolid indifference to all that is done around them, giving them an undeserved reputation for stupidity ; the same bluntness of speech and fearless avowal of their opinion, combined with the same courage and the same perseverance. The author is conscious of the greatness of his subject, and desirous of doing it justice. Local prejudices are allowed to have no weight in his decisions. The spirit of justice that pervades every page is a quality the English would do well to adopt in their strictures upon our country. The laconic brevity which the English have so faithfully imitated has become a part of their nature ; and even Emerson has yielded to the prevailing current. The English nation has never before been so completely dissected by an American author. Its manly virtues, its ignoble faults, and the secret of its success, are depicted to the reader in their true colors. The impressions received at the time are given to us corrected by later observation, free from the influences of the moment. We need not recommend "English Traits" to the perusal of the American student, for everything from Emerson is eagerly read. But we can promise

to all who have not as yet perused it, that they will find here much pleasure and varied information.

COINS.

“ And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside down, to feed his eye
And covetous desire with his hugh treasury.”

IN an ordinary little cabinet I have a few drawers full of small parcels, carefully covered with paper. Here the nations of the world lie cheek by jowl; the primitive cowries of the African, simple sea-shells, are next to the heavy piece of gold which a Portuguese slaver may have bartered for a stout human chattel; kings who quarrelled all their lives, sovereigns and rebels, Napoleon and Wellington, Charles I. and Cromwell, now lie peacefully side by side.

The first that comes to my hand is a shilling of Queen Bess, struck in the year 1563. Almost three hundred years old, it is as bright and distinct as it was on the day after its coinage. It is not difficult to picture, mentally, the world into which it entered. The Catholic religion was, for the last time, declared the religion of England a few years before; her Majesty Mary, “our late sister, of beloved memory,” happily departed this life “in 1558, only five years ago. Her disconsolate consort, Philip of Spain — poor man! — is endeavoring to persuade Elizabeth to fill the place of her sister in his affections, and is getting his labor for his pains. The good Pope is anxious to bring back England to the true faith, and resorts to such measures to accomplish this end as make matters worse than before, and cause Catholic priests to be banished from the kingdom. A grievous scandal it is to the piety of Europe that this impudent hussy sits firmly on the throne; but little she cares for them all.

In defiance of their attacks, she will hold the sceptre, and that after a right manly fashion, for forty years to come. And what a glorious forty years! After twenty-five of them shall happen an event almost the greatest in English history, — the old suitor, Philip, is going to war for the kingdom which he could not get by wooing; all the ports of Spain are resounding with the building of ships and the forging of arms. The gracious king counts with certainty on subjecting another country to *autos da fé*. In England, Catholics rival Protestants in hastening to defend their native land from the attack. There is room for serious alarm; if one battle is lost, England is enslaved for ever. While Te Deums are sung in the cathedrals of Europe for the anticipated victory of the Church, the sturdy queen buckles on a suit of armor, and reviews her troops at Tilbury fort. Her little fleet waits patiently at Portsmouth, its captains beguiling the time by dice and cards, or by prayer, eager for the contest. Here are the old sea-kings who have made the name of England so terrible upon the ocean, about to re-establish her supremacy thereon.

Among them are Francis Drake and old Captain Hawkins, the first Englishman who got rich from the slave-trade, from which he also gained for his coat of arms the following emblematic crest: “A demi-Moor, in his proper color, bound and captive, with annulets on his arms and ears.” At length the Invincible Armada is met, and made the laughing-stock of all future generations.

All the interesting passages in this eventful reign rise up before one rapidly; the execution of the beautiful Mary of Scotland, Popish plots, Spanish defeats, the colonization of America, the liberation of the Netherlands after their long struggle, the gradual progress of Puritanism and free opinions, — all of which will happen before it is over. Glorious events enough some of them are, — among the greatest in English history; but the reign is less interesting through them than through the priceless literature which it gave to

all mankind. When Elizabeth became queen, the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, the "well of English undefiled," was that of the only great poet in our language; when she ceased to reign, Spenser and Shakespeare were dividing with him the glory. It is they, and not all her triumphs by sea or land, that are to make those forty years a part of the precious inheritance of the world. This is truly the golden age of our literature; but the saving queen, who was niggardly to those who make it so, had not much claim to the honor. It makes one long to return to it in body as well as spirit, when he calls up before him the men and things which he might then see,—the heroes of his childish fancy and maturer admiration, such as Raleigh, martyr to the foolish wrath of James I., and Sidney, the very "mirror of chivalry," whose name is synonymous with perfect knighthood, and whose death at Zutphen would have made any man famous.

And there would be the authors, almost to be counted by scores, through whom we know and appreciate these great men. We might see Edmund Spenser at his castle on the Mulla, or, earlier, at the court of Elizabeth, delicately complimenting the *golden* locks of his queen, daintily begging for a gratuity of a few pounds.

Best of all, the scene at the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside, where Beaumont and Fletcher, Raleigh, Jonson, and Shakespeare held their divine symposia.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

We are left to imagine the contests of wit and argument between Jonson and Shakespeare, with the tantalizing words of Fuller to help us: "Master Jonson, like the former" {a

Spanish galleon), was "built far higher in learning, solid but slow in performance; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

But they and their debates, their triumphs and defeats, are gone, and have long been past all human recollection. A part of their famous circle lived into and adorned the first half of James's reign; but the next specimen which I take up comes at a time when they had departed, and were held in little honor.

It is a Pine-tree shilling, bearing the date 1652, made of silver which was probably taken by pirates on the Spanish Main. It receives its name from the representation upon it of one of our scrubby Massachusetts pines. It is of course illegal to issue money in an English colony, and Charles II., when on the throne, will be prevented from punishing the Massachusetts transgression by the ingenious argument of its defender, who will produce the coin and tell the king that the scrubby pine aforesaid is meant for a picture of a very different tree, — that royal oak

"Wherein the younger Charles abode,
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn."

How far such a plea will save the consciences of the rigid Puritans—who would sooner have cut off a hand than have used that oak as a device, who *did* cut the cross from the standard of England, and hardly brooked the royal authority—is not certain; but it saved their pockets and themselves from a visitation which would have troubled them greatly.

Cromwell, greatest of the kings of England, is now one of them in all but name. Hampden is dead; the Stuarts seem to be for ever banished. And in the band of mighty Christian statesmen appears the man who is the fourth of

England's immortal poets. John Milton, always a republican, now sees his favorite plans carried out by his favorite leader ; as Latin secretary to the Protector, writes those glorious letters which insure the safety of the Vaudois from persecution ; and, in defending his country from the charges of Salmasius, loses his sight, becoming

" For the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to him expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Instead of the king's image and superscription, the coins of England now bear the simple legend, **THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND: GOD WITH US.**

But these men were far in advance of their time, and the kingdom passed from the dying Cromwell back to a worse condition than it was in before. Poor Milton's later days were embittered by neglect, by the profligacy of the court, and by the disgrace of his beloved country.

The interest thus awakened by coins is a very great one ; their form, their impress, their historical associations, combine to create it. And they are infinite in number and variety : —

" Some in round plates withouten moniment :
But most are stamp't & in their metal bear
The antique shapes of kings & Kesars straung & rare."

No one can help learning a little of the great lesson of existence, if he holds in his hand one of those small pieces of silver of which I have been speaking, and recalls those words of Sir Thomas Brown : " Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection."

NEW BOOKS.

Lays of Ancient Rome. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 16mo. 1856.

To the reader of his other works, — to one acquainted with the history and habits of the man, — it seems almost an anomaly that Mr. Macaulay should attempt the poet. He was never born one, we believe firmly enough ; yet the dogged indefatigability which especially characterizes the people of Great Britain, and to which in every department they are more apt to owe their greatness than to genius, has met its wonted success in the Roman Lays, showing the world how a recluse historian, a hard-fisted, cold-blooded critic, a busy Parliament-man, in short, a practical beef-eating Englishman, could yet produce a series of ballads equally conspicuous, and almost unrivalled, for delicate beauty of poetic sentiment and expression, and for perfection of rhythm, — breathing, withal, a fervor of patriotism, of martial pride, that stirs one's soul as he reads. There is probably no series of compositions in English literature to be compared to the Lays of Rome. We are not aware that any has been attempted corresponding precisely with them in design ; certainly there is none at all to be compared to them for elaborateness and beauty. Mr. Macaulay entered upon a new field. Translations and close paraphrases there were, — some of them possessing great beauty, to be sure, — but in general notable chiefly for verbosity, bad English, and stiff distortion of style, and almost as often for an intrinsic lifelessness, that betrayed to the least instructed a lack of anything like a generous appreciation of the original. Read Mr. Pope's Homer beside Homer's ; there is ten times as much of the ancient spirit, ten times as much real poetry, in Mr. Bohn's pony. The same is true of Dr. Johnson's pompously stiff attempts, — the same of Sir William Jones's, who once or twice excelled either. That these great men have failed shows, perhaps, that the difficulty is almost insurmountable. Mr. Kingsley (who thereupon goes and fails like the others, — but he generally fails as a poet) complains of it with great justice, and no little *naïveté* ; “ for how,” says he, “ can any skill represent Homer in a language which transforms ‘ *boos megalioio boeien* ’ into ‘ great ox's hide ’ ? ” But all this might have

been foreseen. Foreign idioms, however beautiful in themselves, of necessity look awkward when transplanted. Imagine Laïs in hoops, or Apollo in trousers ! The mistake appears plain then ; Mr. Kingsley has no business to expect his literal versions to be otherwise than stiff. Words, modes of expression, *cannot* be transferred or copied ; these are things local and temporal, — as peculiar to a people as the soil they stand upon. The secret of success in reproducing ancient poetry lies in catching the *spirit* of the ancient poet, — in standing in his inspired shoes, — in learning to play on a cithern and to write with a stylus ; and this is not to be effected by turning over the leaves of a lexicon, nor counterfeited by transferring Greek quaintnesses which become only clumsinesses in English. It is acquired only by a process of imbibition, as it were ; from a familiarity less with the mere politics of olden times than with the men as individuals, — with their social habits, their modes of thought, — to use a homely phrase, with their “ways of looking at things” ; a sympathy with which, liberal and hearty, will enable the poet to sing, in the purest English, ballads as Roman as the Tiber. If he would sing Roman Lays, in short, let him become a Roman ; then they will sing themselves, in whatever language it is natural for his tongue to wag.

And so, after all, given the unexpected ability for poetry, it is not such a remarkable phenomenon that a stout beef-and-ale Englishman like Macaulay should write these magnificent and sonorous, yet simple and homely poems. For how much there is in that hard-knit sturdiness of the English character of the old Roman persistency and pluck ! How much in that tenderness which lurks beneath the ruddiest English countenance of the simple-heartedness that is so beautiful in the men of the Roman Republic. The grand old heroes of the days of English Elizabeth, they can stand and not be ashamed beside Brutus and Cato and Fabricius. Careless old Ben Jonson would have loved to chase Lucilius round the table as the leeks were boiling, and would have eat them with a relish afterwards ; and we do not question that Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh would have stood up as readily at Horatius’s call as the Ramnian or the Titian, and have kept the bridge as stoutly too.

For a copy of this very neat edition of the Lays, Maga is indebted to Mr. Cushing of the Harvard Bookstore. It is the most convenient form in which we have ever seen them published.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy. By A. W. SPRAGUE, A. M.
Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856.

How many youthful students of natural science, after repeated attempts at experimenting for themselves, have to put by their glass-tubing and sealing-wax, their corks and wires, with the mortifying conviction that Nature's laws are, for once, caught napping; for it is a sound philosophy that is satisfied with the humiliating confession that the principle is true, notwithstanding the failure of the experiment. The plan of this book is to illustrate the principles of Natural Philosophy by clear descriptions of a course of experiments and of the apparatus employed, so that the mere tyro can readily attain success in the use of philosophical instruments. Another excellent feature is the introduction of practical problems on the principles laid down in the book, — a course adopted with success in our chemical recitation-rooms. On the whole, this little hand-book will do for inexperienced experimentalists in Natural Philosophy what Stöckhardt has done in chemistry, — metamorphose the study from a disgusting "cram" into a delightful recreation.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, JULY 16, 1856.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin. Frank Philip Nash, Boston.
2. An Essay. "The Benefits resulting to the Native Population from the British Rule in India." George Bigelow Chase, Boston.
- *3. A Disquisition. "The Quarrel of Pope and Addison." Rezin Augustus Wight, Baltimore, Md.
4. A Dissertation. "European Travel considered as a Part of an American Liberal Education." Walter Hayes Burns, New York, N. Y.
5. A Disquisition. "Allotroplism." John Williams Hudson, Lexington.
6. An Oration. "Goethe as a Patriot." Daniel Angell Gleason, Worcester.
7. An Essay. "Photography." Charles Carroll Tower, Cohasset.
8. A Disquisition. "Irish Eloquence." Charles Noyes, Cambridge.
9. A Dissertation. "Drawing-Room Reputation of Scientific Men." George Campbell Barrett, Cambridge.
10. A Disquisition. "The Genius of Ben Jonson." Howard Malcom Ticknor, West Roxbury.
- *11. A Dissertation. "The Financial Resources of France." Joseph Waite Merriam, Boston.
12. An Oration. "The Expatriation of the Highland Clans." Jeremiah Smith, Lee, N. H.
13. An Essay. "Diners out." Daniel Webster Wilder, Rochester, N. Y.
- *14. A Disquisition. "The Legend of Robert the Devil." Raymond Egerton, New Orleans, La.
15. An Essay. "Blenheim Palace and Apsley House." George Blagden, Boston.
16. A Dissertation. "The Personal Character of Sir Isaac Newton." William Thomas Crapster, Howard Co., Md.
17. A Disquisition. "The Attention given in England to Greek and Latin Versification." Carleton Hunt, New Orleans, La.
18. A Dissertation. "Illustrious Merchants." Thomas Emerson, Winchester.
- *19. An Oration. "Results of the Revolutions of 1848." Edmund Randolph Robinson, Philadelphia, Pa.
20. A Dissertation. "France the Civilizing Nation of Europe." David Caesars, Merida, Yucatan.
21. An Essay. "The First Two Centuries of American Poetry." Edward Carroll Huse, Newburyport.
22. A Poem. Youth in Cole's "Voyage of Life." Jesse Henry Jones, Cambridge.
23. A Disquisition. "Aristotle as a Naturalist." Washington Hill Merritt, Warren.
- *24. A Dissertation. "Modern German Art." Charles Tasker Howard, Brookline.

25. An Essay. "Polychromatic Architecture and Sculpture." Augustus Mellen Haskell, Mechanic Falls, Me.

26. An Oration. "Our 'Manifest Destiny.'" William Wirt Burrage, Cambridge.

27. An Essay. "Ancient History as applied to illustrate Modern Politics." Robert Edward Babson, Gloucester.

*28. A Disquisition. "The Dance of Death." Jonathan Chapman, Milton.

29. A Dissertation. "The Austrian Rule in Italy." John Cutter Gage, Pelham, N. H.

*30. A Dissertation. "The First President of Harvard College." Edward Swift Dunster, Dover, N. H.

31. A Dissertation. "The Erudition of Dr. Parr." George Dexter Robinson, Lexington.

32. A Disquisition. "Jonathan Swift." John Jordan Jacobsen, Baltimore, Md.

*33. An Oration. "India in Greece." James Bradstreet Greenough, Cambridge.

34. A Dissertation. "The Waldenses." Bennett Hubbard Nash, Boston.

35. A Disquisition. "The Late European War." Thomas Kinnicutt, Worcester.

36. A Disquisition. "Sir William Hamilton." Charles Brooks Brown, Cambridge.

37. A Disquisition. "The Religious Opinions of Lord Byron." Richard Harding Weld, West Roxbury.

38. A Poem. Edward Thornton Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.

39. An Oration. "The Retreat of Cortez from Mexico." Arthur Searle, Brookline.

40. An Oration. "The Influence of the New World upon the Old." David Pulsifer Kimball, Boston.

BOYLSTON PRIZE SPEAKING.—The Boylston prizes for Elocution were contested on the 17th of July. The Chapel was filled, as usual, and the audience seemed well pleased. The awards were as follows:—

The two first-prizes to HOWARD M. TICKNOR of the Graduating Class, and ROBERT M. MORSE of the Senior Class.

The three second-prizes to HORACE N. FISHER of the Senior Class, RALPH H. CUTTER of the Junior Class, and SIMON G. FULLER of the Junior Class.

AGAIN we offer you a tardy number, and have the audacity to ask again the pardon of our good-natured little circle of readers, who know well the bonds of sunny Vacation idleness, who believe in the fitness of things, and who appreciate the comparative attractions of sparkling brooks and Stygian ink, animated faces and blank letter-sheets. Even for you we could not work in Vacation. No good angel could at such a time say unto us, Write, write! none but the ugliest of devils from the printer's.

Dear readers, you see the burden of an Atlas has fallen on pigmy shoulders, and must have patience if we halt under it. The transcendent honors of editor-

ship shine upon an unworthy and blushing brow. The dissolved pearl was a noble drink for queenly Cleopatra ; but could you not have guessed that it would disagree with our weaker stomachs ?

We print above the Order of Exercises at Commencement. The parts which were not spoken are starred. The day passed off pleasantly and creditably, with little difference from other such occasions ; old graduates looked happy and hot ; undergraduates showed a dash of gloom at the loss of a class which they have known but to honor, and whose departure they will remember but to regret.

In the evening of this day, and till midnight, the " Orpheus " club of German vocalists, round a lighted table on the green, sang German and Latin songs, while lager beer supplied their inspiration. Their songs, plaintive, merry, weird, grand, gave us a fuller appreciation of that emotional, high-strung German student life, of which these sounds and faces are a clearer type than printed pages without number could be ; and as we look and listen, we think with more shame of the dull, callous lives many of us lead here.

Our Vacation strollings are over. The blaze of Society pin, the undulation of Sophomoric swagger, no longer mark the collegian in his erratic course through the watering-places and the mountains. The crust of coldness toward others, which conceit for self and college engenders abroad, here is broken through, and shows beneath it a warm-hearted unselfishness toward fellow-collegians. However full of careless happiness may have been the vacations of any of us, no one, we will venture to write, looks again without pleasure upon the College Yard, its trim paths, its bright green turf, and its vase-like elms, and the brown, merry faces of the plaster-boys that fill up the picture. There is one change in the College Yard, — the new chapel rising in its northeast corner. This new building gives good promise of roominess and beauty. It is to be built of Picton freestone, from a tasteful model ; and we trust it will adorn without shaming our factory-like old buildings, dear to us in their unpretending homeliness. Future classes will now speak their last words of eloquence, and bid Alma Mater adieu, under a familiar roof.

With the new term, all are entering upon the dignities of a new name and the responsibilities of a more advanced position, and a nearer approach to manhood. Such being the case, may everybody fight well the good fight, be uninterruptedly virtuous and happy, and subscribe to and write for our Magazine.

At a meeting of the Class of 1857, held at the close of the last term, Messrs. FRENCH, ROPES, and STORROW, the former editors from that Class, were unanimously re-elected.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II.—No. VIII.


OCTOBER, 1856.

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1856.

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* * THE HARVARD MAGAZINE will be published on the first day of every month, with the exception of February and August. Terms, \$2.00 per annum. Those remitting \$2.00 in advance will receive the Magazine free of postage.

 BACK NUMBERS WANTED.— *Thirty-seven cents each will be given for copies of the HARVARD MAGAZINE for December, 1854, being Vol. I. No. I.*

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1856.

No. 8.

MISS AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

IF we may judge from the appearance of the volumes before us, the novels of Miss Austen possess a fair share of the popularity that they deserve. The extremely soiled covers and broken backs give evidence of frequent perusal. Yet they are not at all like the majority of the novels people read. There is little to excite, either in the plot or the incidents, — nothing so intensely interesting as to prevent your laying the book aside at almost any stage of the story, without any deep regrets. There is hardly any change of scene, through the whole book; no astounding developments, highly-wrought scenes, or deep complications. The story is quiet, simple, natural, and the general course of it, in each of Miss Austen's books, is very much the same. All the characters necessary to the story are brought forward almost in the first chapter. They are few in number, and each has some special part to perform which could not be omitted without breaking up the whole affair. These characters, with the exception of the fathers and mothers required by the conditions of the case, and who appear on the stage as little as possible, are simply two or three pairs of lovers, whose slow and difficult progress towards matrimony forms the subject

of the story. Of course, in order to conform to the established rule, mistakes have to occur. In the beginning there is a general misunderstanding among all parties concerned. Each gentleman is attached, or believed to be so, to the wrong lady; but gradually, and by the kind interference of friends, put there for the purpose, the different individuals are made aware of their own preferences, become sensible of each other's good or bad qualities, as the case may be, a universal enlightenment comes over them, and happiness ensues. This fortunate, and, we may observe, somewhat unusual consummation, is the result of changes which have taken place in the minds or hearts of the persons themselves, rather than in the circumstances in which they are placed. Those whose dispositions are not exactly such as they should be, or rather a part of them, are made to improve, generally in consequence of reflecting on their errors. The other part, who at first made a more favorable impression than they actually deserved to make, are in the same way unmasked by degrees, and at the close are exhibited clearly in the light of their formerly hidden depravity: Thus the object of the authoress is to point out the gradual changes in the characters of those she is describing, to show the advancement from a state of inferior goodness to one of that absolute perfection with which writers often invest them at once, or else to exhibit the change from a time when their defects only appeared occasionally or by accident, down to the time when everything about them is made known for the benefit of those they originally deceived. The effect is produced by slight touches, but these are admirably introduced. Every word, every act, comes properly in its place; nothing is ever said or done in the beginning in the slightest degree inconsistent with what you see should have been said or done, when you come to the end. Little circumstances, related at one place where they seem to be of no particular importance, are afterwards discovered to have had a deep meaning. The whole work is elaborate and carefully finished. It

somewhat resembles a nice and complete piece of mechanism, in which every little piece has been planned accurately in conformity to the general design of the whole, — where everything has been thought out beforehand, and each part put exactly in the place it was intended to occupy. Miss Austen could not, as some novelists have done, have begun her stories at random, without knowing how they were to be finished. All the minutest particulars in the character of each of her personages, and the whole course of the story, must have been settled exactly in her own mind before she commenced, or her works could not have such completeness and consistency. And it is a consequence of this great nicety and completeness, that a second perusal of these novels is full as pleasing as the first, if not more so; for the reader is then better able to appreciate the fitness of the numberless minute touches, of the slight peculiarities of conduct, of the apparently trivial remarks foreshadowing future developments of character, which is not so evident until one knows how matters will really turn out. Merely take out the chief incidents composing the plot, and state them by themselves, and the statement will be more stupid than such usually are. The interest derived from the plot is secondary to the pleasure which the other parts of the narrative give. That novel in which there is most to excite our surprise in the plot, *Northanger Abbey*, is the least entertaining of all Miss Austen has written.

Perfect characters are the usual, and perhaps the necessary, ingredients in novels. Even if the existence of bad qualities is not expressly denied, it is, in one set of personages, kept out of sight, and nothing but good is brought forward concerning those who are supposed to be good at all. It is probably difficult to keep up that unbroken interest in the heroes and heroines, if anything is said about them which may detract from our good opinion, or lessen the heartiness of our wishes for their welfare.

To judge from the first half of Miss Austen's different

books, she does not believe in this doctrine. Perfection is scouted. Heroines have their little defects of temper, nor are lovers free from faults on their part. In most of Miss Austen's books the failing of the former class is a tendency to strong-mindedness, though not exactly of the modern description, — a too great confidence in their own judgment leading them to take up sudden prejudices, and conceive strong likes and dislikes, against the other personages in the story ; while the trouble with the other class is something of a similar kind, combined with a proud and retiring disposition, and considerable surliness of temper. But although this is the case in the beginning, although the weakness of human nature is acknowledged when we are first introduced to the characters, such is not the light in which they appear at the end. It would never do, at the close of a long story, to leave the newly married hero and heroine to their own resources, with a consciousness that there lurked in the hearts of either any little defect, any trace of jealousy, or meanness, or a hasty temper, — anything that might lead to the future unhappiness of either of the parties immediately concerned, or of the children who may be expected to result from this seemingly fortunate union. After their marriage, there can be no help for them. The author has provided them each with a character, be it good or bad, which they are always to keep, and he has left them to take care of themselves, without any one to smooth away ingeniously, as he has done, any difficulties that may arise. No ; when we lose sight of them, it must be with a calm assurance of their future happiness ; we should never be easy if it were possible that the contrary result should take place. They must be, each and all, provided with such a disposition as to insure the continuance of the blessed state in which we leave them ; and on the same principle, eternal wretchedness must be fastened on those bad men and women who have been the subjects of our hatred hitherto, and whom, on shutting the book, we see likely to reap the consequences of

their evil deeds and ill dispositions. At the end, then, absolute perfection or total depravity must be the lot of the persons described, and in this respect Miss Austen does not depart from common usage. That which originally seemed defective turns out perfectly good, and her books are generally a commentary and exemplification of the maxim, that it is not right to judge by first appearances.

In fact, although there is no evident attempt made at accomplishing any such result, these books are more suggestive of practical moral lessons than any we now think of. But these lessons are merely suggested, never openly enforced. This practice of enforcing them at the close of every chapter, or oftener, prevails to a considerable extent in the works of a now very popular author; but it seems to us a decided defect. It conveys the impression that the writer is trying to make the greatest show of his own knowledge of human nature, and his quickness at detecting every weakness or fault to which men are subject. And it is offensive, as it draws away your attention from the subject of the story, to something which you either do not care to think of, or which you are fully capable of forming your own reflections about, if you are so inclined, provided that the author has really performed his work as well, and described his characters as impressively and distinctly, as he would make it appear. If the reader is not in a mood of moralizing, he skips. So that we think novels with a moral, that is, an incessant application of one or two moral truths, are better left alone, as the result of such a style of writing is monotony and stiffness.

Miss Austen's talents of observation, her ability in exhibiting all the minutest shades of character, are sufficiently evident without any of this unseasonable display. But there is an undertone of satire running through all her books, which is seldom carried to an improper extreme, and adds a great deal to their spiciness. There is never anything like humor, — no broad jokes, no eccentric characters that talk in

the Sam Weller style, — nothing to make one laugh much, if at all ; but still this quiet vein of dry fun appearing constantly throughout. When any person is doing anything foolish, or acting in an affected way, or setting up pretences, or boasting of his grand connections, the facts are sure to be related in a half-in-fun, half-in-earnest strain, which heightens the absurdity of the thing. It is merely a passing remark, and there is none of that interruption to the course of the story that this tendency to satire sometimes gives rise to. There is, however, a great difference in the different novels as respects the extent to which this mode of writing is carried in each. In *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Emma*, far the best of Miss Austen's books, these sarcastic expressions only occur occasionally, just enough to give the requisite liveliness to the narrative. But in one or two others the thing is carried too far. In these last, most of the characters are exceedingly absurd and affected, and affectation seems to be Miss Austen's special aversion. Hence in many parts there is hardly anything said about them in real, sober earnest. The authoress is making fun of them in an underhand way most of the time. Although a little of this is very well, one tires of it after a while, and wishes for a little less silliness and conceit, and a little more of that kind of writing that does not oblige the reader to keep his face perpetually in a state of half-smile, an expression which the perusal of this same silliness forces it to assume, and the long continuance of which fatigues the body, or rather the face, as much as it does the mind.

In spite of this defect, which makes the great difference between the best and the poorest of Miss Austen's novels, there is not one of them that is not very well worth reading, that is, if one likes this particular kind of novel at all. For these belong to a class by themselves, which want, as we have in part remarked, many of those features which are the chief delight of most novel-readers. Besides the want of exciting incidents in the plot, there is no fine writing, — no

affecting scenes, no descriptions of natural scenery, and not much mystery. We may add, there are no romantic villains or distressed damsels, and no murders. There is hardly anything related in them that may not probably and naturally be taking place anywhere about us. Moreover, the greater part of the narrative and the character of the different persons is learned from the dialogue; and this mode of making everything depend on the dialogue shuts off of itself all opportunity of introducing any highly-wrought descriptions, or any such thing, provided the dialogue at all resembles the discourse of common mortals, and be not of that bombastic kind used by Tilburina and the rest in Mr. Puff's Spanish Armada. Beside this dialogue, there is as little as can well be of common description; only enough to serve as a setting for the talk. By means of this, and by this alone, the persons in the story are made to exhibit very clearly their respective peculiarities, and by this the slow changes that take place in their character or their outward behavior are distinctly marked at each stage of the progress. In this way they go on talking from the beginning to the end, while their talk serves a more useful purpose than that of most people, although it is not about very much more important subjects after all.

It is this very common and easy style in which everything is told, this exact conformity to the course of every-day events, which is the great merit of Miss Austen. She never attempts to go out of this particular sphere, but within it she is perfect; that is, in the best of her books. *Pride and Prejudice*, for a novel of its class, leaves little or nothing to be desired. But of course, in works of this kind, where there is nothing to excite and nothing to laugh at, excellence greater than that which serves to make another novel very passable is required in order to interest the reader; and we must acknowledge a slight difficulty in keeping up the attention, sometimes, in the one or two that were first written, in which the authoress has not shown so much

ability, or rather so much skill, as in her later productions. In stories so highly finished and elaborate, practice makes more difference, we should think, than in any other kind of novel-writing. And although none of Miss Austen's books were written till her mind had become matured, and she shows as much acquaintance with human character and quickness of observation in *one* as in the other, the benefits resulting from greater experience in writing are more evident in her novels than in any others we know of.

With all this, however, we recommend every one who has not a particular partiality for works of the startling and romantic description, to read Miss Austen. He will derive from her works a great deal of quiet enjoyment, but will not be kept awake at night, or be obliged to take away their attention from those severer studies, which, with the exception of novel-reading, eating, sleeping, rowing, loafing, and such slight recreations, form the chief occupation of the students of this University.

U. P.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

THAT cheerful man, the author of *Vanity Fair*, in introducing his powerfully-drawn character of Becky Sharp to the reading world, makes a few well-directed remarks upon misanthropists, and people who never get along in the world because nobody likes them. He observes that "the world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion." The allusion is certainly very pretty, and perhaps it will be found quite as full of truth as it is pretty. Frown at the world! Who of us is there that has not done it? We are all guilty, and have paid the penalty

of our offence many a time. Almost invariably the world has come off best in the end; while we have reaped but sorrow, dissatisfaction, and shame. The naughty child stealthily seeks for the forbidden sugar-bowl, or, in its mighty wrath, lets drive its cap or tin-whistle at the nasal protuberance of Bridget the maid, and afterwards stubbornly grumbles over the parental chastisement, is pouty and out of sorts with everybody, and in the end finds even the sweet of the sugar is turned to bitterness, and has to beg pardon of Biddy the maid. Poor, silly little boy! he is not half so childish as the man who is always fault-finding with the world, because it does not appreciate his talents, favor his disinterested schemes for its advancement, or bestow upon him its love and esteem. Let such an one inquire within, — he may learn something to his advantage, — and may find that it is himself, more than the world, that needs remodelling. Until he rises superior to the perplexities of life, which are meant for his healthy discipline, and smiles cheerfully on the world, he will never find in it that “jolly, kind companion” it may really be made.

Nowhere better than in College do people appreciate a cheerful man. As a portion of the great family of man, students are pretty jolly fellows, — always in for a good time, and apparently free of care. As individuals, we have all characters, from the intense misanthropist to the merry, comical genius, whose joviality is the life of many a College hour. We do not promise the reader an analysis or dissection of character particularly, although it will enter somewhat in illustration of the subject. It is very difficult to state our subject in exact phraseology, so discursive will the essay be found; but we purpose to confine our attention as nearly as possible to the ideas suggested by the already quoted words of Thackeray, and to set forth the merits and claims of Cheerful People.

It is not one of the distinctive characteristics of our American people, as of the French for instance, that we are given

to gayety and frivolous amusement. As far as my knowledge goes, no writer or traveller has ever been struck with American joviality, or thought it necessary to complain of our excessive pursuit of amusement. But they do say, — and the remark has grown stale, — that we are a hard-working people, who earn our bread by the sweat of our brows; that we have a false pride, and a terrible national conceit for so young a people. They never call us funny, unless in some antiquated jokes upon Brother Jonathan's shrewdness at a bargain, or proverbial skill in using the jack-knife. Some have called us a nation of drunkards; but this is a poor criterion of a light-hearted community, however much it may prove us a light-headed people.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were a dull, phlegmatic set of fellows, — at least so we infer. Be not alarmed, O generous, confiding reader! with any hapless visions of Vernon, B. A. of Magdalene Hall, or his fascinating little Guide. We surely mean you no harm, and will tarry but a moment with these grim old fellows. One emotion of pity, — only one, — for they were unfortunate in having their lot cast in barbarous and uncultivated times, so that they found it impossible to show off to any advantage. What they might not do in these times, we presume not to say. But still we do not inherit our fun from them, — that is pretty clear. They never offer any pleasure in the contemplation, unless to the devotee of History, or the reader of Scott's charming descriptions of the later Saxon and Norman lords.

It is different with the modern English people. They toil, and are full of enterprise; and yet they seem to season all their hard work with just that modicum of pleasure and recreation that must commend itself to every candid person. The sports of English life, — the racing, the hunting, the cricket and games of the field; the merriment of the ancestral halls, — the wassail-bowl of the past, and the roast beef of to-day; the home-gatherings of Christmas, and the picnic parties of May-day; — these, and more than these, are famil-

iar to all. They speak of a cheerful, kind-hearted, hospitable people, who take life easy, and look ever on its sunny side. Cheerful at home, — be he lord or peasant, — the Englishman never forgets the sacred pleasures of home, even when distant lands and seas remove him from them. The English troops in the Crimea demanded a better dinner, and a more jovial time, when Old Christmas came round, although the rattling of musketry and the rolling of drums scarcely furnished the wonted merry chime. Before Sebastopol, ere the fury of the fight, they thought of England still, and the loved ones at home. "Home, sweet Home," as sung round the camp-fires at early evening, is said to have hushed the loud laughter in the neighboring tents, and moistened the eyes of veteran soldiers. "Annie Laurie" has for us a beauty of pathos it never had before, when we think how they must have sung it, — those brave fellows, — with hearts so tender and full of sympathy, even in face of the conflict and carnage that were to follow.

If the English people are not more funny, or more cheerful, than other people, they certainly have been very fortunate in the possession of writers fully competent to the task of delineating character, — especially its ludicrous features, — and presenting them with striking likenesses of themselves, their virtues, vices, motives, conduct, customs, blunders, and omissions. Accurate observers of human nature, men of brilliant wit and genius, cultivated scholars, yet condescending to men of low estate, and going among the poor and degraded to study humanity for the good of humanity, — the race of English humorists is the pride of Englishmen, and the study and admiration of scholars and readers everywhere. Some have been bitter satirists, cutting and lashing, with the spirit of a devil, poor weak, human nature; while others, "the week-day preachers of society," have shown us human nature as it is, pointed out its faults in a kindly spirit, chuckled with us over the grotesque, chided us gently for the unkind thought, or the unmanly act, — and so we

have learned to love these gentle teachers, who thus create in us a sympathy with them.

The people of the United States are closely allied to the mother country in a great many ways. We are truly bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. From England we have undoubtedly inherited many national traits, and we have made this lengthy allusion to her in hope of tracing the origin and vindicating the existence—latent though it be—of American Humor. Our people are not so far distant, nor have we been so long removed from our mother England, that the child retains no traces of the family likeness. We are young and headstrong, and feel bigger than we really are. Sometimes a sign of approaching maturity is discovered. We are still a big boy, with a very active temperament, and a restless eagerness to be rich and influential. We are a long while getting settled. The art of living well is a problem which we are gradually solving. But be sure we have got the fun in us. When we stop to play, we go into it with a will. Our word for it, when this busy, bustling boy gets his hard work all done, and age begins to set its mark upon him, you will find him one of the jolliest old fellows the world has yet seen.

Fun and cheerfulness are as indispensable to the happiness of man, as the rains of heaven to a sun-scorched field. There is a great deal to perplex us here in one way or another,—a good many cares, and a great many little crosses, every hour of the day. These are permitted to exist for our healthy discipline, and it is a doctrine of common sense, as well as a deduction of metaphysical reasoning, that there would be no virtue in the world if there were no evil. Now we fully believe the Creator intended that man should be a cheerful, happy being. It is simply infidelity to doubt this, in view of the innumerable contrivances that seemingly have no other object than this one, of making life happy. Give me, then, the cheerful man! He greets you with a straightforward cordiality. His face is smiling, and his laugh is

open, because his heart is light, and he bears no man an ill thought. He is the man you seek for a good time. You make room for him round the College fire with a hearty pleasure, as he joins the happy circle, and starts the merry laugh and song. If you are stupid, and out of sorts, he is the man to drive away your blues. When other people are cross, and things go awry, he never gives up, but thinks it will all come right in the end. His rule is never to anticipate evil, because this will only make it doubly bad when it does come; and even when the chances are against him, his cheerful heart loves to hope still for a happy turn of fortune's wheel. Indeed, I have an instinctive admiration for your cheerful man.

Your really cheerful man is too open and unguarded not to be sincere, and too kind-hearted to be proud. There is a charm about his manners that draws one to him. You respect him because he treats you as his equal; you feel a measure of confidence in him, and would do him a favor any day, in preference to the cold, calculating, proud people, so plentiful in this world. A cheerful disposition makes one obliging. If you want to take a quiet German with a few friends, the cheerful man is the one to read for the crowd. Others pass you by, — he will put himself out to do you a favor. He tries to make everybody about him happy. Very often he gets imposed upon, — so thinks the selfish man, — but he never knows it, and only has a better conscience. He will sing you a song, or write you a forensic; everybody calls him a brick, and wherever he goes, he is a "hail fellow well met."

It requires something more than "semi-occasional" fun to make your really jolly man. We had rather see the smiling face and mirth-provoking eye of your good-natured fellow, than listen to the best story your sober man ever related. The former indicate a constantly pleasant frame of mind, and show that the mirth comes not for display, or entertainment of others; that it is not spasmodic; but the natural

result of an indwelling cheerfulness. The man who swears angrily at Lewis "the boots," gets pettish at little trifles, however popular in other respects, hardly recovers his reputation for real good-nature by a witty Society paper, an invitation to ale at Lyon's, or even the more magnificent liberality of a Brattle House cobbler. You must find him in his room amid studies the same jovial fellow he is in the Boat-Club and the Society. Not always joking, rarely punning, but always happy, confident, obliging, your cheerful man is most delightful when you get him off to walk, or sit alone with him round the College hearth.

Purity of life, and a careful cultivation of the moral sensibilities, are essential to real cheerfulness. Without these, good-humor is not natural. Virtue leads to happiness. The long-faced clergymen who so abound in these days, and the thousands of ascetic, cross-grained, bigoted professors of religion, make a terrible mistake,—they stand out before religion like some awful signals to intimidate humanity. The world asks in scoff if this is the fruit of their godliness, and refuses to be thus comforted. No, no, never was man intended to be a recluse. The social element predominates by nature in him. Each has his divinely assigned duties, but all must co-operate, and each lend a helping hand to the other. That man's heart is steeled to all the nobler affections, who shuts himself from the world to grope and toil alone. What does the ascetic religionist understand by the injunctions to love the brethren? Religion without cheerfulness is hypocrisy,—nay, a contradiction in terms; for even the most hardened sinner, led forth from his darkness by the light of Divine truth, is greeted with the comforting assurance, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee!"

"Frown at the world, and it will in turn look sourly upon you." If the element of cheerfulness and good-humor is so desirable, so indispensable to man's happiness, what obligations of duty and of policy are we under to shun the melancholy, the austere, and the morose tendencies of our

minds. Contentment is a necessary virtue ; — not that which leads to inaction, but that other which teaches the soul to enjoy the good already acquired, rather than weary itself, and waste its golden opportunities, in pursuing the unattainable and impracticable. Yet how discontented we all are, and how weak and helpless, that we should thus wear away our lives in harassing anxiety, and suffer our hearts to “beat funeral marches to the grave.” You see melancholy people who have every means of comfort at their disposal. The cheerful sun rises day after day, bringing new reasons for their enjoyment with each morning’s light. All nature looks blithe and happy. But these people drag along their weary existence, with never a thought of gratitude or a consolatory hope. Yet it is no doubt true, that, whatever a man’s lot in life, it is the best for him under the circumstances. It matters but little what or where that station be, but it does matter a great deal how he meets its duties.

“Paradoxical as it may seem,” we have lots of fellows in College who are anything but cheerful. Pity the sorrows of a dyspeptic man! — you would scarcely expect him to be cheerful. Yet it is his own fault, and when he is cross, he gets very little sympathy. He *will* eat, and will *not* exercise ; he scowls at the world, and she in turn makes up an awful face. And the nervous man, — a kind word for him. Poor fellow ! he is constitutionally afflicted, and merits the greater sympathy. Anxious to conceal his often confused state, he assumes an air which is disagreeable because misunderstood, and people think him a very cold and a very proud man. Sometimes he is one of the jolliest of fellows, and the next moment he becomes unapproachable. But bad health and constitutional despondency are poor helps to cordiality.

I like the jolly man who meets us on our way to the post-office every morning. His careless, “How are you, old cocks !” has a cordiality about it you will never find in the formal man, who always says, “Good morning, gentlemen !”

with his excruciatingly polite bow. Such stiff, unnatural politeness will never do among College friends, for it too often laps over into base servility. It lacks cordiality, and seems to be got up for the occasion, with a view of conciliating your good graces. There is a little of the toady about these people, who are always smirking and cringing for somebody to speak to them, and pestering you with their formal recognition several times in a day. I do not like them because they do not act out their manhood. They put on so much civility one can hardly trace a feature of the natural man beneath. The whole is artificial; they seem to have learned contempt for themselves, so they keep themselves back, and show you a false man to admire. Along with these go the man who thinks he is funny, and the poor fellow who cannot take a joke.

The College dig, that much abused personage, must have my last shot. He, too, is not liked, ten chances to one because he is not cheerful,—surely because he is not social. Life goes heavily with him. His “thinking-shop” is a dull place for most people. Cheerful, good-natured folks are requested not to call, as the occupant is busy. Loud laughter expressly forbidden, as mirth and humor are considered to have a tendency to dissipate accurate thought. Gentlemen calling for a few minutes will please heed the above suggestions, and await the frown of the occupant as the signal for departure. O my Christian friend! when thus you labor with earnestness and zeal in what you deem the way of duty, why goes the heart so heavily to its work? Do cheerfully whatever is worth doing at all, for a cheerful spirit will take away half the labor.

Let us cultivate whatever tends to create in man a cheerful heart. Troubles are continually before us, and we must meet them and conquer them in the strength of religious faith, or the spirit of philosophers; or ignobly flee from them, and lose sight of them in the excitements of the world. Life grows weary without some amusement. Frown not on the

cheerful student's song,—it drives dull care away. The social whist, the Saturday-evening gathering, the Society supper, a pull down to Braman's,—these, and all the other countless means of pleasure, let each enjoy after his own conscience. Regard with suspicion the man who frowns on amusement, and is ready to cry, "Sin! sin!" at the sight of a little harmless fun. Be it ours to cultivate a cheerful spirit, even in the adversities of life, but more especially to lay a good foundation now against the crosses and perplexities that all are liable to.

Friend! has there never been a time when Care has pressed its heavy hand upon you, and you have felt as if everything about you was going wrong,—when you seemed to be lost in the vast whirl, with hardly a friend to cheer you, or a light to guide your way? Perhaps it is yet in reserve for you; when it does come, if you have the courage, look up, smile kindly, tenderly upon this ugly, ill-shaped monster of a world,—think if there be not much to love in this friend you so much doubt,—and as the mirror reflects the face of a man, so be sure will this world you deem so bad instantly show you a smiling face, and prove a jolly, kind companion to him who has a heart for its beauties, its wonders, and its joys.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A CLOUDY DAY.

[The author of these lines begs leave to state that he is fully aware of their idea being preoccupied by Mr. Longfellow, and claims therefore no originality in the conception.]

MARK the changing face of heaven,
Now 't is cloudy, lately clear;
Brightly set the star of even,
But the morn is dull and drear.

Through the gloom the sun is breaking, —
Now it closes o'er his beams ;
Hark ! the wind the boughs is shaking, —
Down the rain in torrents streams.

Yet behind the clouds and thunder
Still the sun is shining there ;
And his rays shall soon asunder
Burst the shade, and all be fair !

Thus our life is dull and shaded ;
Fall the floods of sorrow fast ;
But the sun, which ne'er has faded,
God's own glory, breaks at last ; —

Breaks through all our grief and mourning,
Guiding to a better day ;
With his beams that heaven adorning
Where our sorrows pass away.

MRS. GASKELL'S NOVELS.*

PUBLIC benefactors, or those who have it in their power to become public benefactors, in literature, as well as in any other walk of life, are responsible to society for the use which they make of their talents, — talents which are conferred upon them, not merely for their own private use, but for the delight and improvement of their fellow-men, and of posterity. The greater these gifts, and the more widely the influence of their possessor is extended, the stronger should be the obligation which he should feel towards society. Even novel-writers are not totally exempt from this obligation ; and though we may not demand from them either moral or mental instruction, we have at least the right to

* Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life.
Ruth. By the Author of "Mary Barton."

require that they shall not inculcate lessons and exalt examples which are absolutely injurious in their effects. Moreover, we should be especially on our guard against those who, through inability or inattention in this respect, or a total disregard of the whole matter, indirectly, and therefore the more insidiously, attack the foundations on which rest the morality and well-being of society. It is not, at least among educated people, grossly immoral or improper novels that are the most to be feared. As old Tom Newcome says, "One reads them, if at all, as one keeps other bad company, of which one soon grows thoroughly ashamed."

There is, however, a class of novels, or rather a class of characters common to very many novels, which, from the attraction they naturally possess, and from their peculiar adaptation for dramatic effect, are great favorites both with readers and with writers of fiction. They constitute what may be termed the reformed-villain or repentant-sinner class. From the Chourineur to Herbert de Caxton, it is the same old story of the Prodigal Son, repeated again and again; but repeated always with the moral not merely put out of the way, but absolutely inverted. The real story is the noblest that ever was told. Let us not conceal the whole aim and purpose of it when we repeat it. The kind reception and the feast are not more surprising to the domestic brother, than they are unexpected by the wanderer. When the prodigal comes home, embrace him and kill the fatted calf, but don't tell him during his whole youth: "My son, go, do whatever you please; spend your patrimony, run up bills, disgrace yourself and your family, — it don't much matter; only remember that forgiveness and the fatted calf are always ready for you, and the family sitting up to welcome you, no matter how late you please to come home." It is needless to preach this sermon so very often. A death-bed repentance and tardy virtue are not the best things to be held up as examples. They are indeed better than nothing,

but there is something else far better than either. Yet, judging from the works of most popular novelists, one would suppose that nothing could be more creditable, while certainly nothing is more tempting, than this eleventh-hour, make-believe virtue.

Novels of this character hold out, to a certain extent, a sort of *bonus* to hypocrisy. And they offer this *bonus*, moreover, more particularly to those who are most likely to be tempted by it, and who least need any encouragement to real or feigned repentance. They offer it to their readers, that is, as a general thing, to the higher and more educated classes of the community (for, be it remembered, we are speaking of what are called the better class of novels). Society is only too ready to excuse the excesses of men of education and men of talent. There are already enough who, trusting to this readiness, are willing, not only to sow their wild oats during almost a whole lifetime, but even to go beyond mere immorality, relying on their genius or learning to secure for them at last the forgiveness, if not the approbation, of their contemporaries and of posterity. There are two classes in the community, who, more perhaps than all others, need the forgiveness, the forbearance, the real charity, of society. How to interest society in their behalf is the question. The books now before us go far towards answering that question. Not that we would imply that this was necessarily the intention of the authoress. But it is none the less true that her quick and accurate observation, her personal knowledge of many of the characteristics of one of the classes she treats of, together with her heartfelt charity and sound judgment, exercised towards both, have very nearly found out the way by which "lips compressed for curses may be made to give utterance to blessings, and hands clenched to smite may be loosened to be clasped only in the grasp of peace and good-will."

It is an important subject that our authoress has chosen for her first story. Though we have not as yet in America

(and God send that we may never have!) that distress among the working-classes which is but too common in England, yet the same causes which are there productive of so much misery may, and doubtless do exist, to a greater or less extent, in many of our manufacturing cities. The proper social relations between employer and employee are, even with us, vexed and vexing questions. If nothing more be done, it is at least much to furnish some data on which the theorist and philanthropist may found their schemes for the improvement of the condition of the work-people. It may or may not be true that all the bitter complaints made by these people are well founded; many doubtless are not. But one thing is certain. The people themselves believe that their complaints are well founded, and that, as their sufferings seem to be without relief, so are they without sympathy. "This belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures, taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge, in too many of the poor, uneducated factory-workers." "Whatever public effort can do in the way of legislation, or private effort in the way of merciful deeds, or helpless love in the way of 'widow's mites,' should be done, and that speedily, to disabuse the work-people of so miserable a misapprehension." We may be sure that Mrs. Gaskell and her husband (a Dissenting minister-at-large in Manchester) have done all in their power to comfort and assist the wretched families whom they have met in their errands of mercy. But whose fault are these dreadful, these fatal errors, on the part of the work-people? Masses of men, when left to themselves, pay but little regard to the principles of their leaders. They only demand men of talent, and if those who should aid them and advise them leave these duties to rabid and unprincipled radicals, it is not to be wondered at that the tremendous energies of a suffering and starving people are productive of such direful results. Those who accuse these people of gross ignorance or wilful-

ness in listening to and following the advice of miserable demagogues, should remember what Hugh Miller says of these very Manchester men, when speaking of the unfortunate fanatic, Henry Hunt. He calls them "poor, lank-jawed men, who would doubtless have manifested less interest in the nonsense of the orator, had they been less hungry at the time." Blamable as are the excesses to which their blind madness sometimes leads them, the conduct of those who, as they believe at least, have driven them to madness, and who have refused to them the light they need, is no less reprehensible.

"Ruth," though perhaps, in one sense, connected with "Mary Barton," yet relates to an entirely different subject. I say connected, for the germ of the story is found in the conversation between Jem and the unfortunate Esther. "God bless you, Jem, for the kind words you have just spoken! Some years ago you might have saved me." And Ruth was saved; saved for a life of purity and usefulness; saved, after a severe struggle, for a life of calm and peaceful enjoyment, a life as happy as it could well be for one who had sincerely repented of her errors, and who, unconscious of, and free from, any present sin, yet never for a moment forgot her early transgressions and the tenderness which had saved her, — a remembrance which, marking and forming part of her true repentance, cast a peculiar shade of humility and resignation over all her thoughts and actions.

Mrs. Gaskell's books are not "religious novels"; they are not even "moral stories." There is considerable humor, — a quick perception of the characteristics of the classes of people that figure in them. They are mostly in the lower ranks of society, and their talk is what seems to us a strange compound of humor, morality, kindness, and domestic duties. Mary Barton, consoling poor Mrs. Davenport in her homely yet heartfelt way, cannot, even in the midst of her sympathy, help thinking how she may provide suitable mourning for the widow. Sally slips out of church to put on the

kettle for tea, "because, indeed, ma'am, I thought master had prayed so long he'd be drouthy"; and even good Miss Faith can't follow her brother's prayer after Sally's sudden departure. Sally's lecture on Christian puddings is such an admirable example of this mixture, so natural to persons of her character, — persons who mix sense and nonsense, and say half a dozen good things and as many foolish ones without distinguishing between them, — that we cannot refrain from presenting it to our readers.

" 'What do I do wrong?' said Ruth; 'I try to do all I can.'

" 'Yes, in a way,' said Sally, puzzled to know how to describe her meaning. 'Thou dost it, — but there's a right and a wrong way of setting about everything, — and to my thinking, the right way is to take a thing up heartily, if it is only making a bed. Why, dear ah me! making a bed may be done after a Christian fashion, I take it, or else what's to come of such as me in heaven, who've had little enough time on earth for clapping ourselves down on our knees for set prayers? When I was a girl, and wretched enough about Master Thurstan, and the crook on his back which came of the fall I gave him, I took to praying and sighing, and giving up the world; and I thought it were wicked to care about the flesh, so I made heavy puddings, and was careless about dinner and the rooms, and thought I was doing my duty, though I did call myself a miserable sinner. But one night the old missus (Master Thurstan's mother) came in, and sat down by me, as I was a-scolding myself, without thinking of what I was saying; and, says she, "Sally! what are you blaming yourself about, and groaning over? We hear you in the parlor every night, and it makes my heart ache." "O ma'am," says I, "I'm a miserable sinner, and I'm travailing in the new birth." "Was that the reason," says she, "why the pudding was so heavy to-day?" "O ma'am, ma'am," said I, "if you would not think of the things of the flesh, but trouble yourself about your immortal soul." And I sat a-shaking my head to think about her soul. "But," says she, in her sweet dropping voice, "I do try to think of my soul every hour of the day, if by that you mean trying to do the will of God; but we'll talk now about the pudding; Master Thurstan could not eat it, and I know you'll be sorry for that." Well, I

was sorry, but I did n't choose to say so, as she seemed to expect me ; so says I, "It's a pity to see children brought up to care for things of the flesh"; and then I could have bitten my tongue out, for the missus looked so grave, and I thought of my darling little lad pining away for want of his food. At last, says she, "Sally, do you think God has put us into the world just to be selfish, and to do nothing but see after our own souls? or to help one another with heart and hand, as Christ did to all who wanted help? Did it answer God's purpose, and serve Him, when the food was unfit for a child to eat, and unwholesome for any one?" Well, I would not give it up, I was so pig-headed about my soul; so says I, "I wish folks would be content with locusts and wild honey, and leave other folks in peace to work out their salvation"; and I groaned out pretty loud to think of missus's soul. I often think she smiled a bit at me; but she said, "Well, Sally, to-morrow you shall have time to work out your salvation; but as we have no locusts in England, and I don't think they'd agree with Master Thurstan if we had, I will come and make the pudding; but I shall try and do it well, not only for him to like it, but because everything may be done in a right way or a wrong." — Vol. I. p. 219.

It seems, however, rather inconsistent that such a lecture should be needed for the instruction of one in whom "silence as to inward suffering was only one part of her peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature; part of the patience with which she 'accepted her penance.' Her true instincts told her that it was not right to disturb others with many expressions of her remorse; that the holiest repentance consisted in a quiet and daily sacrifice."

Looking back on the extracts we have given, we fear that they may seem too solemn in their character, more serious than the tone of the book really is. It is not a treatise on morality disguised under the form of a story, but a novel, written by a person of such a strong and discriminating moral sense, that, unconsciously, both author and reader are led to think of subjects not usually introduced into, and very seldom well introduced into, works of fiction. We say "unconsciously," for the reflections into which we have been

led did not occur to us the first time we read the book. They were rather afterthoughts, which, though having perhaps but slight connection with anything in the novel, would yet probably be suggested to the minds of most persons who gave more than a mere cursory glance to the story.

These novels would be interesting to any reader. The plot of the story is in general well conceived, and happily carried out. There are many passages of beautiful description, and many of highly dramatic interest. Ruth's first meeting with Mr. Benson, her interview with Mr. Donne, Mr. Bradshaw's discovery of her secret, and several episodes in *Mary Barton*, show great power and ability in the conception and expression of strong and conflicting emotions. But though these portions are well written, it is not in the description of intense passion that Mrs. Gaskell's *forte* lies. Her peculiar excellence appears in the strong interest which, under her hands, the ordinary routine of a quiet life inspires. Even in the more exciting parts of the story, it is calm and submissive, rather than wild and revengeful suffering, that is most prominent.

A fastidious critic might find many blemishes, and some positive faults, in all of Mrs. Gaskell's novels. For our own part, however, we have received so much pleasure from their perusal, that we feel but little inclined to be captious. Moreover, many of these faults are such as might be expected from the character of the authoress, and the people she must long have known and studied: as such, we are the more ready to excuse them. Still there are several things, even in the plot of the story, to which exception may be taken. Mary Barton's pursuit of the sailor Will, and his sudden appearance in court, are quite out of the range of ordinary probability, and are introduced apparently for the sake of their fine dramatic effect. Yet such as the whole episode is, we should perhaps be sorry to lose it entirely, though it may be questioned whether the same interest could not be excited by less improbable incidents. Objec-

tion may be made, also, to the phraseology of the narrative, which in some places is interspersed with many quaint words and expressions, taken either from the provincial dialect, or, what in this case seems to be much the same, from the early English writers. Some of these peculiarities are very pleasing, particularly when they occur in descriptions of natural scenery, but, in the ordinary course of the narrative, they are generally blemishes. Still, in spite of these lesser faults, Mrs. Gaskell's novels are among the best that have been published for many a year, giving their authoress a high rank among novelists, both as a skilful and successful writer, and as a noble, Christian-hearted woman.

LITTLE NELL.

SHE was not wise, but she was fair,
Bright as the rose-buds in her hair.
I never saw her soft eyes look
Upon the pages of a book ;—
Oh, no, bright little Nellie, no,
'T would make them dull : I told her so.

She was not learned, but she to me
Was Nature's sweetest poetry.
Those golden curls, I see them now
Sweep like a sunbeam on her brow.
No great thoughts puzzled that bright head :
They made it ache, so Nellie said.

She was not wise, but oh ! her eye
Melted with gentlest sympathy :
When clouds lay heavy on my way,
Bright Nellie chased them all away.
Sweet, simple child ! she did not know
What in her heart made sunshine so.

She was not learned, but oh ! her face
Has such a pure, a loving grace,

The angels loved it, and they bore
Our Nellie to a brighter shore.
I saw the laughing lips grow still :
Sweet Nellie sleeps beneath the hill.

THE MORAL EFFECT OF GREAT CALAMITIES.

THE sultry heat of an August day, when the earth burns beneath the scorching glance of the heavenly eye, when misty exhalations from every low, stagnant pool poison the air, when the beast perishes of thirst, and man dies by foul disease, — typifies not unfitly those states of the moral atmosphere and of social life which are plague-spots in the history of the world. When all nature is tainted, and the water-springs pour forth infection in their streams, and the grass and flowers droop and wither in the pestilential air, then comes the darkening day, the voice of the thunder, the forked flash amid the clouds. Then the hurricane, in demonic glee, sweeps over the land, uprooting, devastating, destroying. It is Earth's sacrifice of purification ; clear air, renewed beauty, come with the returning calm. So in the moral world, there are times of deep-seated and terrible degradation, when the human soul has lost sight of its better nature, and a malaria of evil poisons the life-springs of society ; when men forget duty, and slavery to self is but the individual type of wide-spread slavery to sin ; when false principle and still falser action are shown in lives of crime and in public immorality, then too there comes a storm of Divine indignation, and the surging waves of calamity overwhelm together both public and private fortunes, and from amid the wreck rise nobler principles and purer action.

It is perhaps from this striking analogy between the purifying processes in the natural and in the moral world, that

men have derived their belief in the prophetic voices of unusual physical phenomena. Terrific tornadoes, stones falling from on high, stars gliding downwards from their places, volcanic eruptions, comets, meteors, have all been considered as forerunners of events of terror and dread among men. The blazing train among the planets foretold the death of Cæsar and the fall of Rome.

"Non alias cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura, nec diri toties arsere comete."

Great and surprising changes in the heavens were said to have announced the discovery of America and the approach of the French Revolution. Milton alludes to this superstitious belief in the connection of physical and moral calamity, when he speaks of a comet that

"Burns in the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

And the fact that men have ever considered natural disturbances as warnings against present evil, and threatenings of penalties to come, shows that great calamity has ever been regarded as the recompense of national or individual crime. Great national calamities have always followed great public sins. Nations which in wealth have become luxurious, in power have become oppressive, and which in their pride have overlooked their dependence upon a higher Power, have always fallen victims to the destroyer. With the corruption of the Grecian mind came its slavery to the Macedonian and Roman yokes. The decay of Roman virtue determined the barbarian hordes, and invited them to its ruin. French licentiousness and atheism were followed by the Reign of Terror; and the Jew, whose fathers rejected the true Messiah, now sadly expiates the sin of his nation by wandering through all lands, despised and forsaken.

Calamity is the natural consequent of the transgression of law. Every infringement of the laws of our physical being weakens the thread of life. Every neglect of the

dictates of reason in human affairs, every false move in the checkered game of life, brings its inevitable penalty. So every moral delinquency, every transgression against truth and duty, brings after it the avenging Nemesis. It is the normal transition from cause to effect. It is curious to see how the criminal in the commission of some midnight deed of blood, in all the secrecy of his own thoughts, and with all the caution of his unaided hand, is at every stealthy step making the advancing footprints of his own detection: the cord which strangles his victim becomes his own halter; with the fatal knife he cuts short his own guilty existence. No less certainly do public transgressions against the laws of nature or of nature's God lay the foundation of a terrible retribution, — a retribution which shall follow as surely as sun and stars shall shine. By the operation of natural law alone, calamity must always follow transgression.

But there are other disasters, wherein a more powerful hand is seen than the blind force of the laws of nature, when the avenging sword falls amid lightnings and thunders from above, when a terrible Providence is manifest, working in the affairs of men. Homer sublimely represents Zeus in the crisis of battle as striding over land and sea, and, from the heights of Ida, bringing victory to the Trojans. How much more sublime the Christian conception of Deity, always omnipotent against sin, now overwhelming the rebellious hosts of Egypt; now annihilating with fire and storm the cities of the plain; war and famine, pestilence and ruin, His ministers to avenge national sin!

Calamity is designed to teach men reform. To the wise nation, as well as to the philosopher, it has lessons of profit and instruction. The spirit of every age needs such. The calamities that follow war have been denouncing it for centuries. The crime and desolation of mad ambition have shown its folly. History is full of such lessons of the past; and through the aisles of time there echoes no more solemn voice than that of national and individual calamity.

When a people close their ears to these ever-sounding notes of warning, they peril their own safety and existence. They resemble wretches during the prevalence of a plague; these the certainty of coming death robs of all humanity, and the solemn and awful scenes about them have no other effect than to change them to madmen, heeding neither man nor devil.

Every age has its idiosyncratic crimes, and its peculiar calamities. None needs more to profit by these than our own.

One national failing,—to omit all others—is our total disregard of human life. To the insatiate spirit of progress, thousands of our noble brethren have wantonly been sacrificed. Fire, steam, water, have all united together in their hundreds of unnecessary victims. Calamity has followed calamity, yet we give no heed; the frequent wail passes us like the summer wind. We rush on, careless, unwise, selfish, in the pursuit of some phantom which vanishes in our grasp, deludes the nobler emotions of the heart, and leads us to forget the true end of life,—the attainment of a genuine manhood, the entire development of the human soul.

ON THE BELLS.

A WRITER in the Magazine, not long since, in a moment of thoughtlessness undoubtedly, spoke disparagingly of the faithful, never-failing monitor that speaks to us so often from its tower on Harvard Hall, calling its familiar tones a senseless jangle. They are not harsh to me, nor senseless.

Hardship and exposure will sour the good-nature of the best of us in some measure, and who knows how many dreary winters the Bell has been stationed in its open belfry, exposed to all the bitter frosts and driving storms? For

how many long years has it watched there, early and late, rain or shine, and never been exempt from duty, even on "Sundays and holidays"! The fact is, the Bell is not so young as it was, and its voice is not so pleasant to the ear as it may have been in days gone by. But it has such an earnest, patient, cheerful tone, as it tells over the same old story for the ten-thousandth time, that I cannot call it harsh.

Nor is its voice senseless. In the morning, the Bell is awake before us, and with its iron tongue urging us to be "up and doing," and all the day through it is telling us, as plain as dull metal can speak, "Act, in the living Present! To-day, past by, will never dawn again." And before evening prayers became obsolete, ~~when we~~ went to the chapel with open eyes, and feeling a real cause for thanksgiving, did you never listen, in the dreary waste of the last afternoon recitation, for the sound which told your daily labors ended? And when the time came, what an air of complacency and satisfaction was in its tones, as though it were as glad as yourself that recitations and lectures, for one day at least, were over.

On a bright Sunday morning, how different is the ring in its voice from its common every-day tone. The old Bell actually speaks more calmly and dignifiedly than usual, as it exchanges salutations with its aristocratic acquaintance opposite, that never opens its mouth but on Sundays. Our friend is decidedly democratic though, and if it does lead the life of a day-laborer, week in and week out, thinks no less of itself on that account, but feels quite as large and important as its more lofty and reserved neighbor. Yet how kindly and earnestly it urges its claim to be heard, calling upon us to remember those duties we are so prone to forget. Senseless! No, its voice is full of meaning,—meaning deeper than this pen can suffice to write; and we should learn it if we would only listen.

The music of church-bells has always been a theme of frequent admiration both of poets and prose-writers. Its

sweetness seems to touch every one. In the writings of Willis there is a story of the bells of a town in Italy, which, when the place was taken by the enemy, were carried off, no one knew whither. They were the pride of their maker, and at their loss he was almost heart-broken, for it had been the solace of his life to listen to their chimes. He left his home, to wander through the world, in the hope of hearing them once again before he died. He wandered from place to place, but heard nothing of the object of his search, and the hope he had cherished began to fail him, till he knew at last that he was dying. "He lay one evening, in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring; and, as the chimes stole faintly over the river, with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken. It was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells; and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, and listened. They rang out their hymn, and ceased;—and he still lay motionless. His companions spoke to him; but he gave no answer;—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime."

With how much affection does the Irish poet speak of

"The bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee";

and he goes on to say, that no magic can equal the effect of the well-known and long-remembered chimes of one's native village on the ear, when returning from long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier climes.

In one of the Essays of Elia, Lamb speaks of the power of the sound of bells to excite the deepest emotions, and calls it "the music nighest bordering upon heaven." You remember, in *Evangeline*, how

“on Sunday morning, the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation.”

Hyperion, the prose-poem of Longfellow, is full of beautiful allusions to their music. He says, in the very beginning, “Here also shall church-bells be rung,” and afterwards he asks, “Have you not heard the sound of church-bells, as I promised? even such a mournful, mellow, watery peal of bells, as is heard sometimes at sea from cities afar off below the horizon?” Yes, we *have* heard them. And when, farther on, he describes the feelings aroused by reading the works of Jean Paul, where “you hear the ringing of distant church-bells, answering one another at evening,” we think that no better description could be given of his own romance. In “Jacqueline,” when he speaks of the solemn chimes wafted on the breeze through the open window of the sick girl’s chamber, what a beauty does the mention of them add to that sad, touching story. The well-known poem of Edgar A. Poe finely characterizes their ever-varying tones. “The mellow wedding bells,” he says, “golden bells; the loud alarum bells, brazen bells; hear the tolling of the bells, iron bells!” But had all these been silent, and the myriads of others who have sung its praises, the Bell would still have needed no other bard than he who wrote “The Song of the Bell,” — the deathless Schiller.

Formerly, bells were christened, and baptized, and prayed for by the priests, and after that, wherever their sound was heard, there could no evil spirit come. In later times, instead of names, sentences brief and full of meaning were often inscribed upon them. Upon the great bell at Schaffhausen was written

“Vivos voco — mortuos plango — fulgura frango.”

The last words refer to the belief that the undulations of air caused by the sound of a bell discharged the electricity of the clouds. Among the bells at the Great Exhibition in New York were several from the German States, all bear-

ing inscriptions of this kind, generally some words of Holy Writ.

Alma Mater's faithful servitor, the Harvard Bell, has been visited with no such honors. No poet, so far as I know, has immortalized it in song, nor have I ever heard of its being christened. The Goths and Vandals of the mythical period in the shape of Sophomores, who climbed the belfry with intent to silence by force the stern voice that was wont to disturb their peaceful slumbers, have reported no classic inscriptions upon its lips. The Plummer Professor has neglected it in his comprehensive daily prayers; but it labors as faithfully as he does, in its own way, to banish from among us the evil spirits of indolence and sloth. Let us never neglect its teachings, but always read in its ceaseless song, — "Wisely improve the Present. It is thine."

MY ROOM.*

"But my design ?

To note the chamber. — I will write all down ; —
Such and such pictures ; — there the window ; — such
The adornment of the bed. — The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such." — *Cymbeline*.

A LITTLE more than three years ago, just before that eventful day when I was to make my appearance at No. 16 University Hall at 6 A. M., all of my attention that was not taken up by the momentous business of "cramming," or absorbed in dreamy anticipations of that delightful

* The Editor deems it his duty to state, in connection with this article, that it was handed in at precisely the same time with the one on the same subject in the last number.

four years' career before me, was given to the consideration of the question, "Where shall I room?" I made weekly visits to Cambridge; I pored over the column of possessive cases, and mystic letters and numbers, in the Catalogue, which point out the Undergraduate's whereabouts to the visitor, the President's Freshman, and the dun; and I respectfully solicited the advice of those members of the College Faculty, whose acquaintance I, timid Sub-freshman that I was, felt proud to acknowledge. Economy and love of company pointed to the College buildings, but to these there were many objections. First and foremost was the overpowering dread of being "hazed." I called to mind all the stories, maliciously circulated before examination, and so terrible to the ears of parents, of the destruction of furniture and carpets by ruthless marauders, of unmerciful duckings, and window-breakings, and, worst of all, of that fearful, mysterious body, the "Med. Fac." Then again I had understood from the best authority that the constant intercourse with my classmates would hinder the pursuance of that laborious and faithful course of study which I intended to carry on, and which I fondly imagined would lead me by a sure road to collegiate honors and distinction; and such a thing could not of course be thought of. These considerations, coupled with the urgent advice of one of my Faculty friends, decided me; and I was induced to enter into a contract with the proprietress of one of those fossil institutions, private boarding-houses. Here, in an apartment measuring some fifteen square feet, with two windows looking out upon a stable, and ten minutes' walk from University Hall, I passed the whole of that verdant period, that spring-time of College life, the Freshman year.

On my experience during that space of time, it is unnecessary to dwell. It was only that of every unfortunate victim, whom ignorance and want of precaution make an easy prey to some wily landlady, from whose clutches he may strive in vain to escape. The venerable female in

whose domicile I boarded was the relict of a worthy Cambridge gentleman (and an unhappy man he must have been!) whose sole legacy to her was the ancient mansion which she inhabited. From the moment that that model expressman (for whose promptness and fidelity I felt the most profound respect until his bill came) deposited my last article of furniture in that dark, low-studded apartment, until the happy hour when the broad-shouldered Irishman removed it, twelve months afterwards, I might truly have exclaimed, "There is eternal war between me and thee!" Nothing went on well; no care was taken of my room; and did I invite a friend or two to pass a social evening, and did we commence a stanza of a popular refrain or convivial chorus, just so surely a watchman, summoned by that estimable lady below stairs, made his appearance, and politely hinted to us, very much after the style in which Colonel Sumner dispersed the Kansas Legislature, that the breaking up of our party would be consistent, not with his own notions of propriety, but with those of Mrs. ——. 'There was no resource for me; for when I was on the point, after two weeks' bitter experience, of resigning my right and title to the room, I was coolly informed that my engagement had been made for a year, — a fact of which I myself was totally oblivious. So I was obliged to let the long months roll on, inwardly lamenting my unhappy fate, and yearning for the day of deliverance.

Just before the commencement of the Sophomore year, I undertook the Herculean task of preparing myself for drawing a room in the College buildings, and when, after some weeks of persevering application and anxious thought, I had made myself master of the contents of that all-important but extremely scarce paper which contains the list of rooms and directions about them, my heart was gladdened by the sight of a symbol opposite my name on the bulletin-board, which conveyed to me the right of occupancy of a chamber in one of those antique edifices.

The Sophomore and Junior rooms are tolerably comfortable; but, after all, it is not until the Senior year arrives, and one has made his last application to the Registrar, and executed his last Machiavelian manœuvre to possess himself of a room, that he can fully realize how pleasant it is. I, at least, have found it so. It is hard, when once settled, to reflect that after twelve months everything must be changed, one's arrangements broken up, and his goods and chattels removed to other quarters. In the Senior year this is all done away with; such furniture as is not carried home is to be transferred, for a trifling consideration, to the hands of Mr. Kiernan, or some economical Freshman, and the occupant is to transfer himself, not into a new apartment, but into the great world.

My room is on the second floor; for a two years' residence under the eaves, with three flights of stairs to run down when the prayer-bell has been ringing three minutes, has made me wish to pass the rest of my course nearer the ground. It is large, with pleasant, high windows, and stout doors, which will defy many a hard kick. These windows command a delightful view of the old College Yard, whose beauties have recently been twice set forth in glowing verse, and the glorious old pump, immortalized in a late number of this periodical. The furniture and fittings are designed rather for use than for ornament. Genial old Xavier de Maistre, whose "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*" is well worth any one's reading, would go through the inventory right pleasantly, and indulge in the prettiest little discursions about the carpet, the pictures, and even the sheet-iron blower; but I can simply say, that I am the possessor of a few articles whose better days are long past. The carpet is perforated in many places; the lounge and window-cushions give evidence of the combined effects of boot-heels and Cambridge mud; the chairs are cut and hacked in many places, and the tables verging decidedly on the seedy. But what does it matter? I can rest with as much com-

fort in the easy-chair which has my last visitor's initials cut half an inch deep in the arm, as if it were fresh from "W. & B.'s" repository; and I fling myself, boots and all, upon the sofa, which, in Freshman days, I was proud to keep spotless, with the reflection, that, like its owner, it is near the end of its course, and may as well do good service before it goes.

On the wall are a few select pictures and my book-case (containing, of course, only text-books), and over the mantle-piece are foils and masks, boxing-gloves, and an Oxford cap. The last has reposed there in quiet since the day, in the Freshman year, that its owner and itself received that volley of unsavory eggs from a window in Hollis; and the implements of warfare also remain in their places the greater part of the time, — for, *entre nous*, they are much better for show than for use, and besides I am a peaceable man. The fireplace is one of the conventional College ones, — small, dilapidated, and addicted to the disagreeable habit of smoking, on certain occasions; and the coal-bin, just outside the door, has to be replenished several times during the winter, in order to keep up a proper temperature in the room. But the blower must not be forgotten, although only the graceful pen of Xavier de Maistre could do justice to the merits of that old, rusty, almost shapeless fragment of sheet-iron. It is a "transmittendum," and has been handed down from one occupant to another, since the time when the old wide hearths gave place to these close iron grates. The handle and supports have been long "glimmering among the things that were," and it is bent at the top, in order that it may be hung upon the grate; but when it is once there, the coal and kindling crackle briskly enough, and the "smoke, signifying doubt," is changed to "blaze, signifying cheer," in an incredibly short space of time.

In every season, this room of mine has its attractions. In winter, when I come in from supper with a friend, and, after pulling down the curtains and stirring up the soft-coal fire,

we draw up for a quiet chat, or when my friend goes, and I still remain, half sitting, half reclining in my old chair, with my feet on the top of the fireplace, gazing at the bright fire, and fast falling into a reverie, it seems the *ne plus ultra* of comfort.

Then again, in spring or summer, just ensconce yourself on the window-seat and look at the crowds, just out of those uncomfortable University rooms, and on their way to the post-office. See the different classes as they pass along, chatting; the Freshman, you may be sure, of the Livy or Geometry, and the other classes of totally different things, if we may judge from the pleasant voices and the merry laugh. And now mark the instructors as they go by. How they show the effects of their morning labors! Here comes one who has manifestly been "deading" large numbers, and has, perhaps, been slightly ruffled at their stolid indifference. We curse him, as he passes, after the Turkish fashion: "May his face be turned upside down, and jackasses sit upon his uncle's grave!" And then, a little later, if you look intently through the side window, you may catch a glimpse of one or two of those fair beings, "something between the rose-bud and the rose" (as the gallant lecturer called them, and as they are, *prima facie*), as they pass across the street on their way to that princely hall of learning, from within whose sacred precincts the eyes of the profane are ever excluded.

Thus, whatever be the season or weather, you can always find enjoyment and comfort in College rooms. There is a kind of independence about a residence in them which can never be acquired elsewhere. Until very recently, one could even exercise his propensity for destructiveness on the venerable walls and doors, and the only result would be an increase of a cent or two in that vague item on the term-bill, "Special repairs by general average." Now, to be sure, a disagreeable system of inspection obliges a person who is anxious to destroy College property to be somewhat circumspect in his

actions; but what is this compared to being annoyed by the prying eyes of one of those intensified Arguses, the keepers of private boarding-houses? And, lastly, whose nerves is it necessary to regard except the (usually) steady ones of Alma Mater, incorporated in her representative, the Proctor? Truly, taking it all in all, it is a pleasant thing to "room in the buildings."

ALPHA.

NEW BOOKS.

Sermons for the People. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856.

WHY is it, that, while every word spoken by every freshling at Washington is carefully printed and distributed to admiring constituents throughout the country, some of the most carefully and powerfully written discourses by the most eminent divines are entirely lost sight of after a few deliveries, and thus are of no benefit except to those who have been fortunate enough to listen to them? We have, therefore, greatly to thank Dr. Huntington for his volume of *Sermons*, in which so much true Christian instruction is presented in its most attractive and persuasive form. To those who have heard these sermons delivered, they may appear to have lost some of the beauty which they gathered from the author's eloquent delivery; but the active thought, and the powerful rhetoric with which it is presented, remain to charm those who now become acquainted with them for the first time. This collection contains some of the sermons which have been delivered in our Chapel since the desk has been filled by the author, and will be read with pleasure by those who have listened to them there. To those of us who have become personally acquainted with Professor Huntington, the book will be valued as a memento of the genius of a man who was ever striving to remove those cold formalities which make religious instruction unattractive to young men, and to present it in a manner which at once secures attention and excites interest. The position to which Mr. Huntington has been called is a most difficult one to

fill, and most happily has he filled it. Without any obtrusive instruction, he has awakened by familiar intercourse with the student more interest in Christianity and its teachings than the compulsory religious exercises of a four years' course could ever accomplish. Truly are we fortunate in having such an instructor, and we rejoice that others may likewise be benefited by his published works.

APIS.

Dred ; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 2 vols. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856.

WITH the great sensation to which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gave rise came a whole brood of "White Slaves," "Ida Mays," and "South-Side Views," none of which deserve comparison with the great original; and now that Mrs. Stowe herself appears a second time in this, her special department of fiction, her book attracts immediate attention. Yet, as is usually the case, we opine, the authoress will find nothing so formidable as her previous success. For when from a pen already popular we have a new work, judgment is passed, not on its individual worth, but its comparative excellence. The public is exacting in proportion to the favor it has shown. Public expectation is satisfied only with a new work of kindred character with the old, and disappointed without complete originality.

These disadvantages will be especially felt in the book before us. As the public expected and demanded, its scene, like that of the first, is laid in our slaveholding country. Comparison with "Uncle Tom" is unavoidable, — a comparison with increased danger to the present book. The novelty of the first has passed away, its feebler passages are forgotten, while the public mind retains the best portions only, the most touching incidents, most vivid and natural descriptions: these are recalled and brought into contrast with the weaker portions of the later work, to its obvious disparagement.

The characters in "Dred" are from the same classes as those of "Uncle Tom"; regarding these as representative, their relations and peculiarities cannot be greatly altered by the change of locality.

Consequently readers will not be slow in finding the prominent actors of the first play reappearing in this afterpiece ; in making out a modified Uncle Tom in that good-humored, pious, and venerable darkey, Old Tiff, — the odious Legree in Tom Gordon, — and George Harris in Harry. With a change of sex, that capitally drawn portrait, Topsy, will be recognized in Tom-tit, and a slight exercise of the imagination make an elderly Eva St. Clair of Miss Nina Gordon. Dred, from whom the book takes its name, is a sort of negro Jibbenainosay, with head-quarters in the Dismal Swamp.

Episodic discussions on slavery, and theories and projects for its future regulation, are naturally introduced ; on the soundness and plausibility of which the greatest diversity of opinion must exist while judgment retains a political complexion.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE past month has not been unusually prolific of events. The parts and the mock-parts have been read, — both series of the usual character, — and so two sets of unhappy men are going about, one with loads on their brains, and the other with stabs in their pride. The latter will soon heal over, the former be cast off in a week or two, in a long line of novelties, flanked with elegant elocution at the beginning, and heavy philosophy at the end.

The new Chapel is doing as well as could be expected; but alas! one of the beauteous sisterhood that whisper over the College-yard has been sacrificed, Iphigenia-like, to its progress, —

“*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*”

Where is another Holmes to voice the silent anathemas of the weepers that remain?

But the event of the month crowds upon our pen: —

“Rub-a-dub-dub, — three maids in a tub,
And who do you think was there?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
And all of them gone to the fair.”

Who do you think was n't there? Butchers, jewellers, blacksmiths, fishermen, coopers, carpenters, printers, turners, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, gentlemen, apothecaries, ploughboys, thieves, — all of them gone to the Franklin Procession! There was Spalding with his big bottle, — Steamburg with his barber-shop, — Roessle with his Bier-kettle. There were village-schools in full blast, — one of which rolled in the mud, “letting loose from school” the children summarily. There were Firemen, à la Mose, — there were Marshals, à la Mr. Winkle. Yes, even

“*Eximiiis vero furit ignibus impetus Ætnæ*”;

for there sure enough it was, redivivus! And there was everything else, five miles long of it, appropriate or inappropriate, covered with ill-chosen mottoes from Poor Richard: and so, through dust and heat, still and stupid as a funeral, the Franklin Procession dragged its slow length along.

Americans play so seldom, that they forget the ways of the game. The essence of the heavy and the dull was this festivity in honor of the Philosopher Fulmineus of America.

One cheerful feature alone relieved the gloom of the occasion; — need we name it? need we call to mind the snow-white banner and the coal-black coats?

O, there was hurrying of feet that morning in the yard! Some five hours earlier than was necessary, so it turned out, the College swarmed with well-dressed men.

“So marched they out at morning, —
How fared they in at eve?”

Till one o'clock we lingered on the Common, supported only by pop-corn and

anticipation; and just as the head of the procession appeared on its return, the great Sixth Division started on its round.

O the streets, — the banners, the mottoes, the devices! O, above all, the windows, so richly filled! Ah, Boston! seldom shalt thou see such an array, — blonde and brunette, — maiden and matron, — from the first story to the fifth, row on row of beauty, — “ἀμφορῆς νενησμένοι!” The black coats and the white banner gallantly supported the cross-fire from either side the street. Wheresoever a fair dame waved her kerchief, there burst tumultuous cheers from the coats, — and wheresoever a beauteous damsel graced a window-seat, there fell bouquets in showers upon the banner.

So the day wore off. — The Editors of the Magazine enjoyed it; but they intend to take part or lot in no other, till grateful countrymen shall trot them out in bronze and stand them, like the great Printer, *sub Jove frigido*, examples to an admiring posterity.

Through inadvertence, we omitted to notice in the last number the assignment of the following prizes: —

BOWDOIN DISSERTATIONS.

Resident Graduate.

To T. W. Clarke, A. B.

Senior Class.

To N. Ball, a First Prize.

“ G. Blagden, a Second Prize.

Junior Class.

To J. J. Storrow, a First Prize.

“ G. Whittemore, a Second Prize.

BOWDOIN COMPOSITIONS.

Latin Versification.

To Francis Rose Arnold, of the Senior Class.

Greek Prose.

To Nehemiah Ball, of the Senior Class.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

the eleventh is the fact that the

the twelfth is the fact that the

the thirteenth is the fact that the

the fourteenth is the fact that the

the fifteenth is the fact that the

the sixteenth is the fact that the

the seventeenth is the fact that the

the eighteenth is the fact that the

the nineteenth is the fact that the

the twentieth is the fact that the

the twenty-first is the fact that the

the twenty-second is the fact that the

the twenty-third is the fact that the

the twenty-fourth is the fact that the

the twenty-fifth is the fact that the

THE

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VOLUME II.—No. IX.


NOVEMBER, 1856.

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1856.

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 BACK NUMBERS WANTED. — *Fifty cents each will be given for copies of the HARVARD MAGAZINE for December, 1854, being Vol. I. No. I.*

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

No. 9.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

OTHER and larger periodicals have said their say about this book, and now, last but not least, *Maga* is going to make some remarks. And we think it particularly necessary to do so, because we suppose that most students have looked with awe upon these three large volumes, and shrunk back terrified at the thought of reading them. But here they make a great mistake. These volumes, though heavy enough to lift, and sober enough to look at, contain by far the most exciting, the most deeply interesting history that we have ever read. Some parts of it engross the attention more completely, are more likely to call forth feeling, than any fiction ever written. You are carried on from one event to another with the most intense interest, without one thought of stopping. It is like a romance from beginning to end. And the sooner everybody gets and reads it, the better.

There are several reasons which tend to make it more agreeable than most histories. In the first place, it is the history of a period taken out from the rest of time, in which

* The Rise of the Dutch Republic. By J. L. MOTLEY. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

all the events are intimately connected, and have a distinct and evident bearing upon each other. There is a unity in the story which cannot be attained in an historical work except by thus taking a small portion at once. It is the history of the progress of a nation from a state of political and religious subjection to one of independence. Everything tends to show how this result took place, and nothing is brought in beyond what is necessary to this end. It is strictly an account of the *rise* of the Dutch republic. In the beginning of the work comes a concise but vivid statement of the condition of the two parties that are to be engaged, and portraits of those that are to be the chief actors. Then gradually the work that is to be done appears in the gradual development of the plans of Spain. Resistance on the other side follows, and follows in just such a way as the account of the Netherland character and institutions, previously given, leads us to expect. This prepares the way for the history of the open war. The war brings out by degrees the differences in the feelings of the several provinces, which increase till a perfect separation takes place; one part declares its independence, the other submits. Altogether there is a complete system, and perfect regularity throughout,—features not usually conjoined with such vividness of narration and such dramatic effect. The book is something like an account of any exciting scene in a man's life, so unbroken is the thread of the story, so perfectly sustained is the interest.

Again, the lives of the leaders are so interwoven with the series of actions in which they took part, their private successes or misfortunes are to such an extent the signs and the results of the good or bad fortunes of their respective parties, that we identify the man with the cause, and feel in consequence a more active sympathy or a deeper abhorrence. The cause of the Netherland liberties is the cause of Orange, the most prudent, persevering, and self-sacrificing of men. As the champion of these liberties, he gave

up personal ease, connections, wealth, and finally life. His whole soul was bound up in their defence. To this undertaking he devoted himself from the moment his country's rights were openly attacked, down to the day of his death. He had to struggle against poverty, treachery, and the want of confidence in those for whom he had given up everything, and who owed their very existence to his exertions. As his life is typical of the behavior of one portion of his countrymen, so is the fate of the other part represented by the unrequited services, the treacherous betrayal, and the melancholy death of Count Egmont. He fared like all those who trusted the Spaniards.

Part of the Netherlanders resisted their invaders, but part were inclined to temporize, thinking that they had not offended, or afraid to oppose the overwhelming force of Spain. Thus they did an injury to their bolder countrymen, but were no better treated by the Spaniards. The fate of some might be deferred for a time, but sooner or later it must come. If we feel greater sympathy and admiration for the rebel Netherlanders because led by Orange, and greater compassion for their deluded countrymen whose lot was like that of Egmont, so, on the other side, is greater detestation, more lively hatred, excited by the cruel and oppressive conduct of Spain, when we see that policy embodied in the obstinate and bigoted Philip and his most distinguished assistants, the intriguing Granvelle and the unscrupulous Alva. It gives a personality to cruelty, a more vivid character to bigotry, to have before us, as leaders in these scenes, such men as the Spanish king and his ministers.

Mr. Motley evidently has the men in mind as much as the measures, perhaps more so. And this is the great reason, we think, for the extraordinary spirit and vigor with which this history is written. William of Orange is the hero of the story, as much as if the book were a professed biography of him. The other characters are grouped around and made subordinate to him, as indeed they all ought to

be. For William is, taking all things into consideration, the most interesting, in fact the grandest, historical character that we know of. Other men may have possessed greater talents, may have been more perfect in a moral light. But those who have been greater intellectually have been unprincipled, or have shown themselves deficient on some great emergency, or have failed in some way to act up to their previous reputation. While those possessing a better moral character have been inferior to him in point of mental power, or have apparently stood aloof from those around them, and seemed more deserving of admiration or respect than of sympathy; in short, they have been less interesting. But William of Orange combined the two elements of greatness; he had, indeed, a taste for intriguing, but circumstances made it necessary that he should have such a taste. His political foresight was extraordinary. He excelled in knowledge of men, and in ability to manage them. Above all, he had the greatest fortitude, the most untiring perseverance, and was inspired by the loftiest spirit of patriotism. No other man could have acted the part he did; probably few would have attempted it.

Another characteristic of the struggle in the Netherlands is that it combines in itself all the elements that ever excite interest. It was a political as well as a religious contest; a contest of the weak against the strong, of liberal principles against intolerance, of an honest and trusting people against treachery and intrigue. It was a war for the preservation of rights previously possessed, and confirmed by the most solemn promises; and it was a war for the attainment of religious freedom. It was an effort made at once by conservatism and by the spirit of reform. It had to oppose at once active oppression and obstinate bigotry. If ever a nation's exertions should command our sympathy and our praise, the heroic attempt made by the Netherlands in the cause of political and religious independence should do so, above all. We think that these three charac-

teristics are what make Mr. Motley's book such agreeable reading. They are not to be met with in any other history we have ever seen. Most historians go over a much greater extent of ground, so that the beginning of the work is forgotten before you reach the end, or, at any rate, makes no vivid impression on the mind. Thus there is no such close connection between the several parts, there can of necessity be none of this personal interest, because the narrative may extend through several generations, and, except at the particular epoch in which these events occur, it is impossible that there should be any war involving such a variety of interests. Mr. Motley's history is, and ever will be, unique of its kind. An account of our own or any other revolution could never possess exactly such peculiarities.

The people of the Netherlands had everything to fight for. All nations then aspiring to be free had to contend against religious as well as political despotism. Since that time, the political element only has entered into the question. Freedom of political action and security of property are the objects of modern revolutions. But the rule of bigots was far worse, and far more difficult to throw off, than that of monarchs whose rule only extended to temporal matters. Philip's first desire was to make the people Catholics; to obtain a revenue was a secondary consideration. The contest in the Netherlands, therefore, was for freedom of thought more than for freedom of speech, for life more than for property. A whole nation had almost the alternative of liberty or extermination, and their efforts to gain this liberty are therefore unparalleled. The war is crowded with bold adventures, heroic deeds, and acts that despair only could have prompted. It is distinguished, too, by proceedings the most treacherous, unscrupulous, and extravagantly cruel. The surprise of Brill, the defence of Leyden, the passage of the fleet over the sunken country, show the spirit of the one party, while the elaborately treacherous murder of Montigny, and the "Spanish Fury," are examples of the mean-

ness, the avarice, the delight in murder, the cold-blooded cruelty, that marked the course taken by Spain. If this Netherland revolution, then, is compared with any other, it will be seen how very much more fearful the condition of the people was.

It adds decidedly to the liveliness of Mr. Motley's history, that he does not refrain from expressing his personal opinion on the various transactions as they pass in review. Philip's obstinacy and stupidity appear in a stronger light for the frequent comments and satirical remarks made upon them. The reader thinks him a bigoted old savage, and is glad to find some one that agrees with him in opinion. It gives greater strength to his own idea.

We think that histories in which the writer thus takes a side, and shows his sympathy with it throughout, are not only more entertaining, but more useful,—that is, to the majority of readers. A much more striking image is fixed in the mind, the book is remembered better, it excites more reflection, and is quite as likely to lead to a correct view of the circumstances. If a book goes on regularly, stating facts and setting forth principles, if only the historian and not the man appears, the reader accepts the facts, stores away the principles in his mind, and troubles himself no further. He is not so likely to be set thinking. But let the historian openly advocate one side of a question, and the reader, if he has any previous acquaintance with the matter, will bring up whatever he can think of to test the truth of the opinion. His interest will be excited. He will at any rate be better satisfied when he has finished the book. Mr. Motley's history gives more of this satisfaction than any other we know of. It leaves one with a perfectly distinct idea of what he has been reading. It leaves many pleasant associations. It teaches many useful lessons, though it is not what is called a philosophical history. It is at once popular and profitable. Any child might find pleasure in reading it, and it would afford plenty of food for reflection to the historical student.

A TRANSLATION.

LIFE is a voyage. On a quiet sea
I launch my tiny bark, and onward speed.
Youth lends her aid, and guides the helm for me.
I careless sleep and dream, — nor dangers heed,
Nor dread the quicksands which my path beset,
The faithless wave that Zephyrs lightly kiss;
And ever the drear shore beyond forget,
Still dreaming in my bark of hope and bliss.
Then suddenly the fickle waves arise;
Around my bark the storm-winds loudly roar;
I wake to gaze in fear and mute despair:
No cheerful sunshine meets my straining eyes;
Before me looms the dark and dreaded shore:
Death with a thousand terrors waits me there.

♢ ROBERT BURNS.

WE do not offer a history of the man whose name is at the head of this article, nor a review of his writings, but a few thoughts in connection with both.

Burns was a true poet: the best poet of a land not wanting in anything that is good, surely not in men, — not in men brave and devoted, fired with a patriotism and strong in an energy worthy earth's noblest days, nor yet in those fitted for the more quiet walks of the historian, the philosopher, or the poet. It cannot be amiss, then, though the bard has long ceased to sing, to remind ourselves who he was, and to catch again the melody of the strains that have fallen from his lips.

At the time of our poet's birth, the elder Burns was gardener to a worthy gentleman, but soon, by the help of his master, ventured on a small farm on the same estate. The master died, and the factor, whose portrait is so faithfully

drawn in the tale of "The Twa Dogs," oppressed our poor friends; they removed farther into the country, where, after seven years of mingled sunshine and shadow, the father died. All the money that could be collected in the family was now applied to a small farm, of which the two eldest brothers took the management. Farming books were read, markets attended, crops calculated; but to no purpose, for misfortune attended their efforts, and Robert soon relinquished his part of the farm. It was at this time he first became known in the neighborhood as a writer of poetry, and a few pieces were made public. And now came his unfortunate affair with Jean Armour, afterwards his wife, which plunged him into distraction and misery, and led him to decide on the life of a negro-driver in Jamaica. But before leaving his country, he resolved to publish his poems. He obtained subscriptions for three hundred and fifty copies, and issued six hundred: the result was a clear gain of twenty pounds, of which the young adventurer stood much in need. A passage was engaged for the distant land, where the wretched man would bury himself and his misfortunes together, when a letter from Edinburgh to a friend, in relation to the recent publication, encouraged the young author to visit that city. He went accordingly, and entered on a new world: he came in contact with men of letters, and was most hospitably treated by them: he published a second edition of his poems, dedicated "To the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt": he was again successful; and, having more money than he immediately needed, made a tour through some of the interesting parts of his country, and returned to his mother and her family. Great was the change a six months' absence had wrought in his outward circumstances. No longer an adventurer, he had taken a place among the writers of the day. Yet his affection for his earliest and truest friends was the same, and the joy at the reunion was unfeigned.

After more journeyings in various directions, on settling

with his publisher, and devoting a liberal portion of his gains to the care of his aged mother, he leased a farm on the Nith, when he married his Jenny, and began to think of a quiet life and of a home for their old age. But his dreams of peace and contentment, of domestic bliss after his thus far checkered life, were not to be realized. Though he received an appointment in the excise department,—an office in its very nature far from agreeable, and rendered no more so by public sentiment,—its emoluments were far from being lucrative. Attending perseveringly to its duties, his domestic affairs fell into a condition from which the economy of his devoted wife was unable to preserve them. The lease of his farm was accordingly relinquished, and a removal to Dumfries followed, where the poor official hoped to abide promotion on seventy pounds per annum. Here friends and strangers were entertained, not in his humble home, but at the inns of the town. Habits of indulgence, which his prosperity and the nature of his calling had helped him already to form, were now strengthened; these hastened the close of his life, and in July, 1796, he passed away from earth.

We have made this sketch of the life of Burns, brief though it be, because some knowledge of what he did and suffered is essential to an understanding of the character of the man and of his writings. We pass now to a consideration of these.

The great analyzer of human nature has taken as the type of young manhood the lover; and wisely has he done so. We use the word in no restricted sense when we say the leading element in the moral character of the young Burns was love. This is the natural sentiment of the human heart during its third age. The mind cannot be satisfied to spend its strength or bestow its affections on itself. This lower manifestation of love is selfishness. A proper manifestation is outward, and such is the true idea of the term. In this higher development it is more rare than in the other, but more general at this than any later time,

though its strength must vary in different persons and under different circumstances. It is this which we attribute to Burns in a degree larger than is usual. He was a youth of ardent temperament and generous sympathies. How did these manifest themselves?

First and most naturally, in his affection and regard for his parents. What they and his home were to him he has told us in the poem to which we have already alluded, whose scene was laid in his father's house. His love for his other friends was hardly less strong: the proofs run throughout his poems and letters. Besides all direct allusions, what regard for the tender ties of friendship is shown in "Auld Lang Syne," "John Anderson, my Jo," and the like! We need not dwell on these points: you would rob his works of many and great beauties, should you strike out the lines, full of feeling, whose theme is friendship.

Scotland's children have ever been proud of their mother. Burns was not an exception; the blood flowed faster in his veins as he hung in delight over the pages of her history; his poems give abundant evidence of his devotion to her interests; her heroes were to him almost a calendar of saints; he knelt beside their graves, kissed the stones that marked them, and lifted loud his voice in execration of the neglect that gave so little honor to the departed brave. How pathetic are the strains in which he bids farewell to his island home, as he thinks of his long voyage!

"'T is not the surging billows' roar,
'T is not that fatal, deadly shore:
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear.
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound:
These bleed afresh, these ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr."

He was in love with the rugged breast which had nurtured him, and his warmest prayers were breathed for "Scotia! my dear, my native soil!" His natural taste pointed out to

him beauties which a duller sense would not have noticed, beauties he appreciated and commemorated. How many fair streams, associated in *his* mind with his friendships, will be famous wherever he is known and read! "The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," his early home, and of the Nith, his later home, — the "lovely Nith," with its "fruitful vales, where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom," — whose waters flow scarcely more sweetly than the melodious lines in which he sang their praises, — are known because he loved them.

But the most interesting exhibition of his love was shown in what he calls "*un penchant à l'adorable moitié de genre humain.*" Towards woman he seems ever to have been drawn. We find him, in his fifteenth autumn, when joined in the custom of his country to a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," for the labors of the harvest, owing to the influence of the "first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below," and unblushingly telling how his heart-strings thrilled and his pulse beat as he picked the cruel nettle-stings and thistles from her little hand, and that his first rhymes were a song for her. And always with delight did he celebrate the praises of "Bonnie Lesley," and "Phillis, the Queen of the Fair," and "Eliza, the maid that I adore," and "Charlotte, the fairest maid on Devon banks." Well might his last strains be of "Jessie Lewars," who with a sister's tenderness hung over the dying bard, soothing his last hours, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." Shall we ever forget his "Highland Mary," afterwards "Mary in Heaven," the beautiful maid in "the castle o' Montgomery"? When at last they parted, it was never to meet again: they stood one on each side of a small brook, laved their hands in its pure waters, pronounced their vows of fidelity over the Bible, and the farewell word was spoken.

"Wi' many a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender:

And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder :
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early ! —
Now green 's the sod and cauld 's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary !”

But we hasten to speak of the great love of his life, that for the “Bonnie Jean,” the “Lovely Jean,” the “Fair Jenny,” “my Jeanie own.” Fortune long frowned on the two lovers. He was poor and with small prospects; she the daughter of a rigid and devout man, who saw in the scoffs of the poet at the stern creed of the “Auld light” party, and the abuses of it, objections even greater than poverty to a union with his child.

Paternal authority triumphed only for a time. The poet grieved bitterly at the cruel parting, and, resolving to leave his country, breathed forth his heart in the pathetic “Lament,” itself a testimony how fitted that heart was for love. But he did not leave, nor did he ever cease to love, her he mourned as lost; and when the frown that was upon them changed to a smile, the “Bonnie Jean” became the “sweet, wee wife o’ mine.”

So did the poet show his love. Did we not justly call it the prominent element of his character? But we anticipate an objection. Why did Burns, if such was his disposition, write so many bitter lines, lines expressive of bitter animosities? Why, in short, did he seem at times so much influenced by a far different sentiment? In regard to such pieces, it should be remembered that they were often the products of a moment's bitter feeling, to which he was not generally accustomed, but oftener of a desire to please others by sallies more lively than harmless. By many more, we are strengthened in the views we have already expressed. To love the good leads us to hate its opposite; and the reverse is also true. The things against which Burns wrote deserved his stinging words: to be consistent, while he loved worthy objects, he must dislike the unworthy. He despised,

for example, the conduct of the harsh factor who in their time of need oppressed his father's family, and "The Twa Dogs" was the consequence. He despised the haughtiness that looked down on a poor man, however deserving of respect. He had seen hands and hearts that had greeted him when rising into notice turned from him when the new man was overshadowed by the poor man, and he made his noble defence of "Honest Poverty." Doubtless he should have made nicer discriminations, and, while he despised much that he saw, should have had pity for the poor authors of such acts. But alas! such charity is not the spirit of humanity, and Burns was but a man. But the poems for which he has been most censured, and justly so, were against some of the religious views and usages of the day. It was a stirring time; the factions of "Old Light" and "New Light," as they were called in the West, were busily at work against one another; the "Old" manifesting an austerity equal to that of the Covenanters, the "New" allowing greater license of belief and action. To the "New," very naturally, the poet joined himself, and, lending his pen in the fierce warfare, "The Two Herds," "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Kirk's Alarm," and other similar pieces, appeared. These were eagerly caught up by those whom they favored. Even "venerable clergymen applauded these profane sallies, learned them by heart, carried copies in their pockets, and quoted and recited them till they grew popular." While their reception was such, can it be thought strange the poet wrote them? He wrote against abuses only tolerated because christened "religious." Every one, then and there, had an opinion on these great questions, and uttered it; nor was it inconsistent with a noble and generous spirit that Burns should thus declare his. Yet we are glad to learn, and we mention it to his credit, that in after life he desired to forget and destroy these poems, feeling they had attacked and wounded men he could but respect.

Far better than in these is the writer's spirit seen in "The

Cotter's Saturday Night." Here we have the poet himself picturing with delight a Scottish home. The week's work draws to its close; the evening shadows send home bird and beast; the "toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes," visions of rest rising before him; a happy home awaits him; the "elder bairns," seeing the signal of their release from the neighboring farms, meet around the paternal hearth; a rustic youth, his heart burning with love for the fair Jenny, joins the company; they sit around the frugal board, spread with the fruits of a thrifty housewife's care; then in a wide circle gird the ingle; and then goes up the voice of gratitude and praise to Him who looks in love upon the worshippers, and gives ear to the warm desires that flow from hearts seeing in Him the giver of every good. The circle is broken, yet still ascends the "secret homage" of the "parent pair,"

"That he who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

Such was the poet's idea of a home; such would he have had his own, himself the head; but it was easier for the farmer father than for the poet son. The very qualities we have admired turned against him. Of a free and jovial temperament, full of life and wit, crowds flocked around him, ever ready to applaud his brilliant words and to share the pleasures of the bowl. Too readily did he gratify them, and here is the grand secret of his indulgence. We would not conceal this besetting sin, or apologize for it; yet let the consideration of his peculiar temptation soften our judgment of him who fell. His greatest misfortune, as he himself felt, was the lack of an aim in life. There were other hands to direct the arrow he was able and willing to send from the bow. What he should have done better, they did for him; and he, whose old age should have adorned his country, too

early fell a victim to the plots he had blindly laid against himself.

Burns was born a poet: education might prune and cultivate the plant, but the seeds were a part of himself. That deep pathos of his simple lines which ever comes fresh from his heart to ours, and the humor which twinkles in his bright eyes and enlivens his happy measures, were his by natural right. The early lessons learned of his father were increased by instruction at school, but more in the great school we call the world. His books were few, but well read; by a large correspondence with old school-fellows, he gained the ease and sprightliness which give a charm to his letters; and the stories of witches and ghosts Jenny Wilson had stored in his young mind reappeared long after, with others that gathered around them, in "Tam o' Shanter" and "Halloween."

Burns had a high appreciation of the beauties and grandeur of nature: his best season of devotion was in a cloudy winter day, while the wind howled through the woods or raved over the plain where he walked, and his mind was rapt with enthusiastic thoughts of Him who walks on the wings of the wind.

Once, on an excursion into the country, the poet was overtaken by a severe storm: the lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, the rain fell in torrents. Absorbed in silent thought, careless of the flood that was drenching him, he rode on: the next day, the

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,"

went forth to thrill brave hearts everywhere; those martial strains yet echo of the battle which awakened them.

Amid all the variations of his life, Burns's natural independence stands forth conspicuous. He anticipated that his motives and character might, when he was gone, be called in question, and left this bold and manly declaration: "Burns was a poor man from birth and an exciseman by

necessity; but — I will say it! — the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not subdue.”

His loving wife covered his lowly grave with a plain tombstone; but grateful countrymen could not suffer his resting-place to be so humbly marked, and on the highest site of the graveyard reared a costly mausoleum, “sacred to his memory.” It is well.

We have accomplished all our desire, if any reader of these pages shall, in like manner, give a better place in his thoughts and affections to the memory of ROBERT BURNS,—
POET.

CHESTERFIELD'S PHILOSOPHY.*

It would seem a fair sign that a book is worthy to have been written, and that it supplies a real want in the world's catalogue, when we find it eagerly sought after by all classes of people, a century after its first publication. This is evidently the case with the works of Lord Chesterfield. The editions cited below are as dissimilar as are the classes of people for whose respective taste and wealth they are designed to minister, and whose one and the same demand they supply. Rarely does a book of any kind receive such unmistakable tokens of universal favor. There are books for the rich and books for the poor, books for the learned and for the ignorant, for the cultivated and the rustic; but they are rarely the same. In fact, we recollect but one,

* Chesterfield's Advice to his Son on Men and Manners, &c. Portsmouth: W. B. & T. Q. Lowd. 1845. 18mo.

The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous Letters and Papers; now first published from the original Manuscripts; edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon. London. 1845. 4 vols. 8vo.

besides the work before us, of equal popularity; and that is Don Quixote, whom we have seen gaudily dressed in yellow, and keeping company with Red Rovers and Black Assassins, as well as sunning himself in the well-appointed library of the cultivated Senior, attired in all that simple elegance which London and Boston publishers know so well how to bestow on their foster-children. If we seek for the causes of this extraordinary good fortune, we find them easily enough. One book is perhaps the best story ever written, and the other is certainly the best code of manners extant. All men want to be amused, and all want to appear creditably in the eyes of their fellows. And in the latter case, most men are distrustful of themselves, and prefer to follow the results of the experience of those more accomplished than themselves.

The book before us has supplied this want to our fathers and grandfathers for several generations. Chesterfield has become as great for his good-breeding as Lord Bacon for his wisdom, or Butler for his wit. And, unphilosophical though it be, there are very many people, even in this enlightened age, who prefer excellence of deportment to either wit or wisdom. Nay, everybody — except perhaps a Frenchman — wants, as I have just said, some book or manual of good manners. Not a few have tried to meet this want, as a very slight acquaintance with the private libraries of many of our elegant friends will inform us. But the palm of superiority decidedly belongs to our author. For deep and accurate acquaintance with human nature, for extensive knowledge of the world, — especially the “gay world,” — for keen particularity of injunction, for raciness and gracefulness of style, as well as for the prestige of an aristocratic name and connections, Lord Chesterfield stands yet without a rival in the field. Whatever may be said of him in a moral or other point of view, he is here certainly far ahead of all competitors.

The general tendency of his work (we speak only of
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those extracts from his letters commonly known under the name of "Chesterfield's Advice to his Son," and frequently printed in a separate volume) has been the subject of much dispute. Some affirm that the book is both unequalled for teaching manners, and unexceptionable in morality. Others stoutly deny both: with them, "Chesterfield unites the morals of a rake with the manners of a dancing-master."

The truth here, as in many similar cases, lies between the two. Chesterfield was neither a saint nor an infidel. He was an ordinary "man of the world," but with a great deal more real philosophy, and a great deal more regard for duty about him, than is usually possessed by these gentry. His book is intended merely to instruct in politeness; and ought no more to be expected to comprise an entire view of duty, than a volume of sermons to contain directions for cookery. True, it is impossible entirely to disjoin manners from morals; but still Chesterfield has done this as far as possible. All his opinions and advice on moral subjects are brought in incidentally, or when they involve some matter of outward behavior. And since this is the case, it certainly is not fair to object to the book on the score of its not inculcating morality. It does not pretend to do so at all. And there is nothing really out of the way in this. Every man may write a book about what subject he pleases, and no one may justly take him to task for not having written something else. All the *positive* sins we can fairly lay to Chesterfield's charge may be reduced to a very small number. Some conventionalities, some customs of society, really wrong, some fashionable sins, tolerated and perhaps commended, comprise nearly the whole of his positive errors.

Still, even by this admission, we have yet far from settled the question of the general tendency of the writings referred to. They may be radically wrong in their plan and execution; or if not wrong, they may exert an influence, on the whole, injurious. It may not, then, be useless to look a little into the general tenor of Chesterfield's writings, and see how far it is consistent with sound morality.

Chesterfield's object is, as we have remarked before, to lay down rules for our conduct in all our social relations. He looks at man from a social point of view. He does not intend to discuss the "whole duty of man," but merely one part of it. He adduces only considerations drawn from the effects of certain courses of life; in other words, expediency is almost his only argument. Whether he is talking of lying and profanity, or of awkwardness and buffoonery, he uses always the same tone; the sole argument against them is their foolishness and injurious tendency.

Now the question which is thus laid open for our consideration is this: whether it is not well to consider carefully, and even from a mere worldly point of view, those things (trifling or unimportant in their moral aspects, as the case may be) which pertain to the comfortable use of life by us individually, and to our best social enjoyment. In other words, whether those matters of individual and social comfort which so largely enter into the sum total of our happiness here, may not reasonably demand and receive from us a thoughtful and attentive consideration.

It would certainly be out of place here to attempt any metaphysical discussion on the nature of Happiness, but we cannot avoid saying a few words in a very plain way about it. We should be the last to deny the great truth, acknowledged in reality by all, even the most thoughtless, that real happiness in this life can be based only upon religion, which is both absolutely indispensable to its existence, and sufficient of itself to secure it. But this is not the place to discuss that matter, important though it be. We content ourselves here with simply stating our fullest belief in the proposition, and pass on to the consideration of those other sources, or rather helps, to happiness, which arise from the proper management of the individual and social relations. This is what is commonly termed the philosophy of life, or, in other words, the art of living happily and satisfactorily; and it is this art that Chesterfield seems to have understood so well.

There certainly is a great deal more unhappiness in this world of ours than there might be. Not to speak of the very prevalent want of the great essential of happiness, there are other causes in plenty. There are many things, obviously intended to afford gratification, from which men, through thoughtlessness or ignorance, succeed in extracting pain; and yet more, the pleasure of which is nearly, if not wholly, thrown away. These facts have been pointed out again and again by writers of all ages. The Book of Proverbs consists almost entirely of remarks on this subject. The ancient philosophers used to embody the results of their experience in those sage practical apothegms handed down to us as their *bon-mots*. And the moderns have said pretty much the same things, when they have tried their hand at the business. For, human nature being always the same, the results of one man's experience of men will always be, *mutatis mutandis*, similar to those of another man's. Still, in particularity, and in capability of being easily brought into practice, the writings of the moderns on this subject greatly excel those of the ancients. Bacon, Locke, Chesterfield, our own Franklin, and others, have left to mankind many very valuable observations on the art of living. In fact, almost everything has been said on this subject that can be said; and every man's own experience will easily supply any deficiency. What is wanted is the ability and the disposition to attend to the subject.

Most people go through this world heedless where they place their feet, and wholly the sport of circumstances. They learn no lesson from experience, for their powers of observation and generalization are faculties the exercise of which requires too much exertion. Their business is managed with but little regard to system; their pleasures are in most cases the work of chance, or else their arrangements to obtain them are so clumsily made that nothing results but disappointment. Their whole life, in short,—we speak now of the mere worldly aspects of it,—is conducted, or rather

endured, without any reference to their true wants. They have either no ideal plans of usefulness or happiness, or else never succeed in carrying out any such successfully. They are driven by circumstances, and do not at all regulate their own condition; and while they do not do even what they know is best for themselves, they grumble at their own situation.

Our philosopher, on the contrary, looks fairly at the real state of the case. He winks nothing unpleasant out of sight, and he omits no good points in his horizon. (Most people do both.) He takes a comprehensive view. He sees what are really the essentials of happiness, and these he endeavors to acquire. Not that his conduct in matters of religion and morality is influenced by a sordid estimate of their influence on happiness. These matters, it will be recollected, we do not here pretend to touch upon, for they are determined by other and far different considerations. We are speaking only of the smaller matters of life, which exert certainly a great influence on our happiness. These he deems worthy, not of his primary and especial attention, to be sure, but of constant, though subordinate care. And he may reasonably expect, if he persevere in exercising this care, to effect at length that all these trivial matters of life shall contribute to his enjoyment. He is not given to causeless or indefinable melancholy; for with a clear conscience, and the absence of any special affliction, where is the need of that? He believes in the truth of the proposition, that there are two kinds of things about which a man ought not to fret: those he can help, and those he cannot, — let the logic of the syllogism be what it may.

There is a great truth in connection with this matter which many never learn; and that is, that happiness is subjective far more than it is objective; or rather, that there must be subjective happiness, to admit the possibility of happiness arising from outward circumstances. How many, forgetting this, provide pleasures for themselves, at great

labor and expense, while they omit to do the very thing which permits them to enjoy them! How many of our College pleasures, so called, are comparatively worthless, because we do not take into account our own state of mind and body! Much, in fact, that passes under the name of pleasure, is only objective pleasure, — merely consists of what would in different circumstances afford gratification, but what now utterly fails of that.

It is a trite observation, that health is essential to pleasure which is derived from anything short of religion; but this is an observation which, it would seem, from the general neglect of it, cannot be too often repeated. Sydney Smith, in one of his fragmentary writings,* gives the true idea of what health should be, and of its immense influence on happiness, in a more forcible manner than any author we recollect. We are no believers in the "melancholy of genius," as it is called. We see no reason why great men should be miserable,—except when they have been great rascals. And the common opinion on this point is hardly supported by facts. To be sure, Swift was cross enough, and melancholy too, and, for that matter, so was Cowper; — but were they not both insane? Did not Johnson's hypochondriac turns arise from his hereditary scrofula? And, on the other side, was "glorious" John Dryden a very sober man? How was it, too, with Addison? And to cite a classical instance, Socrates must have taken things very comfortably indeed, to judge even from his death.

At any rate, those of us who are not geniuses can afford to be well. Health is worth a great deal of trouble, and a great deal of care. The remark may be common, but it is good, and should not be disregarded. In conclusion, we need only remind our readers that these matters, unimportant as many of them seem, are yet intimately connected with their happiness here below. Life is made up of trifles;

* *Memoirs of Sydney Smith*, Vol. I. p. 117 (Am. ed.).

how important, then, that those trifles should be of the right sort!

Every man ought to have some philosophy of life. It is a thing not to be despised, and, if consistent with right and duty, is an inestimable friend.

GREAT NAMES FORGOTTEN.

It is a singular fact in the world's history, that a great name is often the cause of oblivion to one who bears it, even though he is personally distinguished, his own achievements being eclipsed by those of a former or a subsequent possessor of the name. This fact may be illustrated by many examples, both ancient and modern; and it is to a consideration of some of the more remarkable of these that I propose to devote this article.

It frequently happens, that, when two eminent men bear the same name, the one whose deeds naturally recur to the mind when that name is mentioned is distinguished, not by the nobility of his exploits, but by the enormity of his crimes. A most striking example of this is presented by the name of Nero. When we hear this name mentioned, our thoughts naturally revert to the sixth Cæsar, that monster of vice, profligacy, and cruelty, who was stained with the blood of his step-father, his mother, his brother, his wife, and his venerable and wise tutor; who wilfully burnt the capital of his empire, and feasted his eyes with the conflagration; who instituted the first of those terrible persecutions of the Christians, which threatened at one time to extirpate the seeds of truth thinly scattered in the vast expanse of the Roman empire. There is no need to dwell on his enormities; history is full of them; the ancient historians seem to have

delighted in recounting such horrors, and meagrely recording the lives of better men, and the modern copies of the ancient portraits have done full justice to the originals. This man cursed alike the venerable consular name of Domitius Ahenobarbus, which he obtained by birth, and that of Claudius Nero, which he obtained by adoption; and the judgment of past ages has declared that those ancient and renowned names shall descend to posterity coupled with the unnatural crimes, the sordid vices, the brutal revellings, the fiendish sports, of the successor of Tiberius and Claudius, and the son of Agrippina.

Yet there was once a Nero, in the olden time, who would make the name glorious if it were in the power of man so to do; a man who showed military talent of an order which Condé and Frederick might well aspire to rival; a man who by one action of his life gained more solid good for the Roman people than Napoleon gained for France by a hundred fights; who by one campaign earned for himself as worthy a niche in the temple of fame as Miltiades or Epaminondas. In the darkest times of the second Punic war, when Hannibal was ravaging from Tarentum to Capua, and Hasdrubal sweeping down the Alps like an avalanche,—when the thinned ranks of the Roman army, whose proud spirit Trebia and Thrasymene and Cannæ could not quell, were scattered here and there, feebly attempting to delay the union of the two mighty hosts, either of which seemed capable of crushing them like insects,—this Nero, hitherto obscure, stood forth in his country's time of need. Gathering the broken bands into a compact army, he eluded the vigilance of the conqueror, left the way to Rome apparently unguarded against his hourly expected attack, and, pouring his forces in a flood upon the untried Hasdrubal, swept the son of Hamilcar, his Spaniards, his Carthaginians, and his Numidians, his wild beasts of battle, and his Gallic auxiliaries, scarcely less wild, from the face of the earth.

The march of Nero against Hasdrubal is allowed by all,

especially military men, to be one of the most remarkable movements on record. The daring which could leave the country between Hannibal and the city almost undefended, and could press on through a wild country to meet his not less terrible brother,—and all this against, or certainly without, the orders of the Senate, and when his colleague in office was only partially reconciled to him after a long quarrel,—the calculation so accurately formed of time, place, and circumstance, and the glorious and triumphant result, making the victors vanquished and the conquered conquerors,—is unparalleled in the annals of civilized warfare.

Well might Horace exclaim, “*Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus!*”—in that splendid ode, which is the best commentary ever written on the text I have chosen,—although, in the present state of history, the monster Nero is remembered, and the man Nero too often forgotten.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the colleague of the Consul Nero has also been comparatively forgotten, for the selfsame reason as Nero; though in this case the man who has made the common name illustrious deserves to be the most honored of his line. Nero’s colleague was Marcus Livius Salinator, the first conqueror of the wild Illyrians, and, though personally an enemy of Nero, became his ready coadjutor when the common danger united them. But now the name of Livius suggests only the poet-historian of Patavium, the chronicler of those events and those men whose names and character we have just adverted to, and who without his brilliant narrations would be now unknown. His gorgeous delineations in the highest degree contributed to make the Roman name feared and honored, and his renown will live when the battles and sieges of Nero and Livius, and the murders and riotings of the son of Domitius, shall be alike forgotten.

Another striking instance is presented in the history of Athens. The glory of the name Demosthenes would naturally seem inseparable from the unarmed antagonist of

Philip, who poured forth that torrent of eloquence alike against and for his own countrymen and foreigners, who spared no foe, deserted no friend, feared no odds however great, shrank not from the power of the mightiest monarch of Europe, or the tongue of the most wily pleader in Athens, but boldly, resolutely, unhesitatingly "fulminated over Greece," in those marvellous words which have even now all the freshness of our own great orators. Yet he was not the only Demosthenes. Another there had been, who, in the dark hour of Athenian struggles, displayed talents which in a fair field might easily have overwhelmed the enemies of his country, and have raised her again to her wonted eminence; who, when the first expedition to Sicily had been wasted to nothing under the walls of Syracuse, sallied out from Athens with a second, at once struck a master stroke at the rising might of Gylippus, woke even the sluggish and temporizing Nicias from his lethargy, and was again leading the Athenians to victory, in all his manœuvres exhibiting talents and achieving feats of battle which Miltiades and Themistocles would not have scorned, and which would have raised immeasurably the fame of Xanthippus and Thucydides. But his talent was in vain; the timidity and irresolution of Nicias (to call it by its mildest name), which froze all it touched, had sealed the fate of the Sicilian expedition; and when the gallant Demosthenes fell beneath the Syracusan sword, the fame his brave and true heart deserved was not fully obtained. But his great spirit was bequeathed to his descendants, and a nobler grandson than Demosthenes the orator never eclipsed the fame of a braver ancestor than Demosthenes the soldier.

I would fain dwell on other remarkable instances of this rule among the ancients,—on the two Emperors Claudius, the fool and the general; and on the great Thucydides the historian, in connection with the brave but unsuccessful Thucydides the general. But I must pass on to the consideration of the modern examples which occur to me.

Few names have attained greater celebrity than that of Fox. But I suppose that, to the vast majority of those who are likely to hear this name, there is but one person whom it suggests. Our thoughts naturally recur to that wondrous character, a mixture of gambler, orator, and man of fashion; the beloved of the Whigs in the dark days of the French Revolution; the man whose declamation was the only thing which could withstand the clear arguments of William Pitt; alternately the friend and enemy of Burke; the most ardent admirer and defender of Napoleon, and anon the sage conductor, for a time, of a most bitter war against him. Is there to the minds of half the reading, thinking men of modern days any other Fox? Yet there was another; one of England's great men; one who would have made his name renowned anywhere, had he not had so distinguished a relative. He was at one time the head man of England; before him the proud and influential Duke of Newcastle was obliged to bow, and beg that, by coming into office with the old nobleman, he might preserve the Newcastle influence intact. He was the only debater who could oppose the Earl of Chatham,—as his nephew alone could oppose William Pitt. Yet how few now dwell with admiration on the name of the proud and eloquent Henry Fox, first Lord Holland! He is known as Fox only to the careful student of history; and as Lord Holland, also, his name is obscured by a number of distinguished men who have borne the same title.

It would be curious to inquire whether, if Lord Chatham had not received that title, a similar oblivion would have enshrouded him or his son, one being eclipsed by the fame of the other,—whether there would be but one William Pitt pre-eminently renowned, or whether the two would go down to posterity together as bright particular stars, “each brighter than the other.” We leave it to others to determine.

To those who are acquainted with Napoleon's campaigns, the brave and unfortunate Kellermann is one of the most

interesting characters. There can be no question that his brilliant movement of cavalry, combined with the charge of Desaix, won the battle of Marengo; but the conqueror never showed him the gratitude he had deserved. There is little else recorded of Kellermann, but his name has been made immortal by this burst of cavalry upon the Austrian line. But his father, Marshal Kellermann, whose exploits are not read by one half the number that dwell with delight on the varying chances of the field of Marengo, deserves as well the remembrance of France as the gallant son. By his skill a victory was achieved of as much importance to the French arms as Marengo, and that series of triumphs begun which is still the glory of "*la grande nation*." Surely the man who achieved the first French victory of the twenty-three years' war, who began that triumphal march which carried the Gallic eagles from the Baltic and Niemen to the Nile and the Atlantic, deserves the honorable mention of posterity as well as his son, who only rode a horse smartly with some thousands of others. Yet Marshal Kellermann would probably be voted now an old fogey, and General Kellermann ranked as one of that fine band of "Young France" who helped Napoleon win Friedland and Austerlitz, — and lose Leipsic and Salamanca.

There are some noble exceptions to the rule I laid down at the beginning, such as the two Scipios in ancient, and the two Williams of Nassau in modern times. I have endeavored in this article to illustrate an interesting fact, and lay open a few of those somewhat unknown episodes in history which so well repay investigation.

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

[About the year 18—, one R—d, a respectable London merchant, (since dead,) stood in the pillory for some alleged fraud upon the revenue. Among his papers were found the following "Reflections," which we have obtained by favor of our friend Elia, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion, almost in the words of the manuscript. Elia speaks of him as a man (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner, with a certain turn for humor.]

SCENE, *Opposite the Royal Exchange.* — TIME, *Twelve to One, Noon.*

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward,—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you,—N. W. by W., or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honor of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings, my White-chapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's Place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*] That offering was well meant,

but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am nowadays mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those Valentines. Bestow those coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly.*] Disease not, I pray you, nor dismantle, your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against some snow comes. [*A coal flies.*] Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy Australian popularity.

What, my friends from over the water! Old benchers,—flies of a day,—ephemeral Romans,—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? Can it dispeople Purgatory,—ha?

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces, like Persians at sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless those assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, quality, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation,—some insinuations, as it were, of wisdom, valor, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelops it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression! The posture so convenient,—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artisans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be anywhere in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate but that gravity and gayety shall contend as it were, — you understand me. I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture, — a gentle enthusiasm, — which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvas. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House not made of every wood! Lodging that pays no rent, airy and commodious, which, owing no window-tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit that instructs without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first-fruit! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honor without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned, as if a winged messenger hovered over them; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, 'my flock, your true overseer. What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can utter benedictions. The *otium cum dignitate*. Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory! 't is thee I sing! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile for groundling rogues, and base,

earth-kissing varlets, envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee; Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare. From their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly! Cresham's wonder, hail! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'erlook the plodding, money-hunting tribe below, who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals.* He closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'Tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still! But I must descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour-hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

WOULDST know thyself as other men,
Mark well what others do :
Wouldst read a brother's heart aright,
Thine own presents the clew.

SCHILLER.

* A statue of Charles the Second by the elder Cibber adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfetation of loyalty, have within a few years caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.

THE BUNGALOW.*

LET others sing the stalwart craft
That plough Atlantic seas ;
The clippers trim that speed before
The California breeze ;

The snowy-plumaged argosies
The Spanish Main that fleck ;
The pennoned night that waves above
The Algerian pirate's deck ;

The ships that spread their bellying sails
Where Indian breezes blow ; —
A humbler theme my Muse inspires, —
The modest Bungalow !

Full well I love its oaken ribs,
Full well its bended side,
Its homogeneous stem and stern,
That either way may glide.

Its bows are square, its gunwales wide,
Its timbers stanch and strong,
Its base as flat as marble floor,
To sweep the waves along.

Its color is the ancient oak's,
That weather-beaten brown, —
No paint bedecks its honest form,
No ballast weighs it down.

Its haunt is not where porpoise plays,
Nor where the petrel skims ;
But where beneath its friendly bulk
The trusting shore-fish swims.

Around its sides their verdant curls
The ocean-mosses fling ;
And to its base the barnacles
Affectionately cling !

* Localism, — a rude freight-boat.

Through ages dim its origin
Far back in eld we trace,
To when in safety o'er the Flood
It bore the chosen race.

For when the heavens' windows oped
And tempests 'gan to blow,
Old Noë saved the people, in
The Primal Bungalow.

Three hundred cubits long it was,
And thirty cubits high ;
Built of the yellow gopher-wood,
Well pitched to keep them dry.

And when the lowering torrent broke
Amid the thunders' din,
Noah called his triple lineage,
And sternly led them in.

And every beast of every clime,
With birds of every air,
The prudent patriarch received,
Of every sort a pair.

And so throughout those awful days
That Bungalow stemmed the wave ;
And to humanity the Ark
Renewed Existence gave !

* * * * *

Well I remember in my youth,
Where Scituate's waters flow,
Upon the trickling stream there slept
An ancient Bungalow.

A stanch and sturdy craft it was, —
Full many a stormy sea
Its fearless might had ridden out
In vigorous majesty.

Full often had the wind and wave
Against its sides contended ;
Full oft their wild, tumultuous wrath
They fruitlessly had blended.

Full oft its bulging hulk had borne
The bivalve burden home ;
Full oft, by stalwart pike propelled,
Wafted the unctuous loam.

And well, I ween, could full-grown men
Look back to days of yore,
When stripling youths they scaled its side,
And pushed away from shore,

And, casting from their tender limbs
Their vesture curt and thin,
One moment gazed upon the flood,
Then boldly plunged them in !

But now, worn out with years and toil,
Its term of duty o'er,
Its gentle bosom pressed upon
The loved and loving shore,

E'en as the Indian warrior folds
His arms about his breast,
And, while the life-breath ebbs away,
Sinks placidly to rest,

And listens for Death's summons in
His hound's lamenting bay ;
So there the ancient Bungalow
Went calmly to decay.

And as with grief-dishevelled locks
The Indian's tawny bride
Crouches to chant a funeral-hymn
Her liege's couch beside ;

So, as in sad and tender tones
She wails a dirge for him,
The lapping waves of Scituate sang
The old boat's requiem !

Oft thither at the sunset hour,
As evening's shades descended,
With cautious foot and peering eye
My infant steps I wended.

And down the pebbly, shelving bank,
And up the friendly side
I climbed, to pace the spreading deck
With all a seaman's pride.

Methought I roamed a buccaneer
In many a distant ocean,
And boldly drove before the blast
In tempests' mad commotion ;

Or where the Arctic glacier frowned
Destruction down on me,
I poised the gleaming shaft, to slay
The Monarch of the Sea.

Or, ready at my country's call,
To meet the invading foe,
With leaden rain and iron hail
I laid his squadrons low.

Ah, poor Decatur ! where wert thou
Beside those infant deeds ?
Weep, Nelson ! — on thy blenching brow
Thy laurels turn to weeds.

White were the waters of Champlain,
Trafalgar's waves were white,
Beside the shuddering flood that bore
My frigate from the fight !

* * * * *

Perhaps I thought, when, tearfully,
From Scituate I was torn,
That this dear friend of infancy
Was gone, — for ever gone !

But ah ! how often Fate is kind,
Though sadly we complain !
How flying blessings only air
Their wings and come again !

For now, along by Boston bridge,
Where Charles's waters flow,
Another rests upon the tide, —
Another Bungalow !

And sometimes, as on Sabbath eve
I hie me o'er the stream
That parts yon modern Athens from
This modern Academe,

Awhile upon the river's brink
I pause, and pensive gaze,
While vivid through my fancy course
The thoughts of other days.

The wall, in thought, I quick descend,
The old boat's side I climb;
And memory's breezes waft me back
Along the tide of time.

Forms of the friends of infancy
The Bungalow seem to fill,
And once again we gleeful sport
By Scituate's gentle rill.

Again I seem to see the home
To childhood's heart so dear, —
The bridge by bending willows wept, —
The dingy school-house near, —

The woods where wandered ruthless bears
With infant murder foul!
(Elijah's hair had stood on end
At night to hear them growl!)

The old brown horse; the carryall;
The hens; the doves; the cows;
The corn-house, nestling by the barn;
The egg-bejewelled mows;

The button-wood, with pendant swing;
The high-top sweeting-tree;
The rock with pennyroyal girt, —
All, all come back to me!

And time and place forgotten both,
As o'er the bridge I bend,
With sympathy renewed I greet
My dear old faithful friend!

Ah, sweet it is to rake among
The ashes of the Past,
While memory's embers o'er the heart
Their waning flicker cast !

But broader spreads the stream before,
And fuller flows the tide,'
As from the Present's port adown
The Future's waves I glide.

With shapes of those I love to-day
My fancy fills the boat ;
And through life's coming scenes we all
Prophetically float !

Where Diké screens her tender orbs,
Nor dares clear truth to see ;
Where prim Polymnia tunes her voice
As Dives sounds the key ;

Where nauseated Marsyas writhes ;
Where Cheiron sits benign, —
'Neath the rose-wreathed yoke of Hymen, —
And by Vesta's hallowed shrine ;

O'er waters smooth, and waters rough,
Through drought and overflow,
Farther and farther down the stream
Floats on the Bungalow !

Gray become our gallant crew,
Smooth brows with furrows fill ;
While swifter sweeps the current,
And the breezes blow more chill.

And misty grows the prospect,
For the ocean's surge is nigh,
As faintly, in the distance, we
Death's Bungalow descry !

That grim, inevitable bark !
It meets us, one and all ;
And one by one we enter it,
As Charon pipes the call !

* * * * *

Then let us sing the Bungalow,
And let its praise resound;
For not its peer on stream or sea
Through all the earth is found!

Yes, hail thee, Honest Bungalow!
My guardian-craft, all hail!
Thou, prototype of navies,—thou,
Bright Banner-boat of YALE!

NEW BOOKS.

The Conquest of Kansas by Missouri and her Allies. By WILLIAM PHILLIPS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1856.

AMERICA does few things by halves; her operations are almost always upon a very grand scale; and nowhere is this fact more prominent than in the conduct of her Presidential elections. Our campaigning documents are not pamphlets; they are volumes. They are circulated, not by tens of thousands, but by the half-million. They are not confined to one language, but are showered forth in half a dozen, at least. They spring both from the brains of men whose names are destined to live as long as the name of our country itself, and they are wrung out, too, by the mental sweat of Grub Street literary hacks, who write on contract lives of prominent candidates, which are usually remarkable only for their invariable perversion of truth.

The field is a very broad one; the subject a very deep one. We live in a time which will occupy a most prominent page in history. Within this last year, events have taken place which will, in the works of some future Hume or Gibbon, be held up to the praise, or to the scorn and hatred, of posterity. Statesmanship and rhetoric, too, have combined to render this year striking. It is the fashion to call us degenerate, and it must be left to futurity to decide whether the charge is true; but it is our belief that, as the grand thunder-

ings of Demosthenes can never die ; as, side by side with them, stands and will stand for ever the splendid rhetoric of Cicero ; as the exquisite eloquence of Burke has placed him also with those two orators in a position which he can never lose ; so, when in Mr. Macaulay's New-Zealand nation the college student shall translate from the dead languages the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero and Burke, there shall be added to the list the name of another whose words are even now ringing in the ears of this nation.

Among the many campaign documents of which we have spoken, the book before us holds a prominent place. It is valuable as a documentary history ; and as giving the Free-State version of the unhappy difficulties in Kansas, it also has its value. In these exciting times, we cannot read such accounts with that impartiality with which we read Tacitus and Livy, and therefore are apt to throw them aside as falsehoods, or let our passions run to the other extreme, and take them as perfect both in truth and in style. But we can say at least, that, to those who wish to read an interesting history, to those who have any desire to shudder with horror, or be touched by mournful tales of suffering, to those who wish to learn what the Free-State settlers have to say in their own defence, and to those who wish to plunge at once headlong into the midst of the political questions which are swaying the country so violently from side to side, this book will give complete satisfaction.

The Relation of Christianity to Law and Government. A Discourse before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa in Harvard University, 17th July, 1856, by LEONARD BACON. New Haven : Thomas H. Pease. 1856.

THE orations before the Phi Beta Kappa Society — certainly those which have been delivered here — have uniformly been of a very high character as literary productions. Many of them have become standard essays on their several subjects ; equal, certainly, if not superior, to any to be found elsewhere. This is but natural. The Phi Beta Kappa orator has before him probably the most discriminating and intelligent audience that is ever gathered together

in this country. It is not composed, as are in great part those of our popular lecturers, of uneducated men, and of those who seek amusement rather than intellectual improvement. He has to face the foremost of the educated men in the community ; to undergo the criticism of the skilful and the experienced ; to minister to the intellectual gratification of men who know all the tricks of rhetoric, will not be satisfied unless they hear a really excellent discourse, and will not award their praise to any but a deserving production. And here, as everywhere else, the supply is equal to the demand. The most eloquent and the most profound of the speeches and addresses delivered in this country are probably those delivered before this and kindred societies.

To these remarks the Oration before us is no exception. We shall not attempt any elaborate criticism on either style or matter ; but simply say that it will amply repay the perusal of any one who has a taste for philosophical inquiry. The subject is one which will instantly commend itself to the attention of every thinking man by its dignity and importance. And the treatment is in every way worthy of the subject. Dr. Bacon has here fully maintained, perhaps increased, his already well-established reputation as a vigorous and profound thinker and writer.

c.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1856.

1. A Latin Oration. John Holmes Converse, Baltimore, Md.
2. A Disquisition. "The Coast Survey." Augustus Allen Hayes, Boston.
3. A Latin Version. From Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America. George Albert Wentworth, Wakefield, N. H.
4. A Latin Version. From a Speech of Charles Sumner. William Pitt Greenwood Bartlett, Boston.
- *5. A Dissertation. "The Franks in Constantinople." William Gleason Goldsmith, Andover.
6. A Disquisition. "Sir Fowell Buxton." George Abbott Hood, Lynn.
7. A Greek Version. From Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society." Charles Henry Learoyd, Danvers.
8. An English Version. From the "Agricola" of Tacitus. Thomas Jefferson Spurr, Worcester.
9. A Dissertation. "John Huss." Edward Thomas Damon, Wayland.
10. A Disquisition. "Laurence Sterne." Charles Folsom Walcott, Salem.
- *11. An English Version. From Petrarch's "Africa." Frederic George Bromberg, Mobile, Ala.
12. A Latin Version. From Everett's Phi Beta Kappa Oration. Alfred Stedman Hartwell, Natick.
- *13. A Greek Version. From Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn-Burial." George Washington Crosby, Leominster.
14. A Dissertation. "The Literary Character of James the First." James Amory Perkins, Boston.
- *15. A Disquisition. "Æschines as an Orator." Samuel Wells, Portland, Me.
16. A Latin Dialogue. From "Le Mariage Forcé." Eugene Frederic Bliss, Janesville, Wis.; Henry Lyman Patten, Boston.
- *17. An English Version. From a Letter of St. Jerome. George Edward Pond, Boston.
18. A Disquisition. "Johnson in the Hebrides." John Codman Ropes, Boston.
19. A Dissertation. "Sir Henry Vane in New England." Joseph Lewis Stackpole, Dedham.
20. A Greek Version. From Clay's Speech on the Recognition of the Independence of Greece. Charles Adams Allen, Cambridge.
21. A Latin Version. From W. S. Landor. "Supposed Speech of Scipio after the Destruction of Carthage." James Jackson Lowell, Cambridge.
22. A Dissertation. "Opinions entertained of the Germans by the Romans of the Empire." Robert Dickson Smith, Cambridge.
23. An English Oration. "Abstract Scholarship." Joseph May, Syracuse, N. Y.

* Not spoken.

"Now the leaf

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
And slowly circles through the waving air;
Oft startling such as studious walk below."

And its fall preaches to the heart of every man. By an instinctive analogy, he feels the coming of a chill day when he shall no more toss and flutter in the busy breezes of life, but return to the antecedent mould. The thought humbles him, that with his myriad fellows he will fall and then lie unheeded and forgotten, — happy when undisturbed. Some he sees broken by the gusts that rush fretfully by, some come sailing down in calm maturity, but all are falling and will soon be gone.

In the excogitation of which original reflection, obligation is hereby acknowledged to every writer we ever perused, to every human we ever communed with, to the blind old man and poor, to the Mantuan dyspeptic (with whom the fall of birch and straggling leaves of Pope and Dryden — ante Bohnnos annos — are as strongly associated as their undiscovered beauties), to the carousers who chorally request a mythical landlord to replenish the convivial bowl to its utmost plenitude. [There, Bucket!]

And as Jimmy, the Saccharine, stood this chilly morn on the steps of our entry beside his duality of baskets, gathering about him the Hamlet-cloak, which half hides, half reveals the worn vesture beneath, his hands crossed upon his breast, his phosphoriferous reticule pendent from his arm, hopefully awaiting a more profitable consumer of his wares, while the editorial corps, hopelessly bankrupt, denied himself the penny privilege, that man of candies and of matches, the philosopher of threescore years and five, looked upon the leaves as they fluttered down to earth, and moralized as Homer and the prophets had before him, — the leaves as Sibylline, and, as they pass before him, whisper to every man the same prophetic message. Yet, venerable dispenser of light and sweets, sear and withered leaf near the autumn of thy days, thy descent shall be gentle, thy fall light, for we will not see thee roughly handled at the last.

Perhaps the falling leaves had their meaning, though so different from the last, to another near by. Perhaps, to the sage and serious Senior even, there comes a blush of his speedy separation from the collegiate elms. Another spring he will see, but not another fall. Apropos of the crops which yearly fall in Commencement week, there has come to us a voice from the departed. Start not, nervous reader, nor expect a Saul has been disturbing with rites unholy the repose and sacred quiet of those who will dead no more. It was only a familiar epistle from a pen you know and cherish; but bitterly it bewails its mercantile translation, by which Baccalaureate leisure has attained the questionable eminence of a three-legged stool, the lexicon has been exchanged for the Leger, and double X changed to Table Beer. All to the more effectual swindling of the community, is added. How are the mighty fallen!

As we draw a long breath, give our chair a hitch, and cast our eyes around the room before bending over to a new paragraph, the glowing Sydney in the grate throws a new light on what is seasonable. And shall these long, undivided evenings be unwelcomed, — these evenings, the glory and delight alike of grub-

bing Fresh, darkness-loving Sophs (let it not be added, derrick-demolishing), bookish Juniors, and rejuvenated, closely-applying Senes, — these social hours with Addison or Lamb, or the chosen one, that happens to be at present, all-devouring-if-collegiate reader, when nightly the lights that look down on the yard outwatch those vigilant Proctors, the gas-lamps, — they are surreptitiously thrown off their guard, sometimes, let it be confessed? There are greater attractions, though you believe it not, gaudy butterflies, in that coal-fire and these slipshod pumps, our clay-pipe — meerschaums and cheroots are vanities not tolerated after a second year — and ragged dressing-gown, than a Union Railway Ticket or a Parquet Left can introduce us to. But we are growing garrulous in our old age, our second-freshmanhood.

The fall exhibition, the event of the month to those who in anywise participated in the entertainments comprehended by the term, passed off as exhibitions usually do, — several of the performances were excellent, and, as a whole, comparisons with previous days ought not to prove odious to the speakers. The only unusual feature was the appearance of a large proportion of those Undergraduates who had never tried the awkward thing before in Oxford hats, — a few of which are still occasionally seen swooping across the yard with the victims in their grasp. The short men were not made less squat, nor the handsome men much uglier-looking, by these legendary student appendages. They look very well over the mantel-piece, and it is to be hoped that they will speedily find their appropriate and lasting abiding-places on the wall.

We have ventured in this number to take an unwonted step in reprinting from the first American collection * (unauthorized, vagabondish, and piratical, of course) a paper of Charles Lamb, which is not to be found in modern editions. The essay is certainly Lambian to such a degree — if it be not Lamb's veritably — that the genial souls who love Charles are worked a huge wrong by not having the perusal of it. The subject is of itself of the nature of C. L.'s ways of humor; — the execution is Piggish (Roast), and Inconveniences-of-being-hanged-ish, and altogether the stamp of the Old-original-and-all-others-are-counterfeit Elia is deep on it. Its rarity and obscurity have induced us to urge its claims again to the notice of an appreciating American public. The only hesitation is lest the genial rays of the great luminary may prove too strong for the feeble refulgence of our taper-illumination.

The persecuting and persecuted demon, who does all the small talk and makes all the mistakes, further suggests, in reviewing this number, a striking instance illustrative of Great Names Forgotten, in these classic shades, where the fame of the successful Athenian dramatist is eclipsed by the kindly pleasantry of the Hellenic tutor, and the war-breathing voice of the Poet of Heroes drowned in the strains that echo through the Music-hall.

* Elia. By Charles Lamb, Esq. New York : George Dearborn. 1835.

EXCHANGES.

STUDENTS, as a class, seem to change as little as any other class of men. As they are at Cambridge, so are they, relatively, elsewhere. Whether we dust old Harvardianas, or peruse the last exchange, the existence of men who won't subscribe, subscribers who don't pay, fellows who can't write but laugh at the articles of others, writers who don't contribute, and contributors who afford, at best, but an equivocal assistance to the literary corporals of our college world, is unmistakable. Brethren of the quill everywhere, how fare you? We spiritually shake you by the hand, and assure you, though your toils and vexations are disregarded about you, your tribulation finds sympathy and good wishes in Israel.

At Marietta the editors object to an undue proportion between the number of capitals and of lines in a given communication. Snub 'em, Cousin Mary, every man of them, that makes pretty verses in your ear, and consider the matter after. And you of Yale! The vigor and sprightliness of a perennial youth attend your increasing years, venerable patriarch of living collegiate miscellanies, and every last continues to be the best. Yet is the cranium editorial sorely puzzled to decide between the unity or triality of "J. M. H." If you are an individual, glorious triplet of initials trebly presented, what a trump you are! Your fist, old boy! — you deserve to be an editor all the days of your life. Now from the West comes the noise of conflict. Not from bleeding Kansas, though the ink may flow like blood. The last Knoxiana notifies the world to resolve itself into a ring, and witness a series of "Fights for the Championship," now about to commence. The Adelphi are well "up to time," and lead off with a tremendous "facier," in Hiawatha style, while a little quiet sparring is engaged in over the Editors' Table. Do send us the other periodical, — "Oak Leaves," is it? — that we may watch the whole of the merry "mill."

Georgia continues to present its monthly offerings, its poetical metaphysics, its impulsive and pathetic contributions. Happy, happy land, where even magazines are Benedicks. One and all, brothers, we again salute you. By the way, why can't we have a congress of college editors, a grand magazine festival? Think of it, dwellers in the West and the South, and let us hear your ideas about it. Valeté!

And you, you common reader, you ordinary subscriber, what are you reading letters that are not addressed to you for? However, if you are interested in the correspondence, the courteous Librarian has the Exchanges in his possession, for your special inspection.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

ANONYMOUS communications cannot appear.

THE

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1856.

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* * THE HARVARD MAGAZINE will be published on the first day of every month, with the exception of February and August. Terms, \$2.00 per annum. Those remitting \$2.00 in advance will receive the Magazine free of postage.

 BACK NUMBERS WANTED. — *Fifty cents each will be given for copies of the HARVARD MAGAZINE for December, 1854, being Vol. I. No. I.*

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1856.

No. 10.

COLLINS.

THE name at the head of this article is probably known to most of the readers of our Magazine, and with one of his Lyric Odes we are all well acquainted. But the knowledge of many stops here. Of the poet's life, and of his productions, except the Ode mentioned, most of us are ignorant. And yet, I may venture to say, no one ever regretted reading Collins. Few can peruse the incidents of his short and ill-starred life without pitying him. Few can read his poetry without admiring it, and desiring that more of it had been preserved. What little we have only serves, as it were, to excite our appetite, and causes us to long for more.

William Collins was born in Chichester in Sussex, in the year 1721, on Christmas day. His father exercised the trade of a hatter, and at the time of William's birth was Mayor of Chichester. His mother was a Miss Martin, of a highly respectable family. Young Collins was destined by his father for the Church, and was accordingly sent to Winchester College in 1733. In 1741 he went up to Oxford and entered Magdalen College. He remained at the University until he took the Bachelor's degree, and then, much to his friends'

surprise, suddenly left Oxford for London. As a reason for this step, he himself states that he was ashamed to remain at Oxford, having failed in obtaining a fellowship, for which he offered himself. The true reason is said to be, his disgust at the dulness of a college life, and the pressing demands of his creditors. Probably the desire of seeing the great world, and mixing in the gayeties of London, had something to do with his quitting the University. He came to London without money, trusting to his talents for a living. Before he went to Oxford, he had composed his *Eclogues*, and in 1742 he published these and some other pieces anonymously.

Collins's great fault was his irresolution. On his arrival in London, he formed many projects, issued prospectuses for several books, — but scarcely commenced any of them, and finished none. A sadder picture of vacillation can scarcely be found. He was always nearly penniless, and more than once in the hands of the law, at one time owing his escape from imprisonment to a bookseller's advancing him money on a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, of which he never wrote even a single page. Soon after his release from custody, his pecuniary difficulties were removed by the death of his uncle, Colonel Martin. He repaid the bookseller the money he had advanced, and gave up all idea of translating Aristotle. His uncle, in 1749, left him two thousand pounds, a sum that seemed to him inexhaustible. Poor man! for him it proved so. The constitutional irresolution and want of decision in his character were the germs of that most frightful of ills human flesh is heir to. In 1750 evident indications of insanity made their appearance. The doctors recommending change of air and scene, he undertook a journey to France, which proved useless. A visit to Bath met with a like result. Finally, in 1754, he went to Oxford, where the best years of his life had been spent. Here his disease reached its height, and he was removed to an asylum for the insane. Whilst in Oxford, and before

his removal to the asylum, he composed several pieces of poetry, chiefly odes.

One striking point in Collins's character, more visible during his illness than at any other time, is his love for the Bible. From the time of the appearance of the first symptoms to that of his confinement, it was his constant companion. When unable to read it himself, his servant read it to him. From Oxford he was removed to an asylum in Chelsea ; but after a short stay here, he was finally taken to his native city of Chichester, and placed under the care of his sister. Here he remained till 1759, when, after several lucid intervals, on the 12th of June, death put an end to his sufferings. He was buried in St. Andrews's Church in Chichester, and his last resting-place was marked by a handsome monument from the chisel of Flaxman. It is thus described : " Collins is represented sitting, during a lucid interval of the afflicting malady to which he was subject, with a calm aspect, as if he were seeking consolation in the Bible, which appears open on a table before him. Upon the pediment are placed two female ideal figures in relief, representing love and piety, entwined each in the arms of the other." The epitaph is by Hayley, and in it allusion is again made to the poet's love for the Word of God. He,

" in reviving Reason's lucid hours,
Sought on *one* book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deemed the Book of God the best."

All the biographers of Collins unite in portraying his character in pleasing colors. He was of an amiable disposition, and of very courteous and agreeable manners. Dr. Johnson says of him, that " his morals were pure and his opinions pious." He was passionately fond of classical literature, and understood the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He was also well informed in the earlier English poets, and was a devoted worshipper of Music. His best production, the Ode to the Passions, is called an " Ode for Music." He

was an only son, and being crossed in love once, never married. At the time of his death he was in his thirty-ninth year, the time of life at which the minds and intellects of most men are in their fullest vigor. But his, alas! were clouded, and his last years were useless to him.

As we have hinted, Collins did not write a great deal. He planned and commenced a great many poems, and some prose works, but only completed the few we have left at the present day. His first productions were the Oriental Eclogues. These, composed at the early age of eighteen or nineteen, while he was yet at Winchester School, are marked for the gentleness and chastity of their diction, and hardly agree with the title given them. They were first called Persian Eclogues. But most of Collins's poetry consists of Odes on different subjects. Of these, that to the Passions is universally acknowledged to be the finest piece of the sort in the English language. It is too well known for us to speak of it here. Let me, however, call attention to two passages in it. It is easily observed, that, though the measure of the following verses is the same, yet, by the variation of the cadence, a peculiar character is given to each.

"First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

"Next Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

"With woful measures wan Despair —
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild."

The description of Hope is the gem of the whole. We never can content ourselves with once reading it.

“But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.”

Among the other Odes, those “To Evening,” “On the Poetical Character,” and “On the Death of Thomson,” may be cited as especially deserving of mention. In that to “Evening,” Collins’s own character is exhibited. Thus, in the following lines, we can plainly discern the strong tendency of his mind to melancholy:—

“Then let me rove some wild and healthy scene,
Or find some ruin ’midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.”

And in the following, his taste for the wild and romantic in nature appears:—

“Be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain’s side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods.”

Through the whole Ode, we are presented with subjects for pictures fit for the pencil of a Claude. It is in blank verse, and yet we do not feel the want of the rhyme. It sounds better without it.

The Ode on the Poetical Character is not as general a favorite as either of the two mentioned. Not every reader of poetry can enter into the spirit of it; many can understand but little of it. But those that are capable of understanding it are loud in their praises. The expressions used are highly metaphorical, and very strange. Thus, the Sun is called “the rich-haired youth of morn”; the Ideas, “the

shadowy tribes of mind"; Truth, "the one in sunny vest arrayed," etc. Collins's fondness for woods is well portrayed in these lines: —

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could hear."

The Ode on the Death of Thomson is somewhere said to be "no less remarkable for its beauty as a composition, than for its pathetic tenderness as a memorial of a friend." Dr. Johnson, speaking of this Ode, says, "Collins had *skill to complain*." The scene is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond, in the church of which place Thomson is buried. The scenery along the banks of the river is beautifully described, and the waterman

"Shall oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!"

The "Dirge in Cymbeline" is another piece of the same character. From it we take the following lines: —

"The tender thought on thee shall dwell;
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead."

Is there any one that can read these [lines without feeling corresponding emotions of pity? There is not a single superfluous word in them; one word more or less would break the emotions they inspire. Nothing better can be written.

These Odes were written before the poet had reached his thirtieth year. During the lucid intervals of his disease, he wrote others, or fragments of others, which do not exhibit the same characteristics. Insanity had laid its palsy-ing hand upon his mind, and veiled for him the rich realm of poetry. The vigor of his intellect was gone, returning

not at the call of Reason, for a brief space reinstated on her throne. . His habit of destroying what he wrote has, I fear, deprived the world of much that would be valuable. Strange as it may seem, he was seldom, if ever, satisfied with his poetry, and destroyed much of it. What a pity it is, that there was no friend near at hand to prevent this! Collins is frequently called one of the minor poets, but in our judgment he deserves a far higher rank. True, he wrote but little, and is liable to be neglected by many in their haste to read those poets who have left us more.

Collins is, we think, a poet peculiarly suited to students, and we would earnestly recommend all our readers to peruse his works. They are not many, and it will not occupy much of your valuable time; and we venture to say, their perusal will both gratify and instruct you. If, by this imperfect tribute to one of our best poets, we make any acquainted with him and his works, surely our time has not been misspent.

TRANSMITTENDUM PAPERS.

In a window-seat, not far from Massachusetts Hall, the occupant found a box containing a series of papers, which, in default of a better name, he calls Transmittendum Papers. They appear to have been deposited there for a long time, as some are quite yellow with age. As they may prove interesting to the readers of the Magazine, the possessor proposes to publish some of them. The following is offered first, not because it is one of the best written, but because it is one of the oldest, as appears from the color of the paper and the peculiar chirography; it also treats of the very foundation of the College. It is historically true, as was ascertained by looking up the references.

L.

NATHANIEL EATON:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

PROEM.

I WILL sing of the cruel Nathaniel Eaton,
 Who was punished severely his usher for beatin':
 His usher, Nathaniel
 Whipped like a spaniel,
 And almost murdered the unhappy fellow.
 All which I tell you,
 Which full as well you
 May learn from Peirce's well-written History,
 For my truthful Muse deals not in mystery,
 But in actuality,
 Not ideality.
 And if you should happen to doubt the reality
 Of this truthful record of Eaton's rascality,
 Look on page twenty-eight of Peirce's Appendix,
 On that and the following pages your eye fix,
 And you 'll find, without doubt,
 That what I 'm about,
 I know full as well as any one out.

CANTO I.

When Harvard College was naught but a school,
 And classics exceptions, not the rule,
 Then settlers were scarce throughout all the Colonies,
 And the few that were here complained of the loneliness.
 (I refer to the white men, for red men were plenty,
 As Irishmen are in a railroad shanty.)
 Why, then you might find,
 If you were so inclined,
 A building of wood,
 That I 'm confident stood
 Just on the spot where Harvard now stands,
 Which building was built by the Colonists' hands.
 And when they had built it
 They very soon filled it,
 With studious students, who studied so well,
 That they soon could talk Latin, and easily tell
 The Hebrew for "deading," for "squirt," or for "swell."
 And then to support this good institution
 The Colonists joined in a grand contribution.
 Both the poor and the rich
 Contributed ~~sch~~

Little things about house as they did n't need, —
 But which to present was generous indeed.
 One gave some cloth, another some sheep,
 And a third a trencher the salt to keep.
 Another presented a silver-tipt jug,
 And ten shillings were spent on a big pewter mug.

All this is true,
 Although nothing new.
 For if you 'll look in
 The first volume of Quin-

Cy, you 'll see, on page twelfth, just what I have seen.
 Then the people were taxed in the coin of the period
 Said *coin* being *corn*, which to us now seems very odd; —

Of a bushel one quarter
 From every supporter

Of that noble object — the spreading of knowledge —
 Proposed by the founders of old Harvard College.

Nathaniel Eaton
 Was chosen to sit on
 The President's chair,
 Although it was clear

He was not the man that ought to sit there.

Nathaniel Briscoe,
 Who ran the risk o'
 His life from old Eaton,
 By whom he was beaten,

The President's usher was chosen to be,
 And received ten bushels of corn for his fee.

But before we begin on
 Nathaniel Eaton,

We will speak of his spouse, who saw to the feeding
 Of the unhappy students who lived by their eating.
 For "their diet was nothing but porridge and pudding,"*
 And besides in appearance 't was rather forbidding.

O students unfortunate,
 Rash and importunate!

For food of a better description than what you ate
 At those first College Commons at Mrs. E's. table,
 Where beef was unheard of, and poultry a fable,

* If you 'd like to know whence this passage I quote,
 'T is from John Winthrop's Journal, a marginal note,
 Page three hundred and seventy-three,
 Volume first, as you will see
 If you happen to wish to verify me.

How foolish you were
To be bullied by her,
Deprived of your eating,
And flogged by old Eaton,
Who was such a rascally fellow for beating.

But, to come to my story :
I mentioned before, he
Flogged his usher within an inch of his life,
Or an inch of his death,
For John Winthrop saith
That Eaton did not put an end to the strife
Till he had almost put an end to his life.
Now this singular fuss
Had come to pass thus,
For Briscoe had only been three days a resident,
When he was at once expelled by the President,
Because he complained that his hunger was not relieved.
While he was speaking, he patted the part aggrieved.
Now Nat was enraged at his talk and his gesture,
And seized him at once by a part of his vesture,
Viz. the coat-collar,
And made the poor scholar
Walk out of doors in very great haste ;
But happening to think that 't was rather bad taste
To kick a young man out of doors on a Sunday,
He kicked him back then, to be kicked out on Monday.
So on the next morning,
Without giving warning,
To Briscoe, who was on his sleepless bed turning
He prepared a stout cudgel about a yard long,
A cudgel of walnut, sufficiently strong
To break every bone that poor Briscoe had,
Which occurrence might prove unpleasantly bad.
He summoned two men,
Took his cudgel, and then
He marched up stairs, to the poor wretch's den.
The two men then held him, one on each side,
And Eaton him flogged, till for mercy he cried.
He flogged him "two hours with slight intermission,"*
Till he finally brought him to offer submission.
Young Briscoe then prayed,
For he was afraid
That he should be murdered, or at least should be flayed.

* I quote from John Winthrop, though without his permission.

But Eaton began then to beat him again,
For "taking the name of his God in vain." *
 Now this was a crusher
 For the unhappy usher,
To be beaten two hours with such inhumanity,
And then to be flogged on a charge of profanity.
 So he forthwith submitted,
 And old Eaton quitted
His sport, for at last he was rather worn out,
Although in his muscles uncommonly stout.

A man, now-a-days, would think it sufficient
To suffer a whipping so very efficient ;
 But on the next morning,
 Old Eaton had gone in
To town, to complain to the chief magistrate,
Of the unhappy man he pursued with such hate,
 To have him arrested,
 Before he 'd digested
The blows he 'd received on the morning before,
Which left the poor usher all bruised and sore.
 But the good and just Governor
 Would neither suffer nor
Permit Mr. Briscoe to be sent to jail,
Till he 'd listened as well to the poor fellow's tale.
Then Briscoe unfolded his story of woe,
With which he enraged the Governor so,
 That, with great indignation
 At the vile crimination
That Eaton had made for the incarceration
Of Briscoe, he came to the determination
To try Mr. Eaton for a false accusation.
 Then the tables were turned,
 And Eaton was spurned,
By all who despised such cruel oppression,
And felt for the unhappy victim compassion.
 And sentence was past
 On Nathaniel, at last.
They forbade him to teach any more in this State,
Neither he nor his very amiable mate,
The woman who boarded the students and served them,
Or, to speak a little more truthfully, starved them.
 They fined him beside,
 And, to take down his pride,

* We derive this quotation from Winthrop, 't is plain.

He had to pay Briscoe about thirty pounds,
As a sort of "shin-plaster," to heal his wounds.
 So feeling quite small,
 When his pride had this fall,
He endeavored away from Boston to crawl,
For his debts counted up, in adding them all,
 To one thousand pounds,
 Which in specie funds
Was considered at that time by no means small.
 But before it was known,
 What a swindler he 'd grown,
He boarded a bark bound to Virginia,
And from that time to this he never 's been seen here.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

THE ESPOUSALS.

"It is not good that man should be alone."

LESS praise seems to have been awarded this volume than its predecessor elicited. The reasons are obvious, though their validity, in this case, may be questioned. The novelty of the thing has worn off, the authorship has been fixed, and that curiosity allayed. But more than either, perhaps, this is to be attributed to the lesser interest the world takes in those who have won than in those who woo. So, unless young Proteus Skeggs forgets his vows to Julia at home, in the presence of the brilliant Miss Sylvia, whom he meets in travelling, or the authoritative parental rages at the thought of that rustic Perdita, queen of curds and cream though she be, in connection with his elegant, hopeful Flory, or Fate in some other cruel shape ruffles the smooth course of love, and destroys the bliss of Pyramus Faithful and Thisbe True, the venerable gossip, the world, leaves the happy doves to bill and coo on the house-tops, undisturbed. Now, as in the

* The Espousals. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

volume before us Mr. Felix Vaughan and Miss Honoria Churchill conduct in a very quiet, genteel way, without tragic or pathetic incidents, till the end of the volume sees them comfortably afloat on their honey-moon trip, how can the stupid author expect us, whose spongy brains are soaked in "heart-rending and thrilling incident," to be interested in his book without a duel, or a trip to Gretna, at least? Absurd!

An eminently savage and highly ferocious critic, in a single foray from cover to cover, might secure a half-dozen scalps taken from as many defenceless lines, and hold a bloody dance at the very outset over a vanquished metaphor. But we are of a peaceable disposition; the few dubious rhymes, and even that abomination in the eyes of the great dictionary-maker, the mixed metaphor, shall receive no other mark of displeasure than that in the margin from our "Faber." The first reading of this volume, indeed, impressed us with an idea that it was an earlier production than that which preceded it in order and time, but another perusal leaves us in doubt. For it is hardly inferior in imagery, in exalted sentiment, or in that striking portraiture and bold illustration which marked the first volume.

The passage "Night Thoughts," for example, suggestively shadows forth the pleasant, sometimes startling, recollections which, abashed and repulsed by the noise of the worky-day life, only come forth from the deep recesses of the brain in the stillness of darkness, — those audiences we hold in the thought-chamber with the absent and departed, when we live over again past conversations, occurrences, kindnesses.

"Meditation," in the idyl "Eve of the Wedding," is also very fine; the heroine of the poem has retired to her chamber, and muses in her solitude:

"Ere this to-morrow, she 'll be wed!

Ere this? ere this? How strangely soon!"

Vague apprehensions of the new life to begin on the mor-

row steal over her, trembling questionings of her affection, doubts whether her word were not rashly given, fear lest she may lose her husband's love, grief at leaving the paternal roof,—all these

“sickening dreams alloy
Her golden hope with nameless blame”;

till at last, utterly confused by dread, she puts instinctive trust in her passion,—

“casts to Love the reins of chance,
Nor recks what henceforth shall betide.”

The lines of the idyl entitled “Revulsion” fall almost as heavily on the reader's spirit, as the harrowing anticipations they contain of a dreaded possibility on the shocked soul of the lover. With a strange, wild infatuation, which many of us must have felt and groaned under, in connection with our friends, his self-chastising fancy dwells on the possible death of his future wife, and shudders as it foreshadows the event in all its afflicting details:—

“The innocent, sweet face that owed
None of its innocence to death;
The lips that used to talk; the knell
That bade the world beware of mirth;
The heartless and intolerable
Indignity of ‘earth to earth’;
Love's still recurrent jubilees,
Each dropping on my life like lead,
At morn remembering by degrees
That she I dreamed about was dead;
The duties of my life the same,
Their meaning for the feelings gone;
Friendship impertinent, and fame
Disgusting.”

His morbid imagination stops not here, but he already rues some hour that might have been more kind; he sorrows over seasons of happiness unappreciated at the time, and at last bows meekly to the “sick relief” that sorrow is sent to make us less this world's. Solemn as the thought may be, it is well to think of ourselves and our friends as mortals,

for men are too apt, and especially young men, full of youthful vigor, hope, and anticipations of long and happy lives, to forget the solemn truth. Occasionally we are startled as one passes away from among us; we feel in a general way the frailty of our earthly tenure; but does not the impression fade before the familiar voice is forgotten, and we reckon on our courses as thoughtlessly as before? The homely simile of quaint old Tom Fuller, and the moral which accompanies it, cannot run too much or too often in our calculating brains: "To smell a turf of fresh earth, is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul."

While we maintain this serious tone, the whole of Accompaniment 2 of Idyl VIII. might be quoted with propriety, did not its length interfere with such liberal treatment. It is on "Wisdom," and insists that, to awaken folly to consciousness, she, Wisdom,

*"Must be glad as well as good;
And must not only be, but seem."*

That which endears Heaven to man, that which his eyes no sooner behold than his heart yearns earnestly to share, is not youth, worldliness, ideality; it is the halo of that life which is led, not by mere "people's men," not by men merely great, not by

*"New-made saints, their feelings iced,
Their joy in man and nature gone,
Who sing, 'O easy yoke of Christ!'
But find 't is hard to get it on";*

but by those souls, occasionally met with,

*"Whose sweet subdual of the world,
The worldling scarce can recognize,
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting, and dies;
Who nobly, if they do not know
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield.*

"They live by law, not like the fool,
 But like the Bard, who freely sings
 In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
 And finds in them, not bonds, but wings.
 They shine like Moses in the face,
 They teach our hearts, without the rod,
 That God's grace is the only grace,
 And all grace is the grace of God.
 Their home is home; their chosen lot,
 A private place and private name."

This is a meagre paraphrase and selection; it were better to get the book and take in the whole passage, unclipped; it will bear reading twice, and bear pondering on after.

We may fancy an occasional smile flitting over the face of our bard, however. He is not only playful, but, at times, merry outright. His humor is dry, quiet,—the prattle so delightful to lovers is "dull to others as a will to them that have no legacies"; on the sea-shore Mrs. V. loads her lord with agate-stones that turn out flints; while political economists will surely rub their hands with glee, that woman's value has at last been fixed, for she is "like the Koh-i-nor, worth just the price that's put on her." Other comparisons are bold, so homely and familiar, perhaps, as to be ruled out of poetry, though they are certainly expressive.

Before the maiden is yet accustomed to her dutiful "I love him," the utterance half chokes her, and

"Comes with alternate gush and check,
 And joltings of the heart, as wine
 Poured from a flask of narrow neck."

On another occasion, her emotions are so overpowering that she

"Stands dizzied, shocked, and flushed, like one
 Set sudden neck-deep in the sea."

We have already alluded to the poem as being one of emotion rather than of incident; like "The Betrothal," the occurrences are rather commonplace, far from extraordinary, nor more romantic than what every loving couple probably experiences. In "The Espousals," the descriptive

portions, the Idyls, tell only of two or three calls, the visit of a maiden aunt, who disapproves of her niece's choice, a country ball, the arrival of a college friend of Vaughan, the departure after the marriage ceremony, and a visit to Cousin Fred, of the Navy, with whom the first volume made us acquainted. Nothing unusually exciting in all this. The wedding, with the number and names of the guests, the Rev. Who and the bridesmaids, the cakes and ale, the flowers, the bridal *trousseau*, have all been overlooked. It is really provoking, is n't it, Miss?

Yet the descriptions given are very graphic. The whole of Idyl II., about Aunt Maude, who thought Honoria was throwing herself away,—she, who might at least be Lady Harrico, to wed this swell, who dines with a club, and has n't anything beyond long expectations,—the whole is capital, real Dickens, without his extreme embodiment of eccentricity. The housekeeper (in Idyl IV.) is no less faithfully drawn, where she describes and remarks on the lady guests, who have just departed from a morning entertainment at the Hurst. The pride in the family served, the keen observation, the shrewdness and mother-wit, often noticeable in the class of female domestics, are well rendered in their representative, old Mrs. Fry.

Silly people, who talk, and don't compel us to think or answer what they are saying, are a blessed institution; but the silly, talkative acquaintance who is addicted to weak remarks under the hallucination that he is brilliant, and who accordingly expects, not only your replies, but your applause, is a horrible — there is but one word for it — bore. Of the latter stripe was Charles Huntley, our hero's companion in riding home from the country ball. He not only laughed at the ball and every one there, but, as luck always has it, the Churchill family especially excited his ire and ridicule. And this to a lover, who, having dropped the little eider cloak about *her* neck, would deliberate and revolve every word and

intonation of that evening. Happy indeed was it when the ways parted.

There is also a page or two in *Idyl VII.* all about flounces and fashion-plates, and other abominations to the masculine ear, which we can easily imagine came from our lady's lips; but that the conversation took another turn may be guessed from this quotation from the last stanza:—

“‘Dear Felix!’ ‘Dearest Honor!’— There
Was Aunt Maude's noisy knock and ring.—
‘Stop, Felix; you have caught my hair.
Thanks. Is it smooth? Now will you bring
My screen? Good morning, Aunt!’”

Somewhat after the same nature is the following, which some of our friends in the Divinity School may recognize.
Scene: Front door-step.

“‘You 'll come to-morrow!’ ‘Yes, sweetest.’ ‘How
Fragrant the air is! What a sky!
Stop; where 's your Tasso? Leave it now!’
‘I'm coming, Aunt!— Good by!’ ‘Good by!’

Quite spicy and true to life is the passage narrating the fate of the good resolutions to read, study, and write, which Vaughan, late of Trinity, concluded, after a short time, to carry out the next morning, while, for that evening only, he dressed and went to Sarum Close. We are tempted to read a homily on this text. For where more than here is such needed?—here, where a singular union exists between regularity, which collegiate routine enforces, and irregularity, which heterogeneous duties, and amusements uncongenial to the strictest application, institute in the lives of nine men out of ten,—a union which as often results in a disposition to put off to-day what we think we shall have opportunity to do to-morrow; the practical working of which is, that most students are one week at ease, the next driven without a moment's cessation of labor.

Themes, forensics, and exercises, hurried through the night before the appointed time, contributions to the Magazine

tardily handed in, Society exercises half attended to, or entirely neglected, confirm this statement. We would cry "Peccavi!" loudest of all ourselves, and, with the rest, plead in extenuation that we are the victims of circumstance, which means supine submission to circumstance.

There are some exquisite descriptions of nature, little poetic landscapes, which we had marked for quotation, but forbearance is easier from the belief that the volume is in your hands. That beginning the sixth Idyl is very sweet, and, with its play of leaves and sunshine flecks, comes stealing over one "like the sweet south"; it falls as musically as the melodious strains of Tennyson. The resemblances to the latter poet have already been noticed in connection with the last volume, and renewed evidences of an affectionate discipleship to that great poetic mind continually recur in this. Not only the tone of the whole poem, the spirit in which it is written; not only the love of nature, fondness for landscapes, flowers, music; the calls made upon science to contribute its illustrations to the common stock of imageries drawn from visual and emotional experience; and the occasional introduction of some word of thew which still holds its stout English character among the hordes of foreigners naturalized in our hospitable language; which are all characteristic of the living chief-priest to Apollo; — but frequently the same metaphors and similes which Tennyson has employed illustrative of the same thoughts, only in different coloring, come tripping through both "The Angel in the House," and the earlier poems* of Coventry Patmore. Nor is this culpable; acknowledgment is understood in the relation of disciple to master, in which the poets stand, and the changes are not made for deception's sake. It is rather a friendly tribute to the great poet, that the noble thoughts to

* Tamerton Church-Tower and other Poems. By Coventry Patmore. London: John W. Parker. 1854. A pleasant volume of poems, worthy of more remark in this connection, as it contains the germs of the later poem.

which he has given utterance have entered the universal mind linked to the noble language that fell from his tongue.

As the reader must, by this time, have inferred, the purpose of the author has not been to set forth an extravagant, sentimental story, but to sound the praises of love and marriage to noble "Accompaniments"; to dignify simple, everyday attachments, and elevate them to their proper sphere, that every pair may live their own noble poem of life; to exhibit the much-abused passion as a true thing, and distinguish it from a mawkish sentimentality, a dreamy illusion of weak brains, on the one hand, and, on the other, from a mere speculation in the business of life,—a blind lottery, something that comes very properly after a settlement in business and before housekeeping. If he is wrong, it is fate that the anticipations of the betrothed never find realization with the espoused; it is necessity that marriage is happiness or lasting grief, as chance may determine,—a cup of mingled sweetness and bitterness, where the gall largely predominates. If his philosophy is true, felicity or grief, joy or repentance, is in the power of marriage; and the virtue, sincerity, watchfulness of temper, tender regard, attention to the little amenities of living, are the angels that shower happiness before the path of the wedded lovers.

Because some enter, rashly, carelessly, as a matter of course, or through worldly motives, into the sanctuary, and so miss the holy fragrance breathed around, it is not that the temple is unholy, nor its ministrations idle, but that these are children of folly and sin.

The sketches of the lover and mistress (pages 81 and 111) are not as satisfactory as we have a right to expect from an author who looks so deeply and earnestly at things. The outward and visible change in a lover's action is the least interesting phase of his abnormal state, (now that fantastic swains have ceased to wander disconsolate in ungartered hose,) and the superficial view is rather that of a foppish sentimentality, than of a healthy and true passion. It may

be lifelike and useful, as exhibiting the concessions all men make the conquering Cupid; but it were a nobler theme than this, or at least fairer, by the side of this to exhibit the change of feeling which steals over the lover, the new interest his fellow-men awaken in him, the enlargement of his views of life to the exclusion of selfish motives, the new world opened to him, or rather the world now opened, which he has lived blindly beside all his days, the development of his purer and affectional nature,—an inward change of mind and heart, which, though only incidentally presented here, is, in itself, noble and worthy hymn in passion's praise. In short, we had rather hear of our lover's sighing like furnace, than blacking his boots, though each be the working of his passion.

With all the bustle the world makes over the tender passion, observation would lead one to suppose the interesting phenomenon ceased where the novels all end, with the wedding-cards and congratulations. And it is too often true that the anxious concern, the tender considerateness, exhibited by lovers, wears away into an apparent coolness, indifference, or neglect,—that the admiration originally felt for nobleness of character is superseded by distress at the discovery of weaknesses and littleness, and thus the transport which before marriage seemed a bright-hued promise of future sunshine to the youth or maiden, fades away, and their bright hope proves a misty cloud of delusions. That this should so frequently occur is one of the most melancholy evils society has to deplore; but that men should so commonly receive for true a sentiment which makes this social Caliban the representative of all wedlock, is most culpable, as it is spurious. The poet perceives the danger, and utters his words of wisdom through the lips of the bride's father, who, while the bride changes her wedding for her travelling dress, warns his son-in-law lest the husband lose the lover's allegiance to his queen, when the first blush and surprise of the new state shall have passed away:—

"Prepare to meet the weak alarms
Of novel nearness : recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic to defect.
You smile ! you 'll find out much to mend.

Her wealth is your esteem ; beware
Of finding fault ; her will 's unnerved
By blame ; from you 't would be despair ;
But praise that 's only half deserved
Will all her noble nature stir
To make your utmost wishes true.
Yet think, while thus amending her,
Of matching her ideal too !
Of perfect nuptial joy, the price
Is manhood perfectly fulfilled."

Let it not be said the "price" is above the worth of poor humanity. True, it is not in accordance with human nature that a couple should live utterly faultless, nor succeed in eradicating their weaknesses and familiar sins ; but instead of making a breach between the pair, if kindly considered, and honestly, frankly acknowledged, there will be the cement to unite them faster and closer still. The heart that feels it is not free from flaws, can find no sympathy in another human heart which is without fleck, or confesses to none ; it finds no companionship till it recognizes the humanity of an erring brother ; it comes to overlook the transgressions of its fellow in the pardon it craves for its own. Nor does it thus fall into complacent wickedness, if there be virtue ; but is set forward on its journey toward perfection.

The true, developed affection, then, of man and woman, comes not with the whirlwind and fury of youthful passion, but in the holy calm that follows, smiling over a prospect of years in which duties have been performed, character studied and understood, new faculties brought out and educated. Persons abiding by themselves have much to learn of themselves ; they come to the altar pupils for the instruction of life ; if they come willing and submissive scholars,

teachable as well as ready to teach, what a crown of glory awaits them! Instead, then, of passion growing dim with years, the affection of married life is everywhere, here, celebrated as above the raptures which lovers know : —

“ What
For sweetness like the ten years' wife,
Whose customary love is not
Her passion, or her play, but life ! ”

And elsewhere : —

“ Truly my delight was more
In her, to whom I am bound for aye,
Yesterday than the day before,
And more to-day than yesterday.”

In the comprehensive view of our own great philosopher, after the time-sobered passion has lost in violence what it has gained in extent, it becomes thorough mutual understanding. The married pair resign each other, without complaint, to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time, till they at last discover that what originally drew them together had a prospective end : the purification of heart and intellect from year to year is the real marriage.*

Home is essentially English ; it is very close to the English heart, and all beside of earthly things is less dear. It is an altar as well as a castle, where, while the body is sheltered and secure, the head and heart are trained. There is much of English character told by the word alone ; it conveys at once to the mind a picture of the affectionate, substantial, conservative, and methodic traits, the domesticity, self-reliance, the pride in his own, and the love of comfort, which stand for an Englishman, everywhere. It is of little moment to him whether the social relations are the master facts of humanity, as the Greek said ; with him it is not a matter of speculation, but of vitality. A happy home, as it

* Emerson's Essays, First Series, Essay V.

is the brightest realization of social life, is the fondest anticipation of the lover. The poet is national then, when he urges that respectful bearing which carries the tenderness of courtship into married life, the attention to little duties, which, if minded, show a way over the shoals where the happiness of so many couples has been broken up, and an unvarying faith and a constant remembrance that "none who forget that they are two, perceive the bliss of being one." With this monition it is written :—

"Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end.
'T is found, and so it needs must be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Love should make home a stately court :
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port."

We are sorry not to quote the whole ; it may be found under the title of "Love Ceremonious," page 55.

The author of that edifying legend, Martyria, declares that, to be happy long together, a man and wife must be Christian. For reverence is an essential of deep love, and one which inevitably decays unless the felt sacredness of the soul counteracts the effect of familiarity with the person. And further, that there is no such support of personal religion as conjugal affection. A man and woman, writes he, dwelling together without the love of God, is a melancholy sight, it is such a loss of spiritual opportunity. In "The Angel in the House," what we catch of the every-day life of the couple brings the reader no such sorrow. A deeply reverent and religious spirit pervades the whole, as it must pervade the writings of him who believes he is entering upon a sacred office in becoming a husband. His creed entered into his early love ; his transport breaks out in gratitude to

Heaven ; his devotional spirit finds an earthly outlet in home duties ; his religion is a part of his living. This we all feel is as it should be ; whether our own conduct confirm his manner of life or not, we perceive the holy halo thus shed about home.

The Prologue and Epilogue form a brief sequel to the poem, in which we catch a glimpse of the hero and his mistress, when they had now been some years married. If, in the poem itself, we miss the presence of the lady, since all we know of her is from her lord's descriptions, in this after-visit to their home she herself appears before us, surrounded by her little family. We see her soothing the screaming pet whose tender fingers found the hedgehog's prickles cruel, or, when her husband has finished reading this second production, playfully insisting that she never called him "dear" or "love" before their boy was born ; or she softly moves in woman's special office of kindness in ministering to the poor old sinking lady, Widow Neale. We lay aside the book, feeling that we have glanced in upon a couple who have fulfilled God's intent ; and on a happy family, where the dreams of the poet-lover have become real and dear facts, for he has indeed found an angel in his house.

THOUGHTS ON A BRIDGE.

LIKE most Harvard students, I am accustomed to walk into Boston, for amusement or business, almost every pleasant Saturday afternoon. In crossing the placid Charles, one can enjoy a beautiful panorama at any season of the year. In the warm months there are the rich tints of the distant hills, and the blended colors of field and grove in the nearer suburbs dotted with white cottages, the broad bosom of the river rolling beneath, and the glittering roofs and spires that

top the famous Tri-mountain. I like to stop, and gaze across the water, or watch the boats gliding to and fro. It is a pleasant place to loiter, with the eye wandering over smiling scenery, but with the mind absorbed in meditations, often perhaps having little connection with the objects around.

Somebody has somewhere sagely remarked, as a curious fact, that great streams always run by large cities. Pardon-ing his Hibernian inversion, we cannot help acknowledging that there is some truth in his idea. How few large cities do we find that are not nigh some considerable stream! Not to mention Babylon and the cities of Egypt, and the

“brook that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God,”

there is Rome, with its classic “flavus Tiberinus,” and London, the modern Rome, with its commonplace, filthy Thames. Then how few large cities there are that have not their bridges, more or less in number, larger or smaller in size! How natural, how almost necessary, they are to a handsome city! How interwoven with the history and traditions of the eventful past! What would Venice be without its Rialto, Rome its Fabrician and Flaminian, London its Westminster and Waterloo, and Cambridge—its West Boston bridge!

Sauntering over the bridge, I sometimes think of its own history, and of the times before it was built. What did our grandfathers do, some fifty years ago, when they minded to go to town? What a bother to ride a dozen miles round by the Neck to hear the last new play! I wonder if the ferry-boat ran till twelve o'clock at night, like our accommodating cars. And since then—what strange tales might the old bridge reveal! How many joyous faces have passed and repassed it! how many aching hearts have been carried across it,—joyful in brilliant hopes, sad in disappointment and unavailing regrets,—rejoicing in the Freshman's bright

future, sorrowful with the last partings from the fond friendships of youth!

I cannot say much for its beauty. It is a plain wooden structure, with no pretensions to grace, but made for use, like every production of the genuine Yankee. Our country can boast of some specimens of engineering as admirable as any in the world. But we cannot stop to build our city bridges of stone; and regarding the cost more than architectural beauty, in our national spirit, we conclude that they would not pay. So it is only in the old and wealthy capitals of Europe that we find such monuments of real beauty and grace.

If we can credit the descriptions of travellers, in most of these cities their compact and substantial river-bridges are among their objects of greatest interest. But not the bridges alone, but the streams also which they span,—the river, arched with graceful curves and parted with solid piers, around which the waters dimple,—the river, whose rippling bosom reflects alike the palaces and hovels on its banks, and the gay blue sky above, on whose dancing waves the sun's first morning rays and last evening glories play and glitter,—as well as the broad causeways, perchance sacred with the associations of history and legend, thronged by day with busy multitudes, and by night with the shades of the past,—in these there is a charm that we cannot appreciate in our upstart capitals. Where the very centre of business and of fashion is located on the river-banks, the murmuring stream, the quays, and the bridges seem to derive a remarkable animation and dignity.

It is said that there is no place in the world where from morning to evening there rushes such a tide of humanity as on London Bridge. It connects the most populous districts of the monster city, and is in the very heart of its activity. It is of huge size, but during almost every hour of daylight, and late into the evening, it seems constantly swarming with passengers. The din of travel, the rattling of carriages,

and the hum of many voices, echo far up and down the stream. No stop, no slack, till darkness falls over the river; nor does the living torrent utterly cease till the hours of morning, and long before the sunrise it begins again its tremendous flow. The two great bridges at Constantinople across the Golden Horn are said to present a similar spectacle; in the centre of the East, as London is the capital of the West. They join its two principal quarters, and are crowded the day through with the varied and brilliant costumes of Asia and Europe, that can be seen collected together in no other city. From Persian and Abyssinian to wanderers from distant America, almost every race seems represented in the throng, while the lovely expanse of the harbor around is alive with darting caiques.

Canova declared that Waterloo Bridge in London was the finest in all Europe, and alone worth coming from Rome to see. It is perhaps the grandest in the world. Its arches are of an enormous span, yet perfectly fairy-like in their airy lightness. They rise high above the river, continuing on each side back to the more elevated streets, so that several streets parallel to the stream run under their gigantic curves.

But Venice, the bride of the sea, is the City of Bridges. To accommodate passengers by land as well as by water, where almost every block of houses is an island, requires an immense number. Accordingly they lie in the way of the pedestrian at every corner, consisting of only one arch, and built in every style. The Rialto is described as being now, as it was in the times of Shylock, the most frequented. It is one of the most graceful in the world in its proportions. Three broad steps ascend it from the street on either side; for carriages and beasts of burden are seldom or never seen, and the narrow streets are not suited to their use.

I have alluded to the historical and legendary associations that are attached to many bridges. It is a most interesting subject. Stone bridges from their massiveness survive the catastrophes that destroy the fairest handiwork. Their peculiar character gives them often a prominence in

local histories, and their vestiges are more easily traced perhaps than any other remains. Who has not read

"How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old" ?

Though the scene of his immortal deeds is disputed, another Roman bridge that is familiar to every schoolboy is said still to stand perfect. On the Flaminian bridge, by the sagacity of the Consul, was Volturcius and the Gallic embassy surrounded and seized when hastening to raise the banner of sedition in the northern provinces. Their arrest palsied the conspirators, and saved Rome from destruction. On this same spot tradition relates that Constantine met the army of Maxentius. In crossing the bridge he saw in the heavens a glittering cross with the legend, "By this conquer," and with vows to the God of the Christians he went into battle and to victory.

The Ponte Vecchio is one of several that span the Arno at Florence. They are all of exceeding beauty. This one is remarkable for a covered gallery over the eastern sidewalk, connecting two ducal palaces. Under it are goldsmith's booths, among which is a stall eternally famous as the shop of Benvenuto Cellini, one of the greatest artists of his age.

I have only space to allude to Lodi, the Pont des Arts, the Bridge of Sighs, and the numerous interesting bridges that are found everywhere on the Continent. I will only notice the remarkable antiquity of London Bridge, not the identical one of the present day, but one on precisely the same site, which was torn down within the last century. It is mentioned as early as the time of Canute, who was stopped by it from ascending the river. From the Norman Conquest it is constantly referred to in connection with local affairs and with many events of national importance, and, standing in the business centre of England, concentrates now in itself an amount of historical interest that few places in the island can claim.

A SUMMER REMINISCENCE.

"WHAT is Fichte's theory of Fatalism?" "I don't think I recollect that, sir." "That's sufficient." The committee filled up the blank opposite my name with a geometrical figure, defined as having all its parts equally distant from a point called the centre, and examination was over. What cared I then for committees, marks, rank, or anything else connected with the College, as I rushed down the stone steps, nearly flooring a committee-man with a "white choker" as he asked the way to the Metaphysical examination. I directed him to the Freshman's Greek room, and went on my way with the conscious satisfaction of having done something to relieve my class from the agonies which ensue from the sight of a long row of committee-men. "Nothing to do for six weeks," thought I, "or rather everything; and how shall it be done?" Thus I mused, as I crammed my clothes into my trunk, using my foot for a rammer, and entirely forgetting that the bottle of Bogle's Hyperion, which I had placed at the bottom, might suffer by the operation, and convert into fashionable, colored morning shirts the only three my washerwoman had not hung on the back of her darling Patrick, and told me she had lost. The idea of walking into the wilderness at the rate of thirty miles a day, when the same thing can be comfortably accomplished behind a locomotive, barring the accidents which might occur from citizens choosing the cars as a duelling ground, as has been suggested by the English papers, had no charms for me. Neither did I care to pass my whole vacation in the railroad cars. While I was in this quandary, Grouty came in. "What are you going to do this vacation?" said he. "Why won't you go up to Saratoga with me?—what better can you do?" This settled the matter in a minute; for although my friend Grouty stands too high, and is too independent, to be popular, nevertheless he is a good com-

panion and friend. Perhaps one of my great objects in going was to hear him growl about the world, as he is very much inclined to do in what he calls his "pleasant moods."

Our trunks were on board the train the next morning, and we arrived safely at Saratoga that evening; Grouty having amused himself on the way with a volume of Carlyle, whom he worships. In the evening we naturally looked into the drawing-room to see the dancing. Curious to know who was who, I asked Grouty, who appeared to be posted, the name of the young man who had just deposited a mass of trembling flounces, with which he had been dancing, in a chair near us. "That? why, that's young Nincum, of New York, the happiest man in Saratoga. He has everything to make him so. Did n't you see the elegant moustache which he arranges so carefully every moment? Why, he has not only that to recommend him, but he also knows at least fifty figures of 'the German.' He must be happy. He knows nothing, and can talk for ever about it,—has an unlimited credit at the tailor's, and a most tractable head of hair. Your mathematics are nothing to his knowledge of the probable expectations of every girl in Saratoga,—who her father is, and whether her mother belongs to 'our set.' Why, the man can tell you the precise time for the fashionable man to breakfast,—the proper color and exact length of your coat for every hour in the day. But don't let this discourage you,—he graduated only last year; see what can be done by a little perseverance, and considerable natural stupidity! A few lessons in dancing, a watchful cherishing of a small number of hairs on the face, a careful restriction of all conversation on any subject but people and dress, and an infinite self-assurance, will make you his peer." "Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake, Grouty," said I, for I was afraid he might be overheard; "let us go down to the billiard-room." "Very well," said he, and I took his arm and walked away. All the tables were engaged, and at the one near us were two boys, for they were nothing else, showing a proficiency

in the game that would have shocked their papas. "Perfect specimens of New York Young America," cried Grouty. "Did you mind how skilfully they passed from the last game into this one, lest they should be obliged to give up the table to those two gentlemen opposite, who have been waiting for it at least half an hour? But that is the way of the world now-a-days; the old yield respectfully to the young, by whom they are considered only a pecuniary convenience. I see that fellow with the light hair has on a Society pin. Proud of it as possible, and thinking, no doubt, that the Societies are the skimmers by which the cream of every class is obtained, when in reality they take up much of the thin milk below and leave some of the richest clots behind, which, if discovered afterwards, cannot be secured because their pitchers are full." This was getting personal; for being the Grand-Master of the Alpha Omega, I could not consistently listen to Grouty, so I went off to bed, leaving him without an audience.

I had just got comfortably settled, when I heard my companion on the stairs whistling as he came up. This was something new. Grouty never did anything of the sort before; so I waited for him with some curiosity, for I had my suspicions that he had strayed from the paths of temperance. "What a fool you were to go off to bed so early! I have been introduced since you left me to Miss Peanut, of Baltimore; she's a stunner." Here was another new freak; for Grouty to say that any woman was a stunner, was equivalent to a half-hour's eulogy from any other man. I had always supposed him to be a great woman-hater, for he had always sedulously avoided their company. "I tell you what it is," he went on, "she's not one of your handsome stupid girls that can't talk, nor one of your ugly intellectual women that won't, — you must see her to-morrow." "Very well," said I, thoroughly satisfied of his intoxication, "only let me sleep, and I'll make it right in the morning." I was somewhat

startled on awaking to see Grouty sitting at the looking-glass, working with all his might at his back hair. "Holloa!" said he, "are you awake? Look here, why can't you let me wear your patent-leathers? my boots are rather thick to appear in down stairs. And why can't you let me use your other set of studs, just to see how they would look on me?" What could the matter be? Grouty's wanting boots and studs to appear in the drawing-room took me by surprise; but I was curious for an explanation, so I got up and gave him the articles he had asked for.

I dressed myself for the early breakfast, which was a great bore to me; but Grouty's habit had always been to begin the day early, and I had considered it no more than decency to him to follow suit. When the gong sounded, I found Grouty was not ready. "Come, you'll be late," said I. "I'm going down to the late breakfast this morning," he answered; "I can't possibly get ready before then. I wish you would cut some holes in my shirt for those studs. I don't know the proper place for them." Here again I was troubled. Grouty, who always saw the sun rise, to be dawdling away his time in this manner, was a perfect mystery to me. That the man had been smitten never occurred to me, for he had always set the laws of love as much at defiance as the opera chorus-singers do those of gravitation, when they invert those massive gold goblets supposed to be filled with Falernian, while the tenor tells the story of his love to an admiring amphitheatre. After asking me a dozen times how he looked, Grouty announced that he was prepared for breakfast, — a meal he usually enjoyed at seven o'clock, five hours before. We went down stairs and seated ourselves at the long table, and I soon found myself engrossed in the discussion of a broiled chicken and an omelet. I never noticed that Grouty had eaten nothing, till he whispered in my ear, "There she is! isn't she a splendid creature?" I looked toward the door, and saw entering a handsome, dark-haired, black-eyed girl, who bowed most

gracefully to Grouty as she took her seat at the other end of the table. I swallowed with difficulty the piece of bread I had in my mouth without choking with laughter, for it suddenly occurred to me what the matter was. I turned round to Grouty, and said, "Why, man, you're in love." "Don't be a fool," said he. "Waiter, bring me some breakfast." "Wouldn't you like some peanut coffee?" said I. He looked as though he could have swallowed me, and turned to the waiter and ordered some "green tea very strong." I finished my breakfast in silence, and, thinking I had better leave my friend to himself, rose from the table and walked into the Gentlemen's Reading-Room. Near the door was seated young Nincum, talking with an elegantly eye-glassed young man, and as I passed in I heard him say: "Who is that gawky fellow Jones introduced to Miss Peanut last night? I never knew her to refuse me before, but she said she was too tired to dance, and that I must excuse her, and then turned round and talked all the evening with him, till her mother came and dragged her off to bed." "I believe," answered the eye-glasses, "he is a Cambridge student; what Miss Peanut can find in him interesting I can't imagine. Why, she was laughing at him with me early in the evening, and now you would think they had known each other for years. See, there they are now, coming out of the dining-hall together. I wonder where he got those boots, — he walks as though he never had a pair on before." Nincum laughed, and I got ready to knock him down, for he had insulted part of my property; but I concluded to spare his life, since the result of any assault would have resulted in my being ejected from the hotel, and I was anxious to watch my friend in his present dangerous condition.

So I sat down to think over his case. Here was a man who had won my esteem by his utter detestation of society and its forms, and now he was chasing round the very young lady whom he had been making all manner of satirical remarks about the night before. I confess I thought

he was trying what he calls the power of mind upon matter, that is, the effect of a serious conversation upon a mere society girl. I had seen him try it before, and had heard him called a very sensible young man in consequence. This hope, however, had been cut off. If he was attempting only this, why should he want my boots and studs? The more I thought of it, the more excited I got, and I resolved to leave in the next train. Then I thought that it might all blow over,—that the young lady was only making a fool of Grouty. I must confess I hoped she was, and that he would return again to his senses. It all resulted in my starting out for a solitary walk. This had not so good an effect as I had hoped; for as I was walking along, moodily thinking over the uncertainty of human affairs, I heard a loud voice cry, "Get out of the road!" and by whisked a buggy, in which was seated the perfidious Grouty with old Mrs. Peanut. This, thought I, is the last straw for my back; now it must break. Grouty, of course, got home before me, and as I passed through the hall to my room, I saw him playing horse with Miss Peanut's little brother. He that despised children on account of his firm belief in the theory of Malthus was now actually straddling a stick, and rushing up and down the hall of a large hotel with a noisy youngster laughing at his heels! I rushed up stairs without letting him see me, slammed the door to, waking up every baby in the entry, and threw myself on to my bed in despair. As I lay there savagely kissing the smoke out of my cigar, Grouty came in. I rolled over and pretended to be asleep, for I did not want to speak to him; but my cigar had fallen under me, and I started from its fiery sting, and so betrayed myself. "Holloa!" said he, "are you there? I don't think I shall go up to the White Mountains after all. I don't believe they are worth seeing. I guess I shall stay here. By the way, if you go down to Boston to-morrow, why can't you hand this note to my tailor as soon as you get in town." "Certainly," said I. "I shall go this afternoon."

He did not seem to care much about this, but rushed out of the room and left me to my meditations. I had thought he would feel some contrition at my threat of so sudden a departure, but I had been disappointed. He seemed rather pleased at the prospect of his orders being delivered so early. I resolved, however, not to back out. The cars left in about ten minutes. I packed up my trunk and went down stairs, determined to ask Grouty for my boots and studs. As I looked into the drawing-room, I saw him talking very earnestly in one corner, surrounded by a quantity of ladies. Such a splendid chance to shame him could not be lost, and I walked up to the group. "The entity of Love! to be sure I believe in it," were the first words that caught my ear, and the voice was Grouty's. My courage failed me, and I merely asked him if I could do anything for him in town. "Are you really going? Good by, then," and he turned round again to his entities. The bell sounded sweetly to me as the cars started that afternoon, for I was glad to leave the place. I meditated revenge of every kind,—determined to bribe the tailor to make Grouty's clothes too small for him, and frightened a small boy half out of his senses by my abrupt, No! when he came through the cars selling peanuts. The long ride, and the counter-irritation caused by great delay arising from our friendly collision with another train, quite soothed my ruffled spirits before I reached Boston, so that I came to consider myself rather a fool after all, especially when I thought, that, had somebody I could think of been at Saratoga, I might have behaved quite as ill as Grouty. The suddenness of the attack, and the rapid change from a perfectly healthy state to one of desperate love-sickness, had quite thrown Grouty out of my good esteem; but my long day's journey restored him to my friendship.

That the clothes were ordered, and that I received a note from Grouty soon after their arrival at Saratoga, announcing his engagement, is unnecessary for me to state. He

has since returned to Cambridge, entirely changed in his nature, and has become amazingly affable and popular. He is said since his return to have written poetry for our Magazine ; but the stony hearts of the Editors rejected it as being worse than prose, because in it he called an island a sea-nut, so as to have it rhyme with peanut. But this is their loss, not his ; for no doubt there is one at least who reads with great delight all effusions of the hero of this Summer Reminiscence.

AN INDIGNANT CORRECTION.

THE rhymester who ventured, in Maga's November
 Number, the BUNGALOW's praises to sing,
 Is told by the critics he did n't remember
 Quite correctly the name of the thing.

Well, may be he did n't ; and is it a wonder
 That a decade of years should his memory vary ?
 They are gods, and not mortals, who ne'er make a blunder,—
 From the time of old Adam "*humanum 'st errare.*"

And *τί μέλει ; n'importe !* — can the "*pervicax Musa*"
 Be always expected to hit it just right ?
 And shall each critic Freshman set up to abuse her,
 Because she 's a little awry in her flight ?

No ! that 's just the use of the license poetic,
 To allow for mistakes in times, places, and things :
 A fact to the Muse is a perfect emetic, —
 Precision 's a cork in her throat as she sings !

Such a wild-driving filly as Pegasus never
 Can jog with these accurate circus-horse paces ;
 Even Perseus himself could n't keep him for ever
 From kicking a leg or two over the traces.

Yet, nevertheless, if a Scow 's *not* a BUNGALOW,
 Please, dear Mrs. Maga, print this Corrigendum, —
 The boat is as grand though you call it a GUNDALOW,
 And the critics, you know, it won't do to offend 'em.

NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Daniel De Foe. London : H. G. Bohn. 1855.

WE are glad to see that the public demand for De Foe's writings has increased so much as to justify their forming one of Mr. Bohn's collection of the English classic authors. De Foe has written in almost every department of literature. His works consist of novels, poems, essays, pamphlets, fictitious biographies having an historical basis, and other productions, difficult to describe correctly. The first class comprises Robinson Crusoe, Captain Singleton, Moll Flanders, Roxana, Colonel Jack, &c. No English writer equals him in the clearness, simplicity, and air of truthfulness, which pervade his narratives. These qualities form the great charm of Robinson Crusoe, but are perhaps displayed more clearly in the History of the Plague than in any other of his works. It is difficult to banish from our minds the belief that he was an eyewitness to the whole scene. The account is as minute and circumstantial as the evidence in a court of justice. Of the Memoirs of Captain Carleton, Dr. Johnson said, that in it will be found the best account of the exploits of the Earl of Peterborough. Chatham considered, for a long time, the Memoirs of a Cavalier to be a genuine memoir, and the best history of the Great Rebellion that had ever been written ; and though he afterwards discovered his mistake as to its genuineness, he never saw any ground to change his opinion as to its merit. In fact, the best way to make a history interesting, (which in these days means readable,) is to approach as near as possible to the borders of romance. On the other hand, the best way to make romance instructive is to adhere as closely as possible to the records of history. A judicious combination of these two elements forms the great attraction and the great merit of these works of De Foe.

As a poet, De Foe occupies a somewhat curious position. He was not a poet by nature ; yet his pieces had great success. "The True-Born Englishman," for example, had an unprecedented sale, and deservedly, too. It has now become almost a classic. The opening lines will recur to every one, yet we may be excused for citing them : —

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there ;
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation."

Yet the versification is harsh and unmusical in many places. Some of the rhymes are hardly worthy of Butler ; as, for instance, these : —

"Cheerful in labor when they 've undertook it,
But out of humor when they 're out of pocket ;
But if their belly and their pocket 's full,
They may be phlegmatic, but never dull."

But they are, like the rest of the poem, brimful of shrewdness and sound common-sense, which amply redeem their defects of prosody. We cannot avoid contrasting this work of De Foe's with Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, as both were written chiefly for political ends. The one is the work of a poet, the other of a prose-writer ; and, as we might expect, the former is much superior to the latter in versification. In fact, like *Absalom* himself, the poem is, externally, without blemish, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. But in intrinsic merit, in all that gives permanence to the fame of a literary production, De Foe's work is infinitely the superior. The one has now passed into oblivion, notwithstanding the poetical reputation of the author ; while the sterling good sense and humor of the other will always appeal successfully to the English public. The number of De Foe's other poetical effusions is about twenty, none of them equalling "*The True-Born Englishman*," but marked by the same general characteristics.

Another department of De Foe's works is his pamphlets. The age of William the Third may be called the pamphleteering age *par excellence*, and De Foe was not behind his contemporaries in this branch of literature. "In a projecting age," he says, "I was myself a projector." This remark applies more particularly to his essays on the Coin, the Banks, the Loan-Funds, the East India Company, &c. But these form by no means the sum-total of his pamphlets, of which he wrote no less than one hundred and nine. His other favorite topics beside those thus mentioned were the War, the State of Parties, the Dissenters, and last, not least, the Hanover Succession.

It is difficult to say in what kind of writing De Foe excelled. His style is very much the same in all his works. Nature created him a novelist; party spirit made him a controversialist. Even his poetry is generally of a polemical nature, and designed to secure some particular political object. His powers of ridicule were great, and his unsparing use of them made him many enemies, both public and private. The neglect into which De Foe's works, excepting *Robinson Crusoe*, have, until very lately, fallen, appears truly surprising, when we remember that he was not only the founder of the English Novel, but the founder of the English Essay.

A.

Paul Fane, &c. : A Novel. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York : E. Scribner. 1857.

WE have seen newspaper notices of this work, which call it the crowning triumph of the author's matured genius. Possibly the person who expressed this opinion never read Mr. Willis's earlier works; possibly he has not yet examined *Paul Fane*. Certainly it seems to us that no one who is capable of forming a judgment at all, would say that this book is a crowning triumph of anything.

We have here the son of a respectable hardware merchant in America, smitten with love of "Art," appearing in Europe in the twofold character of attaché and painter, achieving triumphs in both pursuits that, in the one, leave all common gentlemen, like Lord Chesterfield for instance, quite out of sight; and, in the other, place this new genius, *Paul Fane*, in a position apparently quite equal to the Italian masters. We made an earnest attempt to keep an account of the high-born and exquisitely lovely ladies who offered him marriage, directly or indirectly, but our attempt signally failed. We tried heartily to enter into the spirit of that affectation of "Art" with which the book reeks, but here again we were disappointed. And in a character which we thought we had some little knowledge of, gained by some years' experience, (that of a College student we mean,) we found a being that Mr. Willis ought never to have ventured to introduce; a character so improbable, so absurd, so unnatu-

ral, as to be worthy of being called the most affected conception in this most affected book. We do not know what the undergraduates of other colleges may be accustomed to, but we do know that here Mr. Wabash Blivins would be a *lusus naturæ* that would inspire the whole University Faculty, students and all, with unheard-of horror and dismay.

We know neither where to begin nor where to end in a selection of particular faults. We might say, however, that the first half of the book is quite dull, in which respect it differs remarkably from the last half, where the author gets rid of his hero's would-be wives in a curiously entertaining manner. They seem to be quite at the disposal of Mr. Fane, and as he does not think fit to take them himself, he quietly transfers them to others; a display of obedience on the part of woman which, we think, is unique in history. There is, too, in the character of the Cincinnati belle, a tone of coarseness that, in our opinion, can give no liveliness or attraction to any book. Altogether, we are sorry that the book ever was written; sorry for Mr. Willis and the reputation which he has already acquired; sorry for the public, if they can be induced to believe such Munchausen tales good writing; sorry, finally, for ourselves, that we should have been so much disappointed where we had hoped so much.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Thanksgiving is come,
 Let us beat up the drum,
 And call all our neighbors together;
 And when they appear,
 Let us make them such cheer,
 As will keep out the wind and the weather."
 "But is old, old, good old Christmas gone?"

MANY a lover of the pleasant customs of the olden time, from Cromwell's day to this, has, like Squire Braccbridge's parson, mourned for the kindly observance of holidays and holiday sports, which the mince-pie and plum-pudding hating Puritans banished from merry Old England. But before the iron-hearted and sour-faced Independents had banished Christmas and its wassail from their island home, a little band of God-fearing men had carried to a distant and inhospitable shore the old English love of comfort and of home enjoyments. The passengers and crew of that stanch old ship, whose very name gave promise of a more kindly season and of happier times, could give up the land of their birth, but they still secretly clung to their Christmas dinners and merry-makings. Erelong mince-pie and plum-pudding asserted their natural supremacy, and the good Christmas cheer and the family gathering lived again in the New England Thanksgiving. If we don't keep the merry Christmas holidays with all the zeal and zest of the jolly Cavaliers, we 've another feast-day just as good.

Venit hora,
 Absque mora,
 Libros deponendi,

it says to all, except editors. Let no profane toil pollute the sacred season. It is a time for awakening and rekindling the social and genial sympathies whose very existence is endangered by constant contact with this work-day world; a time for kindly gatherings of friends and relations long separated by distance or dissension; a day when doors are thrown wide open, and strangers as well as kindred are welcomed to the feast; when the poorest in the land has cause to thank God that, amidst the universal joy, he is not forgotten; and when even the panper and the prisoner are made to feel that there are those in the world who recognize a clanship with all manners and conditions of men.

As we sit here writing by our window at this gloaming-time, the shadows of the old College halls creep gradually farther and farther across the College Yard. Now the gleam of sunshine that streams in between Hollis and Stoughton has departed, and, as our room darkens, we feel more and more lonely here in these deserted buildings. We confess it with reluctance, even the flashes of our wit are not brilliant enough to make up for the fading sunlight.

So hold our pen till we light up. "Ef-f-foot—" Hail! lambent flame, that so gently kisses yon tube of brass; thou crown of refulgence, whose glory no eyes

can bear ; thou great prototype of all that is of bulky volume and scant substance ; god of vasty emptiness and noisy nothing ; image of attenuated fancy flaming over brazen dullness ; universal representative of the allegoric, periphrastic, meta-physical imagery of our first year's oratory, and second year's themes ; hail to thee ! hail ! Hark, what low murmuring ! what is it singing !

“ Ez-zu-zu-zu !

I am the king of the earth,

Ez-zu ez-zu !

Ye are my slaves from your birth ;

Ye toil and moil ; ye vex and fret,

One another despoil, nor substance get :

Ez-zu-zu-zu !

“ Weary and watching, my shadows pursue ;

Tinsel and gloss and spangle for you

Are dearer than all that is noble or true !

In the empty chase I 'll waste your frames,

Your godless souls I 'll consign to the flames ;

So ez-zu ez-zu !

“ Ye serfs to the world's triviality !

For I am king, I 've enchanted you ;

Ye are my slaves, ye my vapors pursue ;

Ye are my slaves, I 'll destroy you too !

And my name 's Superficiality :

Ez-zu-zu-zu ! Ez-zu ez-zu ! ”

Avaunt ! Demon of the Argand. You boasted king ! I am the magician, and you are my slave. For me has the collier undermined the mountain's foundations ; for me have your father's bones been broken and cast into the furnace-man's hell ; you, trifling child of carbon ! for me have you had to plunge in the cold waters, and weariedly travel the lengthy miles of your prison-house, down through those cold, subterranean, iron-bound passage-ways, till I have you here under my thumb !

Don't flare up, or I 'll turn you down ! Taunt us with slavery and death ! you, condemned to long imprisonment, and only admitted to light in annihilation long drawn out ! Stop ! I believe the gas is escaping somewhere.

In future chronologic tables, then, expect to see : —

Gas introduced (?) into Holworthy . . . Nov. 20, 1856.

If it stopped there, it were well enough ; but the insinuating devil has crept into the recitation-rooms. Phœbus has been usurped ; the sun no longer marks off the days : we recite by gas. [Vignette of a weeping cherub and a smoky lamp, inverted.]

You all remember the Table you read just a year ago. You recollect, that, enumerating some of the good results of *Maga's* first year, the sober-minded and clear-headed writer remarked that the experiment had shown, what was before, indeed, pretty evident, the dislike that Cambridge men generally have (may I use the words, they are technical terms ?) for "squirt" and "pop-cock" (except where the subject is by nature gaseous ; *vide supra*). But don't we carry it rather too far ? This habit of sneering at anything new or out of the common track, and this undue fear of being thought ridiculous, are dangerous qualities. The sage of Ferney did more for infidelity by his sneers than by his philosophy. We blame other ages for being intolerant, but we had best take care lest we, in our time, heedlessly clog the wheels of progress.

Perhaps, too, our Magazine has suffered from this fault. Fear of being thought "squirty" has, men say, sometimes made us dull. Nevertheless, when we have erred, it has been on the safer side, and, in spite of occasional failures and occasional difficulties, we believe that the experiment of the last two years has been eminently successful. We have started and have maintained a College Magazine with both credit and profit to ourselves. And we think that we can continue, with still greater advantage. Contributions, which at first we had to extort, as it were by main force, now not infrequently come unsolicited. We believe that, as *Maga* grows older, this improvement, most important in its direct and indirect effects, will be more and more marked, and that our example will prove, what has hitherto been denied, that a Magazine relying upon voluntary contributions to its pages can be maintained, and can pay its expenses.

TO ALL.

SLEEP came upon me in my study-chair, and set her seal upon my wearied eyes. But in my sleep I saw a vision, which I would that all might see. A spirit white and fair to look upon sat weeping, and the hot tears fell upon a parchment scroll tight grasped within her hand, that gleamed white as the veil quivering in her breath. "Why weepest thou, bright spirit?" Thus I spoke, compassion giving courage to my trembling tongue. The spirit raised her head, and turning, gazed a moment ere she spoke. "I am the spirit of Maga," was all she said; but her voice trembled along the air like the sweet tones of the wind-harp in the breath of June. "But why are thy bright eyes dimmed?" I asked; and at my words she loosed the golden clasp that bound the scroll, revealing to my wondering gaze a list of names bright as the ripples that the midday sun has kissed. "Life is sweet," she said, "but I must die unless my scroll shall show more names than these." With that she turned her weeping eyes on me and said, "Shall there be more?" I had but answered, "Yes," when with a smile she vanished from my sight.

Friends, will you make my answer true? Pause not, but come with eager haste and ink-tipped pen to add your names to the list of those who take and read the

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

ANONYMOUS communications cannot appear.



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